

THE
RAILWAY
ANECDOTE BOOK:

A

COLLECTION OF THE BEST AND NEWEST ANECDOTES AND TALES

TO THE PRESENT DAY ;

SELECTED FOR THE READING OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.



SYDNEY SMITH, AUTHOR OF "PETER PLYMLEY'S LETTERS," &c.—(SEE PAGES 2, 192.)

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WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving, the "Geoffrey Crayon" of the delightful "Sketch-book," began to write somewhat late in life. He was born in the state of New York, in the year 1782; and, if we mistake not, the papers forming his "Sketch-book" first appeared in a New York magazine, about the year 1820. His work on the Alhambra originated as follows:—

Irving and Wilkie, the painter, were fellow-travellers on the Continent, some twenty years since. In their rambles about some of the old cities of Spain, they were more than once struck with scenes and incidents which reminded them of passages in the "Arabian Nights." The painter urged Mr. Irving to write something that should illustrate those peculiarities, "something in the 'Haroun-al-Raschid' style," which should have a deal of that Arabian spice which pervades everything in Spain. The author set to work *con amore*, and produced two goodly volumes of arabesque sketches and tales, founded on popular traditions. His study was the Alhambra, and the Governor of the Palace gave Irving and Wilkie permission to occupy his vacant apartments there. Wilkie was soon called away by the duties of his station; but Washington Irving remained for several months, spell-bound in the old enchanted pile. "How many legends," saith he, "and traditions, true and fabulous—how many songs and romances, Spanish and Arabian, of love, and war, and chivalry, are associated with this romantic pile!" From this inspiration arose the "Tales of the Alhambra."

In 1843, Mr. Irving, who was then the American ambassador at Madrid, succeeded to a large property bequeathed to him by one of the Society of Friends, in the United States, and personally unknown to him.

It has been well observed, that "there never was a writer whose popularity was more matter of feeling, or more intimate, than Washington Irving; perhaps, because he appealed at once to our simpler and kindest emotions. His affections are those of 'heart and home;' the pictures he delights to draw are those of natural loveliness, tinted with human sympathies; and, a too unusual thing with the writers of our time, he looks upon God's works and sees that they are good. With him the wine of life is not always on the lees. An exquisite vein of poetry runs through every page: who does not remember 'the shark glancing like a spectre through the blue seas!'"



THOMAS HOOD.—(FROM A DUST BY A. DAVIS.)

Thomas Hood, a real wit and humourist, in the best sense of the word, was born in the Poultry, London, in the year 1798. His father was a native of Scotland, and for many years a cting partner in the firm of Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, extensive booksellers and publishers. "There was a dash of ink in my blood," he writes; "my father wrote two novels, and my brother was decidedly of a literary turn, to the great disquietude, for a time, of an anxious parent." Young Hood finished his education at Wanostrocht's Academy, at Camberwell; and removed thence to a merchant's counting-house in the City, where he realized his own inimitable sketch of the boy "Just set up in Business."

"Time was I sat upon a lofty stool,
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen,
Began each morning at the stroke of ten
To write in Bell and Co.'s commercial school,
In Warnford-court, a shady nook and cool,
The favourite retreat of merchant men;
Yet would my quill turn vagrant even
then,
And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.

Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax:
Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Pres-
cott—Pope—
Bristles and Hogg—Glyn, Mills, and Hali-
fax—
Rogers and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of
Hope—
Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns, and Flax.

Mr. Hood's first work was anonymous—his "Odes and Addresses to Great People"—a little, thin, mean-looking sort of a foolscap sub-octavo of poems, with nothing but wit and humour (could it want more?) to recommend it. Coleridge was delighted with the work, and taxed Charles Lamb by letter with the authorship.

His next work was "A Plea for the Midsummer Fairies," a serious poem of infinite beauty, full of fine passages and of promise. The "Plea" was followed by "Whims and Oddities"—the forerunner of the *Comic Annual*. Then came the "Epping Hunt" and the "Dream of Eugene Aram," "Tylney Hall," a novel; and "Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year," a volume of comic lucubrations, "with an infusion of New Blood for General Circulation." His "Song of the Shirt" has been sung through the whole length and breadth of the three kingdoms.

Mr. Hood died on May 3, 1845, at the early age of forty-seven.

Some sparkling specimens of his genius will be found at pages 76, 79, and 80 of this volume.



MR. CHARLES DICKENS ("BOZ").

ORIGIN OF "BOZ."

A fellow-passenger with Mr. Dickens in the *Britannia* steam-ship, across the Atlantic, inquired of the author the origin of his signature "Boz." Mr. Dickens replied that he had a little brother who resembled so much the Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, that he used to call him Moses also; but a younger girl, who could not then articulate plainly, was in the habit of calling him Bozie or Boz. This simple circumstance made him assume that name in the first article he risked to the public, and therefore he continued the name, as the first effort was approved of.

GRIMALDI, THE CLOWN.

The father of Grimaldi, the clown, died in 1788, leaving funded property to the amount of £15,000, to be divided between Joe and his brother; but the executor becoming a bankrupt within a year, the two boys lost the whole of their fortune. Offers of assistance poured in upon them, but all were declined by their mother. Joe stuck to the stage; and, at Drury-Lane, Mr. Sheridan raised the boy's salary, unasked, to £1 per week; and soon after, his brother John went to sea on board a King's ship. Joseph, though now a mere boy, was far from idle: he had to walk from Drury-Lane to Sadler's Wells every morning, to attend rehearsals, which then began at ten o'clock; to be back at Drury-Lane to dinner by two, or go without it; to be back again at Sadler's Wells in the evening, in time for the commencement of the performances, at six o'clock; to go through uninterrupted labour from that time until eleven o'clock, or later; and then to walk home again, repeatedly after having changed his dress twenty times in the course of the night.—*Dickens's "Life of Joseph Grimaldi."*



MR. JUSTICE HALIBURTON ("SAM SLICK").

Of the rich humour of "the Clockmaker" of Slickville, which has been characterized as "the sunny side of common sense," the following is a specimen:—

HOW TO PREVENT APPLE-STEALING.

Our old minister, Joshua Hopewell, had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin', graftin', and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost theirs from the boys, hisn always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, "Minister," said I, "how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit, that's so exposed, when no one else can't do it nohow?" "Why," says he, "they are dreadful pretty fruit, ant they?" "I guess," said I, "there ant the like on 'em in all Connecticut." Well," says he, "I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself; I took great pains to get the right kind; I sent clean up to Roxberry and away down to Squaw-neck Creek"—. I was afeared he was agoin' to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories, so says I, "I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them?" "Why I was agoin' to tell you," said he, "when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's grafting has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they sarch no farther. They snicker at my graftin', and I laugh in my sleeve. I guess, at their penetration"



MR. HOBLER.

Who does not remember Francis Hobler, for upwards of half a century principal clerk to the Lord Mayor, and whose pleasantries relieved the tedium of many a strange case at the Mansion-house justice-room? He was a man of generous nature, and in him the wretched and unfortunate ever found a compassionate and sympathising friend; he was a constant terror to the confirmed beggar and hardened criminal; the recognition of his keen and penetrating eye, followed by the notice, "*You and I are old friends, I think,*" being always fatal to their pursuits for at least some time to come.

One illustration of Mr. Hobler's vividness of recollection is very amusing. A daring young thief having been brought up at the Mansion-house on a charge of burglary, the old gentleman eyed him through his glass, and said, "We have seen each other before now." "No, we haven't, old boy," was the impudent reply; upon which, quietly turning on his seat, Mr. Hobler said, "I think I've an invite of yours," and opening a drawer took out and read, to the great merriment of the listeners, a card printed in the hand-writing of the prisoner in red ink, soliciting the favour of his friends' attendance at a public-house in the Borough, to get "gloriously drunk," and which had been taken from his person on a commitment to Bridewell, many years before, as a rogue and vagabond.

In personal appearance, Mr. Hobler was a fine, tall, upright, powdered-headed gentleman, of the old school, always neatly, though somewhat eccentrically dressed, in a closely buttoned-up black coat, drab breeches and gaiters, which seemed to be essential to, and form a part of his very existence. In fact, it is pretty well ascertained that he was never seen in trousers.

In his habits he was perfectly regular, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, never rode but always walked to and from his residence in Queen's-row, Pentonville, and the Mansion-house; and with such exactness as to time, that his appearance on any part of his journey was a sure indication of the precise hour of the day.

Mr. Hobler quitted the Mansion-house clerkship in 1843. He did not long survive his retirement.



LORD BROUGHAM.

Some men's greatness comes unexpectedly on them. It was so with Mr. Brougham, when he was appointed Lord Chancellor. Two days before he was in possession of the Great Seal, he had not the remotest idea of being raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. Eight days before his elevation, he mentioned in the House of Commons, that the circumstance of the dissolution of the Wellington Government, which had then taken place, would not induce him to postpone the motion of which he had given notice on Negro Slavery more than a few days; adding, that his position could not possibly be affected by any new Administration which might be formed.

Lord Brougham had a great horror of hearing the interminable speeches which some of the junior counsel were in the habit of making, after he conceived every thing had been said which could be said on the real merits of the case before the Court by the gentlemen who preceded them. His hints to them to be brief on such occasions were sometimes extremely happy. On one occasion, after listening with the greatest attention to the speeches of two counsel on one side, from ten o'clock till half-past two, a third arose to address the Court on the same side. His Lordship was quite unprepared for this additional infliction, and exclaimed: "What! Mr. A., are you really going to speak on the same side?" "Yes, my Lord, I mean to trespass on your Lordship's attention for a short time." "Then," said his Lordship, looking the orator significantly in the face, and giving a sudden twitch of his nose, "then, Mr. A., you had better cut your speech as short as possible, otherwise you must not be surprised if you see me dozing; for, really, this is more than human nature can endure." The youthful barrister took the hint; he kept closely to the point at issue—a thing very rarely done by barristers—and condensed his arguments into a reasonable compass.



MR. J. C. APPERLEY.

BACCHANALIA.

An English sailor, in a state of extreme intoxication, was lying on his back in the street, in Calais. The police considerably placed him on a hand-barrow, with a view of carrying him to his quarters. They had not, however, proceeded far with their load, when Jack, opening his eyes, threw himself violently on the pavement, exclaiming with an oath, that "*no Frenchman* should carry him." He was placed on the barrow, but he could not be kept there, as he was an unusually powerful man; but his falls had the effect of sobering him.

But a richer scene than this with a drunken man was witnessed some years ago. in the suburbs of Dublin. He was lying on his face, by the roadside, apparently in a state of physical unconsciousness. "He is dead," said a countryman of his, who was looking at him. "Dead!" replied another, who had turned him with his face uppermost; "by the powers, *I wish I had just half his disease!*"—in other words, a moiety of the whiskey he had drunk.

A country gentleman, after dinner, laid hard siege to his hostess' wine, despite of her pressing invitations to taste her "excellent made wines, for which she had always been so famed." Having at length prevailed, she ventured to ask for an opinion. "I always give a candid one," said her guest, "where eating and drinking are concerned. *It is admirable stuff to catch flies.*"

One of a dinner party, who mistook some Cape wine for Madeira, putting it to his lips exclaimed, loud enough for his host to hear, "Oh, hang this Cape! I wish the place was sunk;" and this was the last time the vile stuff appeared at that table.

RAILWAY

ANECDOTE BOOK.

ANECDOTES have enjoyed so wide a range of public favour, that it is trusted the present attempt to apply them to beguile the monotony of a Railway Journey, may be received with like indulgence. As conveying the conversational opinions and peculiarities of many celebrated individuals, the present assemblage, from the variety and authenticity of its sources, will, it is believed, be found to possess attractions of no common order; and with this brief letter of introduction, we proceed to the more pleasurable duty of a Companion to the Railway Carriage.

BAD'S THE BEST.

Mr. Canning was once asked by an English clergyman how he had liked the sermon he had preached before him. "Why, it was a short sermon," quoth Canning. "Oh yes," said the preacher; "you know I avoid being tedious." "Ah, but," replied Canning, "you *were* tedious."

FORCE OF HABIT.

It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore, and was actually true of Secretary Scraggs, who began life as a footman, that in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then, from the mere force of habit, got up behind.

COLERIDGE AND THE JEWS.

Coleridge relates: "I have had a good deal to do with Jews in the course of my life, although I never borrowed any money of them. The other day I was what you may call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last, I was so provoked, that I said to him: 'Pray, why can't you say "old clothes" in a plain way, as I do now?' The Jew stopped, and, looking very gravely at me, said, in a clear and even fine accent, 'Sir, I can say "old clothes" as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *ogh clo* as I do now;' and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.

"Once I sat in a coach opposite a Jew; a symbol of old clothes-bags; an Isaiah of Holywell-street. He would close the window; I opened it. He closed it again; upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him: 'Son of Abraham! thou smellest; son of Isaac! thou art offensive; son of Jacob! thou stinkest foully. See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at that distance: dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?' My Jew was astounded, opened the window forthwith himself, and said, 'he was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman.'"

IRISH TEMPERANCE.

A gentleman from Ireland, on entering a London tavern, saw a countryman of his, a Tipperary squire, sitting over his pint of wine in the coffee-room. "Blood an' 'ounds! my dear fellow," said he; "what are you about? For the honour of Tipperary, don't be after sitting over half a pint of wine in a house like this." "Make yourself aisy, countryman," was the reply; "it's the *seventh* I have had, and every one in the room knows it."

JOHNSON AND FOOTE.

The most striking testimony that has been borne to Foote's colloquial powers is that furnished by Dr. Johnson, who says, "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the chap was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, and fairly laugh it out. He was irresistible."

BRIEF ABSTINENCE.

A *bon-vivant* being observed by a friend, who had not seen him for a long time, to be downcast in his countenance, and very unlike himself, was asked whether anything serious had befallen him. "Nothing of the sort," was his reply; "but I am quite an altered character. I have left off drinking." "Indeed!" replied his friend, rather astounded at the assertion; "and since when?" "Since two o'clock this morning," was the facetious reply; the speaker's countenance recovering its usual cast of good-humour and mirth.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A beggar, some time ago, applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Antibegging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he; "go—we canna gie ye naething." "You might, at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

ERROR CORRECTED.

The Rev. Sydney Smith, preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion that, of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, for that his expression should have been, that they were distinguished for the love of their *specie*.

QUID PRO QUO.

Turner, the painter, is a ready wit. Once, at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*.

THE DUKE AND THE HACKNEY-COACHMAN.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, when in New York, went one evening in a hackney-coach to a party, and the next day was called upon by the driver for his fare, who asked the Duke whether he was the *man* he had driven the night before; and, on being answered in the affirmative, informed him that "*he was the gentleman that drove him,*" and that he had come for his half-dollar.

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.

"Iron legs" Grimaldi had a profound dread of the 14th day of the month. At its approach, he was always nervous and disquieted: directly it had passed, he was another man again, and invariably exclaimed, in his broken English, "Ah! now I am safe for another month." Yet he, at length, died on the 14th of March. He was born, christened, and married, on the 14th of the month.

HOT AND COLD.

An Irishman discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up-stairs to his master, and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him. A large kettle of boiling water was on the fire. "Well, why don't you put out the fire?" "I can't, surr." "Why, you fool! pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, surr."

UNION OF LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

At a large literary party in Edinburgh, in the course of conversation, it was mentioned that a certain well-known literary character had written two poems, one called "The Pebble," the other "The Ocean;" that he was offering them to the booksellers, who, however, would not accede to his terms of publication; and that the worthy author was, therefore, puzzled not a little as to what he should do with his productions. "Why," remarked a sarcastic gentleman who was present, "I think the doctor could not do better than throw the one into the other."

LEARNING GREEK.

A shoemaker in Piccadilly, determined to astonish the world, had put up a motto from Euripides over his window. Bannister happened to be passing with Porson. "That is Greek," said Bannister. "What! are you acquainted with Greek?" asked the Professor, with a laugh. "I know it by sight," was the happy reply.

SOLECISM IN MANNERS.

The Duke of Sussex was at one period a determined angler, and kept a punt at Sheperton for the purpose. Here he was attended by the famous Peter Purdy, who invariably answered "Yes," or "No, your Royal *Rodney*," to any questions which the Duke asked. Peter, on being reminded of the great mistake he thus committed, said that for the life of him he could not help it. He had heard so much of Lord Rodney from his father, who was one of his crew, that he protested he could think of no other name whenever he spoke to a great man.

THE PÂTE D'AMOUR.

Ude, when in Paris, had fallen in love, and matters were nearly brought to matrimony. Previous to this conclusion, Ude, however, prudently made a calculation (he being an excellent steward) of the expenses of married life, and in the estimate set down Madame's expenditure at so many louis. Now, Ude customarily conveyed his billets in an envelope of *pâté d'Amande*; but, unfortunately, in the confusion of love and cookery, the estimate of housekeeping was sent instead of the proposal. The next day, Ude was apprized of his mistake by a letter from his mistress, stating the high estimation in which she held M. Ude; but that, as — louis were too small an allowance for a woman of fashion, she must decline the honour of becoming Madame Ude. The story got wind, and, by a sort of *lucus-a-non-lucendo* analogy, the name of *Pâté d'Amande* was changed into *Pâté d'Amour*.

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE.

John Kemble's most familiar table-talk often flowed into blank verse. Sir Walter Scott used to chuckle with particular glee over the recollection of an excursion to the vale of Ettrick, near which river the parties were pursued by a bull. "Come, King John," said he, "we must even take the water;" and accordingly he and his daughter plunged into the stream. But King John halting on the bank, exclaimed, in his usual solemn manner,

"The flood is angry, Sheriff,
Methinks I'll get me up into a tree."

In the same strain was Mrs. Siddons accustomed to talk. Scott (who was a capital mimic) often repeated her tragic exclamation to a foot-boy, during a dinner at Ashiestiel—"You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer."

PROFIT AND LOSS.

Montaigne has a pleasant story of a little boy, who, when his mother had lost a lawsuit which he had always heard her speak of as a perpetual cause of trouble, ran up to her in great glee to tell her of the loss as a matter for congratulation and joy; the poor child thinking it was like losing a cough, or any other bodily ailment.

A SIEVE OF A MAN.

George II. once observed of the lord-steward of his household, just dead, that "he had a great many good qualities, but he was a sieve!" Upon this, Walpole remarks: "It is the last receiver into which I should have thought his Majesty would have poured gold."

MOLIERE'S PHYSICIAN.

Though an habitual valetudinarian, Molière relied almost upon the temperance of his diet for the re-establishment of his health. "What use do you make of our physician?" said the King to him one day. "We chat together, Sire," said the poet. "He gives me his prescriptions: I never follow them; and so I get well."

CUTTING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

George Selwyn happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced, for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting at the Rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James's-street. He endeavoured to pass unnoticed, but in vain. "What! don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *cuttee*. "I recollect you perfectly," replied Selwyn; "and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Sir James Mackintosh had a great deal of humour; and, among many other examples of it, he kept a dinner party at his own house for two or three hours in a roar of laughter, playing upon the simplicity of a Scotch cousin, who had mistaken the Rev. Sydney Smith for his gallant synonym, the hero of Acre.

Curran, when Master of the Rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, "You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers." This was the fault or misfortune of Sir James Mackintosh: he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represents a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured articles to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him.

DISTINCTIONS OF DRESS.

The meeting of two gentlemen in the theatre lobby is a happy illustration of the confusion a similarity of dress occasions. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one addressed the other with, "Pray, are you the box-keeper?" "No," replied the other; "are you?"

A GREENLAND FAMILY.

Captain Graah, on inquiring how many children a Greenlander was blessed with, was answered "four." His wife, however, contradicted him, declaring there were "five;" nor could they agree about the matter till they counted them on their fingers, the only arithmetical powers of which they had any knowledge. Their names were, in English, Lamp-soot, Round-knife, Child's-jacket, Blubber, and Old.

SMOIKNG MANNERS.

A Kentuckian visited a merchant at New York, with whom, after dinner, he drank wine and smoked cigars, spitting on the carpet, much to the annoyance of his host, who desired a spittoon to be brought for his troublesome visitor; he, however, pushed it away with his foot, and when it was replaced, he kicked it away again, quite unaware of its use. When it had been thrice replaced, the Kentuckian drawled out to the servant who had brought it: "I tell you what; you've been pretty considerable troublesome with that ere thing, I guess; if you put it there again, I'm hung if I don't spit in it."

ANCESTRAL DISPUTE.

The late Mr. Huddleston believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, of which his name was allowed to be an undeniable corruption; and amongst others by the late Duke of Norfolk. These two worthies often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees; and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddleston was dining with the Duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon Kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the Duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sternly repelled the proffered hand of the cadet. "Never," he hiccuped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddleston was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard." "Well, then, my good old friend," said the good-natured Duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddleston, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world:" so saying, the Duke also took his place upon the floor. The concluding part of this anecdote has been plagiarised, and applied to other people, but the authenticity of this version may be relied on.—*Quarterly Review*.

TURNPIKE-ROADS v. RAILWAYS.

The first important attempt made to improve the communications of Great Britain took place in the reign of Charles II. In the sixteenth year of the reign of that Monarch was established the first turnpike-road where toll was taken, which intersected the counties of Hertford, Cambridge, and Huntingdon. It long remained, however, an isolated line of communication; and it was little more than a century ago that any extensive or effectual attempts were made, of a general character, to construct a good system of roads through the country.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, most of the merchandise which was conveyed from place to place in Scotland was transported on pack-horses. Oatmeal, coals, turf, and even hay and straw, were carried in this manner through short distances; but when it was necessary to carry merchandise between distant places, a cart was used, a horse not being able to transport on his back a sufficient quantity of goods to pay the cost of the journey.

The time required by the common carriers to complete their journey seems, when compared with our present standard of speed, quite incredible. Thus, it is recorded that the carrier between Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required a fortnight for his journey, going and returning. The road lay chiefly along the bottom of the district called *Gala-water*, the bed of the stream, when not flooded, being the ground chosen as the most level and easy to travel on.

In 1678, a contract was made to establish a coach for passengers between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles. This coach was drawn by six horses, and the journey between the two places, to and fro, was completed in six days. Even so recently as the year 1750, the stage-coach from Edinburgh to Glasgow took thirty-six hours to make the journey. In 1849, the same journey was made, by a route three miles longer, in one hour and a half!

In the year 1763 there was but one stage-coach between Edinburgh and London. This started once a month from each of these cities. It took a fortnight to perform the journey. At the same epoch the journey between London and York required four days.

In 1835 there were seven coaches started daily between London and Edinburgh, which performed the journey in less than forty-eight hours. In the present year, 1849, the same journey is performed by railway in twelve hours!

In 1763, the number of passengers conveyed by the coaches between London and Edinburgh could not have exceeded about twenty-five *monthly*, and by all means of conveyance whatever did not exceed fifty. In 1835, the coaches alone conveyed between these two capitals about one hundred and forty passengers *daily*, or four thousand

monthly. But, besides these, several steam-ships, of enormous magnitude, sailed weekly between the two places, supplying all the accommodation and luxury of floating hotels, and completing the voyage at the same rate as the coaches, in less than forty-eight hours.

As these steam-ships conveyed at least as many passengers as the coaches, we may estimate the actual number of passengers transported between the two places monthly at eight thousand. Thus the intercourse between London and Edinburgh in 1835 was one hundred and sixty times greater than in 1763. At present the intercourse is increased in a much higher ratio, by the improved facility and greater cheapness of railway transport.

Arthur Young, who travelled in Lancashire in 1770, has left us in his "Tour" the following account of the state of the roads at that time:—"I know not," he says, "in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this infernal road. Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally propose to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would the devil, for a thousand to one they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings down. They will here meet with ruts which I actually measured, four feet deep, and floating with mud, only from a wet summer. What, therefore, must it be after a winter? The only mending it receives is tumbling in some loose stones, which serve no other purpose than jolting a carriage in the most intolerable manner. These are not merely opinions, but facts; for I actually passed three carts broken down in these eighteen miles of execrable memory."

And again he says (speaking of a turnpike-road near Warrington, now superseded by the Grand Junction Railway), "This is a paved road, most infamously bad. Any person would imagine the people of the country had made it with a view to immediate destruction, for the breadth is only sufficient for one carriage; consequently it is cut at once into ruts; and you may easily conceive what a break-down, dislocating road, ruts cut through a pavement must be."

Nor was the state of the roads in other parts of the north of England better. He says of a road near Newcastle, now superseded by a railway, "A more dreadful road cannot be imagined. I was obliged to hire two men at one place to support my chaise from overturning. Let me persuade all travellers to avoid this terrible country, which must either dislocate their bones with broken pavements, or bury them in muddy sand. It is only bad management that can occasion such very miserable roads in a country so abounding with towns, trade, and manufactures."

Now, it so happens that the precise ground over which Mr. Young travelled in this manner less than eighty years ago, is at present literally reticulated with railways, upon

which tens of thousands of passengers are daily transported, at a speed varying from thirty to fifty miles an hour, in carriages affording no more inconvenience or discomfort than Mr. Young suffered in 1770, when reposing in his drawingroom in his arm-chair.

Until the close of the last century, the internal transport of goods in England was performed by waggon, and was not only intolerably slow, but so expensive as to exclude every object except manufactured articles, and such as, being of light weight and small bulk in proportion to their value, would allow a high rate of transport. Thus the charge for carriage by waggon from London to Leeds was at the rate of £13 a ton, being 13½d. per ton per mile. Between Liverpool and Manchester it was 40s. a ton, or 15d. per ton per mile. Heavy articles, such as coals and other materials, could only be available for commerce where their position favoured transport by sea, and, consequently, many of the richest districts of the kingdom remained unproductive, awaiting the tardy advancement of the art of transport. Coals are now carried upon railways at a penny per ton per mile, and, in some places, at even a lower rate. Merchandise, such as that mentioned above, which was transported in 1763 at from 14d. to 15d. per mile, is now carried at from 3d. to 4d., while those sorts which are heavier in proportion to their bulk are transported at 2½d. per ton per mile.

But this is not all: the waggon transport formerly practised was limited to a speed which in its most improved state did not exceed twenty-four miles a day, while the present transport by railway is effected at the rate of from twelve to fourteen miles an hour.—From Dr. Lardner's valuable *Railway Economy*.

ODD FORESIGHT.

Lady Margaret Herbert asked somebody for a *pretty* pattern for a night-cap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night-cap?" "Oh! child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

KEEPING HOLIDAYS.

There are many advantages in variety of conditions, one of which is boasted of by a divine, who rejoices that, between both classes, "all the holidays of the church are properly kept, since the rich observe the feasts, and the poor observe the fasts."

UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

One of the best things lately said upon age—a very ticklish subject, by the way—was the observation of Mr. James Smith to Mr. Thomas Hill. "Hill," said the former gentleman, "you take an unfair advantage of an accident: the register of your birth was burnt in the Great Fire of London, and you avail yourself of the circumstance to give out that you are younger than you are."

VALUE OF APPLAUSE.

Some one remarked to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, as it gave them confidence. "More," replied the actress; "it gives us breath."

PRACTICAL WIT.

Talleyrand not only said, but *did* many witty things. On the death of Charles X., he drove through Paris for a couple of days, wearing a white hat. He carried a crape in his pocket. When he passed through the Fanbourg of the Carlists, the crape was instantly twisted round his hat; when he came into the quarter of the Tuileries, the crape was instantly slipped off and put into his pocket again.

HOW TO ENJOY A VENISON FEAST.

At a venison feast, Sir Joshua Reynolds addressed his conversation to one of the company who sat next to him, but, to his great surprise, could not get a single word in answer, until at length his silent neighbour, turning to him, said, "Sir Joshua, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner-time, as in endeavouring to answer your questions, I have just swallowed a fine piece of fat without tasting its flavour."

CHANGING HATS.

Barry, the painter, was with Nollekens, at Rome, in 1760, and they were extremely intimate. Barry took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him. Barry's was edged with lace, and Nollekens's was a very shabby, plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was asked by Nollekens why he left him his gold-laced hat. "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected assassination last night; and I was to have been known by my laced hat." Nollekens used to relate the story, adding, "It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem."

EASY CURE.

Dr. Moore, author of "Zeluco," used to say that at least two-thirds of a physician's fees were for imaginary complaints. Among several instances of this nature, he mentions one of a clothier, who, after drinking the Bath waters, took it into his head to try Bristol Hot Wells. Previous, however, to his setting off, he requested his physician to favour him with a letter, stating his case to any brother Galen. This done, the patient got into a chaise, and started. After proceeding half-way, he felt an itch to pry into the contents of the letter, when the following words presented themselves:—"Dear sir, the bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier; make the most of him." It is almost unnecessary to add that his cure was from that moment effected, as he ordered the chaise to turn, and immediately proceeded home.

LATE TO DINNER.

The most unpunctual persons ever known were two brothers, celebrated time immemorial in the place-holding world. The late Lord Dudley used to say of them, that if you asked Robert for Wednesday, at seven, you would have Charles on Thursday, at eight.

MAKING CHAMPAGNE.

The knavish hotel-keepers of Nassau mix the mineral water with wine and sugar, and sell the compound for champagne. A recent traveller overheard a waiter at Fachingen ask his master whether he might serve the English gentlemen with the champagne made in the morning!

MISER'S CHARITY.

An illiterate person, who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing once a hint to that effect, replied, "Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody*."

PRINCELY "BESPEAK."

When the Marchioness of Yavi, at Potosi, expressed a desire to see a favourite play, it was immediately commanded by the Marquis, who, taking the whole house at his own expense, distributed the tickets among the fashionable world, and had the theatre supplied with refreshments of every kind, as a private party.

PET ANIMALS.

One often sees persons of rough natures and unfeeling hearts bestow extraordinary attention upon favourite animals. The French Revolutionists presented some extraordinary instances of this anomalous affection. Citizen Couthon, a Hercules in crime, fondled and invariably carried in his bosom, even to the Convention, a little spaniel, as a vent for the exuberant sensibilities which overflowed his affectionate heart. This tenderness for some pet animal was by no means peculiar to Couthon: it seemed rather a common fashion with the gentle butchers of the Revolution. M. George Duval informs us that Chaumette had an aviary, to which he devoted his harmless leisure; the murderous Fournier carried on his shoulders a pretty little spaniel, attached by a silver chain; Panis bestowed the simplicity of his affections upon two gold pheasants; and Marat, who would not abate one of the 300,000 heads he demanded, *reared doves*! *Apropos* of the spaniel of Couthon, Duval gives us an amusing anecdote of Serjent, not one of the least relentless agents of the massacre of September. A lady came to implore his protection for one of her relations confined in the Abbey. He scarcely deigned to speak to her. As she retired in despair, she trod by accident upon the paw of his favourite spaniel. Serjent, turning round, enraged and furious, exclaimed, "*Madame, have you no humanity?*"

BENEFIT OF COMPETITION.

Pope, when he first saw Garrick act, observed, "I am afraid that the young man will be spoiled, for he will have no competitor!"

SHERIDAN'S PAYMENT.

Sheridan had a Bardolph countenance, with heavy features, but his eyes possessed the most distinguished brilliancy. Mathews said it was very simple in Mr. Moore to admire how Sheridan came by the means of paying the price of Drury-Lane Theatre, when all the world knows that he never paid it at all.

DRINKING.

A drunken fellow, taken home by his friend, was challenged by another: "Who is that? Where are you going?" &c. "Why, I think your friend has had too much; why, I think he had better have divided it fairly, half to-day and half to-morrow." A watchman came up. "How much has he drunk?" said a bystander. "A gallon at least!" "Then I take him into custody for carrying off a gallon of liquor without a *permit*!"

RIGHT TO A CRACK.

An English gentleman wanting a dessert-service of porcelain made after a particular pattern, sent over to China a specimen dish, ordering that it should be exactly copied for the whole service. It unfortunately happened that in the dish so sent over, the Chinese manufacturer discovered a crack; the consequence was, that the entire service sent over to the party ordering it had a crack in each article, carefully copied from the original.

LOSING TIME.

A Welsh rector being on a visit to a neighbouring squire, when a very small glass was set before him after dinner, he pulled the servant by the skirts, and thus expostulated with him: "What is this glass for? Does your master wish to keep me here all night?" The rector was as famous for eating as for drinking. "This preaching thirty-five minutes," said he, at dinner, on Sunday, to his curate, "will never do: here's a fine goose roasted to a rag, and not a drop of gravy in it."

ACCOMMODATING INADVERTENCE.

Sir James Mackintosh had a very Parson-Adams-like forgetfulness of common things and lesser proprieties, which was very amusing. On his arrival at Bombay, there being no house ready for his reception, the Governor offered his garden-house for the temporary accommodation of Sir James and his family, who were so comfortable in their quarters, that they forgot to quit, month after month, till a year had elapsed, when the Governor took forcible possession of his own property. Again, Sir James and his lady, on requesting to inspect the seat of the late Lord Melville, in Perthshire, were invited to stay two or three days, which were protracted to as many months, till every species of hint was thrown away upon them.

PLACASANT DESERTS.

Matoisin, physician to the King of France, was so fond of administering medicine, that, seeing all the phials and pill-boxes of his patient completely emptied, and ranged in order on the table, he said, "Ah, sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you—you deserve to be ill."

CURE AND KILL.

The late Lord Gardestone, himself a valetudinarian, took the pains to inquire for those persons who had actually attested marvellous cures, and found that more than two-thirds of the number died very shortly *after they had been cured*. Sir Robert Walpole, Lords Bolingbroke and Winnington, were killed by curemongers.

A MISTAKE.

Old Dick Baldwin stoutly maintained that no man ever died of drinking. "Some puny things," he said, "have died of learning to drink, but no man ever died of drinking." Now Baldwin was no mean authority; for he spoke from great practical experience, and was, moreover, many years treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

TWOFOOLD ILLUSTRATION.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial right, he chanced unfortunately to say, "My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person: I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

IDEA OF ETERNITY.

An American clergyman, in one of his sermons, exclaimed to his hearers: "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

DRESS AND MERIT.

Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking, that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

GROWTH OF SENTIMENT.

Horace Walpole relates: "At a great supper t'other night, at Lord Hertford's, Lady Coventry said, in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be *muckibus*.—"Lord!" said Lady Mary Coke, "what is that?" "Oh! it's Irish for *sentimental*."

CREDIT AND DEBT.

Coryat, in his "Crudities," tells us that he saw the following inscription, which some witty rogue had posted up.—"On ne loge pas céans à crédit: car il est mort—les mauvais payeurs l'ont tué."—"Here is no lodging upon credit: for credit is dead—bad payers have killed it."

FOLLY OF DUELLING.

Duelling is unknown in Muscat; where a Captain one day expressed his astonishment that such a silly custom should prevail amongst rational people; adding: "If a man insult you, kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to *kill* as well as *insult* you."

SLEEPING ROUND.

The celebrated Quin had this faculty. "What sort of a morning is it, John?" "Very wet, sir." "Any mullet in the market?" "No, sir." "Then, John, you may call me this time to-morrow." So saying, he composed himself to sleep, and got rid of the *ennui* of a dull day.

WHO'S WHO?

Sir Richard Phillips used to relate the following anecdote with great glee. A widow kept a public-house near the corner of North-end lane, about two miles from Hyde Park Corner, where she had lived about fifty years; and I wanted to determine the house in which Samuel Richardson, the novelist, had resided in North-end lane. She remembered his person, and described him as "a round, short gentleman, who most days passed her door," and she said she used to serve his family with beer. "He used to live and carry on his business," said I, "in Salisbury-square." "As to that," said she, "I know nothing, for I never was in London." "Never in London!" said I; "and in health, with the free use of your limbs?" "No," replied the woman; "I had no business there, and had enough to do at home." "Well, then," I observed, "you know your own neighbourhood the better—which was the house of Mr. Richardson, in the next lane?" "I don't know," she replied; "I am, as I told you, no traveller. *I never was up the lane*—I only know that he did live somewhere up the lane." "Well," said I, "but living in Fulham parish, you go to church?" "No," said she, "I never have time; on a Sunday our house is always full—I never was at Fulham but once, and that was when I was married, and many people say that was once too often, though my husband was as good a man as ever broke bread—God rest his soul."

NOTIONS OF ANTIQUITIES.

An American traveller, returned from Europe, was asked how he liked Rome; to which he replied that Rome was a fine city, but that he must acknowledge he thought the public buildings were very much out of repair.

ORIGIN OF "JIM CROW."

The *New Orleans Picayune* states that, a few years ago, Thomas D. Rice, now the famous Negro comedian, was an actor in a Western theatre; and though he did some things cleverly, he was particularly remarkable for nothing but being the best dressed man in the company. An original piece was got up, in which Rice was persuaded to do the character of a Negro, much against his will. He consented only under the stipulation that he should have permission to introduce a Negro song of his own.

Rice was fond of riding, and frequently visited a stable in town where there was a very droll Negro ostler, who used to dance grotesquely, and sing odd fragments of a song about one *Jim Crow*. Very little difficulty was found in transforming the ostler into a tutor, and in half an hour Rice was master of the symphony, melody, and all the steps, words, and drollery of the far-famed and irresistible "*Jim Crow*!"

The evening for the *débüt* of the new play came on, and never did Kemble or Talma study more intensely over the effect of costume than did Rice in dressing for his Negro part on this occasion. He had easily contrived to throw together a few verses, with witty local allusions, and to heighten the extravagance of the dance to its greatest extent of grotesque absurdity. The play commenced, and went on, dragging heavily and lamely—Rice himself failing to stir up the drowsy audience with his clumsily-written Negro part until the third act, where the song came in.

Utter condemnation was lowering ominously over the piece, and the actors had already pronounced it a dead failure, when the hitherto silent and gloomy green-room was startled by a tumultuous round of cheers breaking out suddenly in "front."

"What can that be?" said the manager, pricking up his ears.

Another verse of the song was sung, with the extravagant dancing accompaniment, and the house shook with still more violent applause.

"What is that?" said the manager. "Who's on the stage?"

"Rice is singing a Negro song," was the reply.

"Oh, that's it, eh!" said the manager, who was a stickler for the "legitimate," and concluded that an audience which could applaud such a thing would be just as likely to hiss it the next moment.

But the new song continued to call down expressions of pleasure that could not by any means be mistaken; and, at its conclusion, the manager bounced out of the green-room,

and down to "P.S.," to listen to the loudest encore he ever heard in his theatre.

The play was announced again, but, after two or three representations, it was discovered that the song was all the audience wanted, and so *Jim Crow* emerged triumphant from the ashes of a damned play, to delight Europe and America with—

"Turn about an' wheel about,
An' do just so;
An' eb'ry time I wheel about,
I jump Jim Crow!
A-heah-heah-whooh!"

Rice soon found his way to New York, and Hamblin was not long in snapping up the new card, which he made to tell to as handsome a tune as any other that the great caterer ever played upon the Bowery boards.

"Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered;"

and when Thomas D. Rice was playing *William Tell* in Cherry-street, New York, he little dreamed of ever making a fortune by singing *Jim Crow*!

HANG TOGETHER.

Richard Penn, one of the proprietors, and of all the governors of Pennsylvania, probably the most deservedly popular, in the commencement of the revolution (his brother John being at that time governor), was on the most familiar and intimate terms with a number of the most decided and influential Whigs; and, on a certain occasion, being in company with several of them, a member of Congress observed that, such was the crisis, "they must all *hang together*." "If you do not, gentlemen," said Mr. Penn, "I can tell you that you will be very apt to *hang separately*."

THE RULING PASSION.

When M. Brillat-Savarin, Judge of the Court of Cassation, and an amateur gastronome, was in America once, on his return from a shooting excursion, in which he shot a wild turkey, he fell into conversation with Jefferson, who began relating some interesting anecdotes about Washington and the war; when, observing the *air distrait* of M. Brillat-Savarin, he stopped, and was about to go away. "My dear sir," said the gastronome, "I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey."

A BROAD HINT.

When Captain Basil Hall and his party landed on the coast of Corea, their visit was not relished by the natives. One man, in particular, expressed the general wish for their departure, by holding up a piece of paper, like a sail, and then blowing upon it in the direction of the wind, at the same time pointing to the ships; thereby denoting that the wind was fair, and that the visitors had only to set sail and leave the island. This is even plainer than the vulgar English hint, "When shall I see you again?"

CURE FOR THE COLIC.

An eminent house-painter in the City, a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, got a recipe for the painter's colic, which contained all sorts of comfortable things, the chief ingredients being Cognac brandy and spices! It did wonders with the first two or three cases; but he found the success of the remedy so increased the frequency of the complaint, that he was compelled to give up his medical treatment; for so long as he had the specific, his men were constantly making wry faces at him.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

In Coleridge's time, the discipline at Christ's Hospital was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" Coleridge remembered Bower saying to him once, when he was crying the first day after his return from the holidays. "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying."

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS.

An Irish officer in the army, happening to be passenger in an armed vessel during the last war, used frequently to wish that they might fall in with an enemy's ship; because, he said, he had been in many land battles, and there was nothing in the world which he desired more than to see what sort of a thing a sea-fight was. He had his wish; and when, after a smart action, in which he bore his part bravely, an enemy of superior force had been beaten off, he declared, with the customary emphasis of an Irish adjuration, that a sea-fight was a mighty *sairious* sort of a thing.

SUMMARY DECISION.

Mr. Brougham, when at the bar, opened before Lord Chief Justice Tenterden an action for the amount of a wager laid upon the event of a dog-fight, which, through some unwillingness of dogs or men, had not been brought to an issue. "We, my Lord," said the advocate, "were minded that the dogs should fight."—"Then I," replied the Judge, "am minded to hear no more of it:" and he called another cause.

PRUDENTIAL CONSIDERATION.

The lady of a distinguished officer died in one of our colonies, just previous to which she expressed a wish to be buried in England, and was, accordingly, deposited in a cask of rum, for the purpose of transport home, but remained in the cellar after the officer's second marriage; the detention being occasioned by his expectation that the duty on the spirit imported into England, in which the dear departed was preserved, would, in a few years, be either lowered or taken off altogether! Strange as this may seem, it is true.

A SIMILE.

The old Duke of Cumberland was one night playing at hazard at Beauford House, with a great heap of gold before him, when somebody said, "he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf both."

FRENCH-ENGLISH.

"What has become of your famous General *Eel*?" said the Count d'Erleon to Mr. Campbell. "Eel," said a bystander, "that is a military fish I never hear of;" but another at once enlightened his mind by saying to the Count, "General Lord Hill is now Commander-in-Chief of the British forces."

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE

Have never been incompatible with the gifts of genius, or the investigations of the understanding. "I cannot conceive," says Dr. Johnson, "the folly of those who, when at table, think of everything but eating; for my part, when I am there, I think of nothing else; and whosoever does not trouble himself with this important affair at dinner, or supper, will do no good at any other time."

THE LONGEST LAW-SUIT.

In 1842, a paragraph appeared in one or two of the London newspapers, headed the "Longest Law-suit," in which both facts and names are sadly blundered. The famous "Berkeley suit" lasted upwards of 190 (instead of 120) years; having commenced shortly after the death of Thomas, fourth Lord Berkeley, in the fifth of Henry V. (1416), and terminated in the seventh of James I. (1609). It arose out of the marriage of Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of the above Baron, with Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, their descendants having continually sought to get possession of the Castle and Lordship of Berkeley, which not only occasioned the famous law-suit in question, but was often attended with the most violent quarrels on both sides, at least during the first fifty years or more. In the year 1469 (tenth of Edward IV.), Thomas Talbot, second Viscount Lisle, great-grandson of the above Elizabeth, residing at Wotton-under-Edge (not *Walton under Hedge*!), was killed at Nibley Green, in a furious skirmish between some 500 of his own retainers and about as many of those of William (then) Lord Berkeley (whom he had challenged to the field), who likewise headed his men; when, besides the brave but ill-fated young Lisle (scarce of age at that time), about 150 of their followers were slain, and 300 wounded, chiefly of the Wotton party, who fled on the fall of their leader. Lord Lisle's sisters were his heirs, and their husbands (one of whom also got the title) followed up the suit, as their descendants did after them, till down to the time of the first James, when Henry, eleventh Lord Berkeley, obtained a decree in favour of his claims, and got full and quiet possession of the lands and manors in dispute.

"LOST LUGGAGE OFFICE" OF THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Immediately after the evacuation of each arriving train at the terminus, carriage-searchers examine the interior of the passenger coaches. They raise the cushions, search the pockets, take up the carpets, and diligently examine every part of the carriage, and it rarely happens that some articles, more or less, are not found which the passengers inadvertently leave behind them. These are sent by the searchers immediately to the "Lost Luggage Office," where they are delivered into the hands of a clerk, who enters in a register a description of the articles, the number and designation of the carriages in which they were left, the hour of the arrival of the train, and the route which the carriage, in which the articles were found, had followed. A label is attached to the article, numbered in accordance with the entry in this register, so that at any future period it may be compared with such entry and identified. If the article in question is marked with the address of its owner, or if any indication of such address can be discovered from its contents, it is sent without delay to the proprietor; if not, it is deposited in a certain place, according to its magnitude and quality, where it is left for a certain assigned time waiting for an application on the part of its owner. If, at the end of such specified time, which varies with different railways, no application be made, if it be a box, trunk, or other similar object, it is broken open and the contents ascertained. From the contents the ownership is frequently discovered, and it is restored; but if no clue to such discovery be thus obtained, then the article is transferred to a permanent place of deposit in the office or store-room, where it remains for a more extended period, such as one or two years. If at the end of this period no claim be made on the part of the owner, then the article, with others kept for a like time, is publicly sold by auction or otherwise, and the proceeds of the sale appropriated as directed by the managers of the railway. Such proceeds are usually applied to some charitable object in connexion with the railway business.

It frequently happens that applications are made at the railway stations for lost luggage which is not found in the Lost Luggage office. In that case a circular is despatched to all the stations along the line or system of lines at which the passenger sustaining the loss has touched, and where, by any possibility, the lost object might have been left, and answers are rapidly obtained. This useful system of inquiry is greatly extended through the agency of the railway clearing-house. By this means such inquiries can be extended not merely to all the stations belonging to the railway in which the inquiry originates, but to all the railways spread over the chief part of the United Kingdom.

In the Lost Luggage Office are to be seen, on shelves and in compartments, the

innumerable articles which have been left in the trains during the last two months, each being ticketed and numbered with a figure corresponding with the entry-book in which the article is defined.

Without, however, describing in detail this property, we will at once proceed to a large, pitch-dark, subterranean, vaulted chamber, warmed by hot-air iron pipes, in which are deposited the flock of lost sheep, or, without metaphor, the lost luggage of the last two years.

Suspended from the roof there hangs horizontally in this chamber a gas-pipe about eight feet long; and as soon as the brilliant burners at each end were lighted, the scene was really astounding. It would be infinitely easier to say what there is not, than what there is, in the forty compartments like great wine-bins in which this lost property is arranged.

One is choke-full of men's hats; another of parasols, umbrellas, and sticks of every possible description: one would think that all the ladies' reticules on earth were deposited in a third. How many little smelling-bottles—how many little embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs—how many little musty eatables and comfortable drinkables—how many little bills, important little notes, and other very small secrets each may have contained, we felt that we would not for the world have ascertained; but when we gazed at the enormous quantity of red cloaks, red shawls, red tartan plaids, and red scarves, piled up in one corner, it was, we own, impossible to help reflecting that surely English ladies of all ages who wear red cloaks, &c. must, in some mysterious way or other, be powerfully affected by the whine of compressed air, by the sudden ringing of a bell, by the sight of their friends—in short, by the various conflicting emotions that disturb the human heart on arriving at the up-terminus of the Euston station; for else, how, we gravely asked ourselves, could we possibly account for the extraordinary red mass before us?

Of course, in this Rolando-looking cave there were plenty of carpet-bags, gun-cases, portmanteaus, writing-desks, books, cigar-cases, &c.; but there were a few articles that certainly we were not prepared to meet with, and which but too clearly proved that the extraordinary terminus excitement, which had suddenly caused so many virtuous ladies to elope from their red shawls—in short, to be not only in 'a bustle' behind, but all over—had equally affected men of all sorts and conditions. One gentleman had left behind him a pair of leather hunting-breeches! another his boot-jack! A soldier of the 22nd regiment had left his knapsack containing his kit. Another soldier of the 10th, poor fellow, had left his scarlet regimental coat! Some cripple, probably overjoyed at the sight of his family, had left behind him his crutches! But what astonished us above all was, that some honest Scotchman, probably

in the ecstasy of seeing among the crowd the face of his faithful *Jeannie*, had actually left behind him the best portion of his bagpipes!

Some little time ago, the superintendent, on breaking open, previous to a general sale, a locked leather hat-box, which had lain in this dungeon two years, found in it, under the hat, £65 in Bank of England notes, with one or two private letters, which enabled him to restore the money to the owner, who, it turned out, had been so positive that he had left his hat-box at a hotel at Birmingham, that he had made no inquiry for it at the railway office.—*Stokers and Pokers*, by the author of *Bubbles from the Brunneis of Nassau*.

A GOOD COLLECTOR.

Dr. Michael Hutchinson, who collected £3249 for rebuilding All Saints' Church, Derby, in 1730, was so industrious and successful in this labour of love, that when the waits fiddled at his door for a Christmas-box, he invited them in, treated them with a tankard of ale, and persuaded them out of a guinea!

ACCURATE DESCRIPTION.

Doctor Duncan received a severe injury from something in the shape of cowskin, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. "Where were you hurt, doctor?" said a friend. "Was it near the vertebra?" "No, no," said the disciple of Galen; "it was near the race-course."

FISHING FOR COMPANY.

Walpole gives an odd account of a Mrs. Holman, whose passion was keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody to it. "She goes to the drawingroom to watch for sneezers, whips out a curtsey, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and desires your company on Thursday."

ORIGIN OF BOTTLED ALE.

Alexander Newell, Dean of St. Paul's, and Master of Westminster School, in the reign of Queen Mary, was an excellent angler. But (says Fuller) while Newell was catching of fishes, Bishop Bonner was catching of Newell, and would certainly have sent him to the shambles, had not a good London merchant conveyed him away upon the seas. Newell was fishing upon the banks of the Thames when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing, that he dare not go back to his own house to make any preparation for his flight. Like an honest angler, he had taken with him provision for the day; and when, in the first year of England's deliverance, he returned to his country and his old haunts, he remembered that, on the day of his flight, he had left a bottle of beer in a safe place on the bank: there he looked for it, and "found it no bottle, but a gun—such the sound at the opening thereof; and this (says Fuller) is believed (casualty is mother of more invention than industry) the origin of Bottled Ale in England."

EASY REMEDY.

"I like to hear a child cry," jocosely said the Abbé Morold. "Why?" "Because then there is some hope of his being sent away."

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

A Connemara gentleman being pressed to visit the ruins of a Roman villa, in Alsace, declined, observing, "What novelty was a Roman village to him? Within twenty miles of his father's there was but one Protestant, and that was the parson; and his assistant was a Catholic, and, like the clerk of Ballyhain, when he finished at church, he served mass afterwards. Roman villages! he would be glad to know where there were any else, from one end of Connemara to the other."

ALGERINE CATS.

Mr. Campbell, when at Algiers, on inquiring for a cat to drive away the rats, was told there was no keeping one in the camp of Douera. "Why not?" "Because the French soldiers steal them." And what do they do with them?" "Why, it is alleged that they make pies and soups of them!"

WHO'S HE?

An old woman, in a village in the west of England, was told one day that the King of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the Great Frederick was in the noon-day of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great sloe eyes at the news, and fixing them, in the fulness of vacancy, upon her informant, replied, "Is a! is a!—The Lord ha' mercy!—Well! well! The King of Prussia! And who's he?" The "who's he?" of this old woman might serve as a text for a notable sermon upon ambition. "Who's he?" may now be asked of men greater as soldiers in their day than Frederick or Wellington; greater in discovery than Sir Isaac or Sir Humphry. Who built the Pyramids? Who ate the first oyster?

HERODOTUS EVERY-DAY.

Few persons are aware how often they imitate this great historian. Thus, children and servants are remarkably "Herodotean" in their style of narration. They tell everything dramatically. Their "says hes" and "says shes" are proverbial. Every person who has had to settle their disputes, knows that, even when they have no intention to deceive, their reports of conversation always require to be carefully sifted. If an educated man were giving an account of a late change of administration, he would say: "Lord John Russell resigned, and the Queen, in consequence, sent for Sir Robert Peel." A porter would tell the story as if he had been behind the curtains of the Royal bed at Buckingham Palace. "So Lord John Russell says, 'I cannot manage this business, I must go out.' So the Queen says, 'Well, then, I must send for Sir Robert Peel, that's all.'" This is the very manner of the father of history.

AFFECTED MODESTY.

When conversation in a company in which Dr. Johnson was present had fallen upon rather a delicate topic, one of the ladies, with an expression of great displeasure, rose and left the room. "That woman," said the Doctor, "is the most immodest of all the company."

AMERICAN "LADIES."

In America, all females are "ladies;" the noble word, "woman," is never heard. Miss Martineau wishing to see the women-wards in a prison at Tennessee, was answered by the warden, "We have no ladies here at present, madam." A lecturer, discoursing on the characteristics of women, illustrated thus: "Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies."

POLITICAL GUNPOWDER.

When Lord Bath was told of the determination of turning out Pitt and letting Fox remain in the Ministry, he said it put him in mind of a story of the Gunpowder Plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vaults under the Parliament House, and, returning with his report, said, "he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm."

THE FAMILY SUIT.

The son-in-law of a Chancery barrister having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning, in breathless ecstasy, to inform him that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination a cause which had been pending in the court of scruples for several years. Instead of obtaining the expected congratulations of the retired veteran of the law, his intelligence was received with indignation. "It was by this suit," exclaimed he, "that my father was enabled to provide for me, and to portion your wife; and, with the exercise of common prudence, it would have furnished you with the means of providing handsomely for your children and grandchildren."

LONG YARNS.

Amongst those long-winded and generally marvellous stories with which to while away the dreary "mid-watch," to the astonishment of the *greenhorns*, very astonishing is that called "the Merry Dun of Dover." This was a vessel of such magnitude that she has been known to be receiving a cargo of coals at her bow-port in Sunderland harbour, and discharging them out of her stern-port at the same time into the coal lighters below London-bridge. Such was the height of her masts, that a little boy, being sent aloft to clear the pendant, returned upon deck a grey-headed man. Working out of the Downs, this amazing vessel was of such a length, that, in tacking, her flying jib-boom knocked down Calais steeple, at the very instant that the tail of her ensign swept a flock of sheep off the summit of Dover cliff.

GROWTH OF FELICITY.

A poor gardener, on being asked what felicity meant, said he did not know, but he believed it was a bulbous root!

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Captain Wilbraham, inquiring of one of the Jholams at Tehran whether an account which one of the King's couriers had just related was likely to be true—"Oh no," answered the man; "you must not believe a word of it. A courier *must* have something to tell by the way. You should hear what lies *I* tell when I am travelling."

DEATH OF KEAN, THE TRAGEDIAN.

In the year 1833, Edmund Kean was engaged at Drury, and played *Othello* to Macready's *Iago*. He had promised to play *Iago* also, and had a new dress made for it, but, we believe, determined not to do it. About this time, he had the Richmond theatre, and played there three nights per week. For his last benefit, he acted there *Penruddock* and *Paul*. Being in embarrassed circumstances, he requested a loan of £500; this, it was said, the management of Drury-Lane hesitated to advance, and he engaged himself at Covent-garden. On the 25th March, 1833, he appeared as *Othello*; *Iago*, Mr. Charles Kean; *Cassio*, Mr. Abbott; *Desdemona*, Miss Ellen Tree. The elder Kean came to the theatre in company with Mr. John Lee and Dr. Douchez; it was with difficulty he made up for the character, the nauseous process of *browning* his face occasioning sickness. He went languidly through the first two acts, but rallied in the third; he spoke the "Farewell" exquisitely, but at the passage—

"Villain! be sure thou prov'st my love,"
&c.,

his energy failed him; he essayed to proceed, and then sank on the shoulder of his son. Mr. Payne, who played *Ludovico*, came on, and, with Mr. C. Kean, assisted the great actor from the stage, which he never again trod! It was singular that he should end his career in the arms of his son, and that that son's future wife should be *Desdemona*. He was taken to the Wrekin Tavern, Broadcourt, too weak to even bear the operation of having the paint removed. In a few days he sufficiently recovered to go to Richmond; here he was sedulously attended by Mrs. Tidswell, said to be his aunt. Mr. Lee, Mr. Hughes, and Dr. Douchez were constantly with him. He flattered himself that he was recovering, commenced studying *Master Walter*, and was underlined for it at the Haymarket, but his memory had gone for ever. On the 15th May, 1833, he expired. Kean did not know his birthday; he kept it on the 17th of March; but many of his early friends affirm that he was born in November. The year, as well as day, is doubtful. Kean himself said 1787. Mrs. Carey, who claimed to be his mother, died in the same week in the same house.

COLERIDGE AND THELWALL.

Thelwall and Coleridge were sitting once in a beautiful recess in the Quantock hills, when the latter said, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!" "Nay, citizen Samuel," replied he; "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"

ECCENTRIC HUMANITY.

John, Duke of Montague, made two codicils to his will, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, &c. Whilst writing the latter, one of his cats jumped on his knee. "What!" says he, "have you a mind to be a witness, too? You can't, for you are a party concerned."

JOY OF GRIEF.

A Highland funeral used to be followed by a regular supper to the company, and a ball. Upon one occasion, the gentleman who was to lead down the dance asked the mistress of the house, whose husband had that day been buried, if she would stand up to the dance, and she with a deep sigh consented. He then asked the disconsolate widow to name the spring, *i. e.* the tune, she would wish to be played. "*Oh,*" she said, "*let it be a light spring, for I have a heavy heart.*"

TEA IN SCOTLAND.

Tea in Scotland appears to have been known a century later than in England. Sir Walter Scott used to relate, that people were living who recollected how the Lady Pumphraston, to whom a pound of fine green tea had been sent as a rare and valuable present, boiled the same, and served it up with melted butter, as condiment to a salted rump of beef; and complained that no cooking she could contrive "would make these *foreign greens* tender."

CARD-TABLE SIGNALS.

Theodore Hook's Code of Card-table Signals, in his clever novel of "Gilbert Gurney," might be very effectually reduced to practice. "Never," says he, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always family telegraphs; and, if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I could never win of Smagsmag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and was answered, 'No, you never can win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me,' said I; 'signals by looks?' 'No,' said he, 'by words. If Mrs. Smagsmag is to lead, Smagsmag says, 'Dear, begin:' Dear begins with D; so does diamond; and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says 'S. my love,' she wants a spade. Smagsmag and spade begin with the same letter, and sure enough down comes a spade. 'Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards!' Mrs. Smagsmag stumps down a heart; and a gentle 'Come, my love,' on either side, produces a club.'"

POLITE EVIDENCE.

At the Wells Assizes, a butcher's wife, in giving her evidence, repeatedly turned towards the prisoner at the bar, and designated him as "that gentleman." The Judge at last lost all patience, and exclaimed: "Old woman, you are become quite offensive." This reminds one of Steele's speaking of "Sin as a fine gentleman."

THE TWO WATCHES.

About seventy years ago, there was a fancy for wearing two watches. The Earl of Bridgewater was stopped near Windsor by a footpad, who, after having obtained one watch, demanded the other. "Why, do you suppose I have another?" "I know it," said the robber; "I observed you cross your hand to your left fob when you gave me this."

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works; but it propels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life: a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it; a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door of an inn changes the fortune of an empire. "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter," said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, "the condition of the world would have been different." The Mahomedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave; Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder-storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle; and if Mr. Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging "certain stamp duties" on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the "Faëry Queen" in his mother's parlour; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Otes, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue as he went that way.

AN ODD RACE.

The Herveys, Earls of Bristol, produced so many eccentric characters, that some one said, who was desirous of expressing his sense of the singularities of the family, that "God made man, woman, and Herveys."

PRAYING FOR A PARTNER.

The Hungarian ladies are passionately fond of dancing. A lady told Mr. Paget that, in her dancing times, she well remembered that she never said her prayers for her "daily bread," without adding "and plenty of partners at the next ball, I beseech thee."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN.

To tell the reader exactly what class of persons was intended to be designated by the word *gentleman*, is a difficult task. The last time we heard it was on visiting a stable, to look at a horse, when inquiring for the coachman, his stable-keeper replied, "he had just stepped to the public-house along with another gentleman."

DR. PARR AT WHIST.

Dr. Parr had a high opinion of his own skill at whist, and could not even patiently tolerate the want of it in his partner. Being engaged with a party in which he was unequally matched, he was asked by a lady how the fortune of the game turned? when he replied, "Pretty well, madam, considering that I have three adversaries."

THE REBEL LORDS.

At the trial of the rebel Lords, George Selwyn, seeing Bethel's sharp visage looking wistfully at the prisoners, said, "What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners until they are condemned."

Some women were scolding Selwyn for going to see the execution, and asked him how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off? "Nay," replied he, "if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends; for I went to see it sewed on again."

Walpole relates: "You know Selwyn never thinks but *à la tête tranchée*." On having a tooth drawn, he told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal.

A NIGHT'S REST.

Captain Wilbraham, when at a village in Armenia, was crowded into a stable for the night, which resembled Noah's ark. Children were squalling the whole night through, and two young buffaloes walked over the Captain in the dark! We had such a night of disquiet, a few years since, upon a walk across Hampshire. The village inn was "full," and we were compelled to seek rest in a cottage, where our bed-room partition was only two-thirds of the entire height of the apartment: our neighbour snored most lustily, a child in the house had the hooping-cough, and the father rose at day-break, and killed a pig just under our window!

A COOL HAND.

Robespierre, in making out the list of his victims for the guillotine, wrote down the name of Jean Lambert Tallien with a slow hand, that shaped each letter with a stern distinctness, saying, "That one head is *my necessity*!"

GOOD RIDDANCE.

A certain well-known provincial bore having left a tavern party of which Burns was one, he (the bard) immediately demanded a bumper, and, addressing himself to the chairman, said, "I give you the health, gentlemen all, of the waiter that called my Lord ——— out of the room."

AN ULTIMATUM.

A luckless undergraduate of Cambridge being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining master took off about an inch of paper, and, pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew.

DYSPEPSY.

A thorough-bred fox-hunter found himself so much out of health a little before the season of this sport began, that he took what was then thought a long journey to consult a physician, and get some advice which he hoped would put him into a condition for the field. Upon his return, his friends asked him what the doctor had said. "Why," said the squire, "he told me that I'd got a dyspepsy. I don't know what that is: but it's some d——d thing or other, I suppose."

GRACE MAL-APROPOS.

A milliner's apprentice, about to wait upon a Duchess, was fearful of committing some error in her deportment. She, therefore, consulted a friend as to the manner in which she should address this great personage; and was told that, on going before the Duchess, she must say her Grace, and so on. Accordingly, away went the girl, and, on being introduced, after a very low curtsy, she said, "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful." To which the Duchess answered, "Amen!"

WILKES AND SIR WILLIAM STAINES.

Sir William Staines, by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated an immense fortune, and rose to the state-coach and the Mansion-House. His first entrance into life was as a common bricklayer. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, after a sumptuous repast of turtle and venison, Sir William was eating a great quantity of butter with his cheese. "Why, brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a trowel!"

A son of Sir William Staines fell from a lofty ladder, and was killed; when the father, on being fetched to the spot, broke through the crowd, exclaiming, "See that the poor fellow's watch is safe."

IRISH DRINKING.

It is related that, at a roaring dinner of a round dozen of jolly Irishmen, all were extended in due time upon the floor, except two heroes, who drank seven bottles of claret more between them, and beginning then to complain of a great "chill in their stomachs," from that *thin cold French stuff*, finished a bottle of brandy between them, and walked home—somehow or other.

CLEVER THIEVES.

At Buenos Ayres, instances have been known of thieves running off with the clothes of the sleeping inmates of the houses, fished through the gratings of the window, by means of one of the long canes of the country, with a hook at the end of it; in one well-known case, a gentleman's watch was thus hooked out of his pocket at his bed's head, and he was but just roused by his frightened wife in time to catch a last glimpse of the chain and seals as they seemingly danced out of the window.

THE ABSENT MAN.

The following ingenious trick is said to have been played on old Thornton, the theatrical manager. A bowl of negus, with a plug bottom, which could be withdrawn at pleasure, was once put before him; he filled his wine-glass but once, when the plug (it having been placed on a receptacle on purpose) was drawn, and the liquor taken away; in a minute or two he was about replenishing his glass, and saw the bowl empty; he paused a moment, then rang the bell to have it re-filled; it was, and after he had taken two more glasses full, the trick was repeated: the second time he beheld it empty he gave his nose a long pull, and rubbed his eyes, as if he doubted whether he had slept or not; but he ordered a third, and paid for the three bowls, evidently and entirely unconscious that he had not drunk their contents.

TEMPERANCE CRUETS.

The late James Smith might often be seen at the Garrick Club, restricting himself at dinner to a half a pint of sherry; whence he was designated an incorporated temperance society. To do him justice, however, this was not his choice; he diluted it with frequent tears; he was restricted, not by virtuous sobriety, but by vicious gout, of which he stood, or rather sat, in awe. But for this there would have been no such small bottle of that liquid, to remind the observer of Pope's Avidien and his wife (Lady M. W. Montague, and her then antiquated spouse):—

"One frugal cruet served them both to dine,
And pass'd at once for vinegar and wine."

The late Sir William Aylett, a grumbling member of the Union, and a two-bottle-man, observing Mr. Smith to be thus frugally furnished, eyed his cruet with contempt, and exclaimed: "So I see you have got one of those d—d life-preservers!"

CHEMICAL ODDITY.

While an ignorant lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her, what was the difference between oxygen and hydrogen? "Very little, madam," said he: "by oxygen we mean pure gin; and by hydrogen, gin and water."

REAL POVERTY.

On Sir Sidney Smith's invasion of the South American coast, in 1808, the Marquis of Alorna returned the following laconic answer to the enemy, the commander of which asked for safe passage and supplies, wishing at the same time to know if he and his troops would be received as friends or enemies:—"We are unable to entertain you as friends, or resist you as enemies."

THE MAKE-WEIGHTS.

The "make-weights" in society are important. It has been shrewdly observed of the great Lord Chatham, that he fancied he could make a political clock, which should go by the mere force of the *mainspring*, without the help of cog-wheel, pendulum, or balance; the consequence was, that his system, whenever it was set a-going, ran itself out in a moment.

A NUISANCE.

The following letter was intended to have been sent to the "Annoyance Jury," by the occupier of the house in the Strand, adjoining that in which the so-called "Bonassus" was exhibited many years since:—

"March 28, 1822.

"Gentlemen,—I am sorry to trouble you but I Am so Anoyed By next Door Neighbour the Bonassus and with Beasts, that I cannot live in my House—for the stench of the Beast is So Great And their is only A Slight petition Betwixt the houses and the Beast are continually Breaking through in to my Different Rooms And I am always loosing my lodgers in Consequence of the Beast first A Monkey made its way in My Bedroom next the Jackall came in to the Yard and this last week the people in My Second floor have been Alarmed in the Dead of the Night By Monkey Breaking through in to the Cloaset and are Going to leave in Consequence this being the third lodgers I have lost on account of the Beast And I have been letting my Second Floor at Half the Rent—And those men of Mr. James are Bawling the whole Day Against My Window—and continually taking people's attention from My Window—And I am quite pestered with Rats and I Am Confident they came from the Exebition—And in Short the Ingury and Nuisance is So Great as aln st Impossible to Describe But to be so Anoyd By such an Imposter I think is Very Hard—Gentlemen your Early Inquiry will

oblige your Servant—T. W.—.

"N.B. And If I mention anything to Mr. James He ondy Abuses me with the most Uncouth Language."

WHIST-PLAYING.

Charles Lamb said once to a brother whist-player, who was a hand more clever than clean, and who had enough in him to afford the joke: "M., if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold."

THE DEAF LADY.

"Speak a little louder, for I am so absent, that ten to one I shall forget you are speaking unless you raise your voice." This was a subterfuge on the part of the old lady to conceal her deafness.

THE RETORT LIE.

Perhaps the best retort upon a lie is to outwit it, as Galba did, when a courtier told him that he had bought eels in Sicily five feet long. "That," replied the Emperor, "is no wonder; for there they are so long that the fishermen use them for ropes."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

When Alderman Beckford's fine house at Fonthill, with pictures and furniture to a great value, was burnt, he coolly said: "Oh! I have an odd £50,000 in a drawer; I will build it up again: it won't be above a thousand pounds apiece difference to my thirty children!"

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A poor woman, said to be ninety years of age, was waiting outside the doors of the Cheltenham Theatre two hours before their opening, having walked eight miles to see "Jane Shore." Mrs. McGibbon, who was to have enacted the heroine, deeming such devotion to the drama madness, asked her dresser, who narrated the circumstance, if the poor creature had her intellects. "I don't know, ma'am," said the girl; "she's gotten *summut* tied up in her pocket-handkerchief."

INADVERTENCE AND EPICURISM.

When the Duke of Wellington was at Paris, as Commander of the Allied Armies, he was invited to dine with Cambacères, one of the most distinguished statesmen and *gourmets* of the time of Napoleon. In the course of dinner, his host having helped him to some particularly *rêchéché* dish, expressed a hope that he found it agreeable. "Very good," said the Duke, who was probably reflecting on Waterloo; "very good, but I really do not care what I eat." "Good God!" exclaimed Cambacères, as he started back, and dropped his fork; "Don't care what you eat! What *did* you come here for, then?"

SAFE DIVISION.

A landowner and tenant having agreed to refer a matter in dispute to a reference, it was agreed that in case it should not thus be decided, the matter should be settled, as usual, by an umpire. "Well, be it so, but on this condition," said the man of wealth, "that if he cannot make a division, we shall have *umpires on both sides*."

TRUE GENEROSITY.

A story is told of an Arabian Birkabeht who was so generous, and yet so poor, that, a thief coming into his chamber to steal, and finding nothing, the Arabian called to him as he was going away, and gave him his bed, remarking that "It was a pity he should go away empty-handed after all his labour."

SEEKING A PLACE.

One morning, scarcely a fortnight after General Jackson's arrival at the White House, a shabby-genteel looking man presented himself at his parlour, and, after the usual salutation and shaking of hands, expressed his joy at seeing the venerable old gentleman at last hold the situation of chief magistrate of the country, to which his bravery, his talents, and his unimpeachable rectitude fully entitled him. "We have had a hard time of it," said he, "in our little place; but our exertions were unremitting; I myself went round to stimulate my neighbours, and at last the victory was ours. We beat them by a majority of ten votes; and I now behold the result of that glorious triumph!" The General thanked him in terms of studied politeness, assuring him that he would resign his office in an instant if he did not think his election gave satisfaction to a vast majority of the people; and, at last, regretted his admirer's zeal for the public weal should have been so severely taxed on his account. "Oh, no matter for that, sir," said he; "I did it with pleasure—I did it for myself and for my country (the General bowed); "and I now come to congratulate you on your success" (the General bowed again). "I thought, sir," that, as you are now President of the United States, I might perhaps be useful to you in some official capacity." (The General looked somewhat embarrassed.) "Pray, sir, have you already made a choice of your Cabinet Ministers?" "I have," was the reply of the General. "Well, no matter for that; I shall be satisfied with an embassy to Europe." "I am sorry to say there is no vacancy." "Then you will, perhaps, require a head-clerk in the department of State?" "These are generally appointed by the respective secretaries." "I am very sorry for that; then I must be satisfied with some inferior appointment." "I never interfere with these; you must address yourself to the heads of departments." "But could I not be postmaster in Washington? Only think, General, how I worked for you!" "I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and for your kind offices at the last election; but the postmaster for the city of Washington is already appointed." "Well, I don't much care for that; I should be satisfied with being his clerk." "This is a subject you must mention to the postmaster." "Why, then, General," exclaimed the disappointed candidate for office, "haven't you got an old black coat?" You may well imagine that the General gave him one.

POETRY AND GARDENING.

Walpole telling a nurseryman at Twickenham that he would have his trees planted irregularly, the man replied: "Yes, sir, I understand; you would have them hung down somewhat *poetical*."

CUTTING JOKE.

On the health of the "Master and Wardens of the Cutlers' Company" being drunk, a wag whispered to the band, who had played appropriate tunes to the other toasts, to play "Terry, heigho, the *grinder*!" which was done.

NATURE AND ART.

Wilkes called one morning upon a friend who resided in the City, and had before his house a few yards square, and two plants, which once resembled lilac, in large tubs. Men were employed in painting the outside of the house. "Brother," said Wilkes to his friend, "suffer me to plead in behalf of them two poor lilacs in the tubs; pray let them be painted too."

A DISPROVER.

Mr. Brougham, during his indefatigable canvas of Yorkshire, in the course of which he often addressed ten or a dozen meetings in a day, thought fit to harangue the electors of Leeds immediately on his arrival, after travelling all night, and without waiting to perform his customary ablutions. "These hands are clean," cried he, at the conclusion of a diatribe against corruption; but they happened to be very dirty; and this practical contradiction raised a hearty laugh.

VAILS TO SERVANTS.

To such a height had arrived the custom of giving vails, or visiting-fees, to servants, in 1762, that Jonas Hanway published upon the subject eight letters to the Duke of N——, supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle. Sir Thomas Waldo related to Hanway, that, on leaving the house of the Duke alluded to, after having feed a train of other servants, he (Sir Thomas) put a crown into the hand of the cook, who returned it, saying, "Sir, I do not take silver." "Don't you, indeed!" said the Baronet, putting it into his pocket: "then I do not give gold."

ERROR IN PERSONS.

Morat, in Switzerland, is celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Charles the Bold, in 1476; and a little chapel, filled with the bones of those that fell, bears this pithy inscription—"The army of Charles the Bold, besieging Morat, left this monument of its passage." On seeing which, a Connemara gentleman observed, that "they might call him 'bold' here; but he was too timid in London, or he never would have popped his head out of Lord Melbourne's middle window to lay it on the block. Many a time he had looked at it (the window) while knocking his heels at the Horse Guards." It is useless to explain. Mac confounded the Martyr of England with the daring Duke of Burgundy.

THE CAT OUT.

"For whom were you wreathing these pretty flowers, *ma mignonne*?" "For my beautiful mamma's new wig, ma'am." "Have I not told you never to use the word wig? Say hair, always hair." "Yes, ma'am."

ODD REASON.

A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the great regard we have for each other."

VICTOR HUGO.

When Victor Hugo was an aspirant for the honours of the Academy, and called on M. Royer Collard to ask his vote, the sturdy veteran professed an entire ignorance of his name. "I am the author of 'Notre Dame de Paris,' 'Les derniers Jours d'un Condamné,' 'Bug-Jargal,' 'Marion Delorme,' &c." "I never heard of any of them." "Will you do me the honour of accepting a copy of my works?" "I never read new books." *Exit Hugo!*

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

When Reginald Heber read his prose poem of "Palestine" to Sir Walter Scott, the latter observed that, in the verses on Solomon's Temple, one striking circumstance had escaped him; namely, that no tools were used in its erection. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines:—

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence," &c.

ROYAL BLUNDER.

Kings and official personages have strangely committed themselves, as well as other people. Think of the Sovereign of Persia, who inquired what sort of place America was—"underground, or how?" and of the greedy he or she who called fish "congealed water," and forbade the free eating of it, lest the supply for the Royal table should fall short. George the Second preferred stale oysters for their superior flavour; and greatly admired Brentford for its resemblance to "Yarmany." George the Third was not a whit more shrewd. The day of the last drawingroom of the season had arrived, and an Admiral's lady (a handsome lady, by the way) was to be presented, but was compelled to leave her gouty husband at home. The King noticed the new Court beauty, and inquired after her lord, and their seat in Leicestershire. "Fine place, fine place, that—who built it?" "Indigo Jones, please your Majesty." "Indigo Jones, who's he?—some great blue-maker, I suppose?" "Yes, please your Majesty." The lady returned home, and reported progress to the Admiral, asking, "How do you think I managed?" "Why, I'll be hanged if I know which is the greatest fool, the King or you," was the churlish reply.

QUIET THEFT.

A saddle being missing at a funeral, it was observed, no wonder that nothing was heard of it, for it is believed to have been stolen by a *mute*.

AN OBSTINATE CRITTUR.

"Halloo! Ben, let's go down here to our church, and view the demolished ruins of the hurricando." "Oh! no, I an't got no time." "Wy an't you got no time?" "Oh, cause I don't want to go?" "Wy don't you want to go?" "Oh! cause I can't." "Jus gib us reason wy you can't go." "Oh! cause I shan't." "Well, why shan't you?" "Oh! cause I won't." "Ah! nigger, I see you've got de advantage ob me in dat ere argiment; dere's no way ob gittin round you dis ere time—wah, wah, wah!"

GEORGE II. AND GARRICK.

When George II. went to see Garrick act *Richard III.*, the only part in the play which interested the King was the *Lord Mayor of London*; and when Garrick was attending the Royal party from the box, anxious to hear the King's opinion of his own performance, all the compliment from the Sovereign was a high eulogy upon the Lord Mayor. "I do love dat Lord Mayor," said the King; "capital Lord Mayor; fine Lord Mayor dat, Mr. Garrick; where you get such capital Lord Mayor?"

LOSS OF AN ARM.

When Nelson visited the Royal Naval Hospital at Yarmouth, after the battle of Copenhagen, he went round the wards, stopped at every bed, and to every man said something kind and cheering. At length, he stopped opposite to a bed on which was lying a sailor who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint, when the following short dialogue ensued:—"Nelson: "Well! Jack, what's the matter with you?" Sailor: "Lost my right arm, your honour." Nelson paused, looked down at his empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, "Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen; cheer up, my brave fellow."

THE LADY AND THE AMBASSADOR.

In what light Ambassadors are held *by the ladies* in the United States will appear from the following anecdote:—At a dinner-party to which most of the representatives of the greater powers and some of the smaller ones were invited, one of them, a jolly old bachelor of the English school, attempted a song, which so much gratified the ladies, that it was proposed every gentleman present should, in turn, follow the example. Russia and some other great powers immediately obeyed the summons; but when the turn came to the representative of a new court, he indignantly exclaimed, "*Mon Roi ne m'a pas envoyé ici pour chanter.*" "Well," answered a lady, "if you will not sing, we shall ask your gallant King to send us somebody else who will."

THE RIGHT ORGAN.

Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The *barrel-organ*," interrupted Bannister.

ACCOMMODATING ELOQUENCE.

Benjamin Constant had such a command of language, that when he chanced to displease his audience by an expression, he would go on substituting synonymes till he suited them. For example: "I am anxious to spare the Crown"—at murmur; "the Monarch"—the murmurs continue; "the Constitutional King"—the murmurs are hushed.

DROLL TO ORDER.

One evening, a lady said to a small wit, "Come, Mr. —, tell us a lively anecdote," and the poor fellow was mute during the remainder of the evening. "Favour me with your company on Wednesday evening, you are such a lion," said a weak party-giver to a young author. "I thank you," replied the wit; "but on that evening I am engaged to eat fire at the Countess of —, and stand upon my head at Mrs. —."

CARTOUCHE.

Cartouche (the French highwayman), in company with two other "gentlemen," robbed the *coche*, or packet-boat, from Melun, where they took a good quantity of booty—making the passengers lie down on the decks, and rifling them at leisure. "This money will be but very little among three," whispered Cartouche to his neighbour, as the three conquerors were making merry over their gains; "if you were to pull the trigger of your pistol in the neighbourhood of your comrade's ear, perhaps it might go off; and then there would be but two of us to share." Strangely enough, as Cartouche said, the pistol *did* go off, and No. 3 perished. "Give him another ball," said Cartouche; and another was fired into him. But, no sooner had Cartouche's comrade discharged both his pistols, than Cartouche himself, seized with a furious indignation, drew his. "Learn, monster," cried he, "not to be so greedy of gold; and perish, the victim of thy disloyalty and avarice!" So Cartouche slew the second robber; and there is no man in Europe who can say that the latter did not merit well the punishment.

WILKES'S TERGIVERSATION.

Wilkes may be said to have "turned his back upon himself," borrowing an Hibernicism of our own times; and in his soberer years he laughed pleasantly enough at the folly of his *quondam* dupes. One day, in his later life, he went to Court, when George III. asked him, in a good-natured tone of banter, how his friend Serjeant Glynn was. Glynn had been one of his most furious partisans. Wilkes replied, with affected gravity, "Nay, Sire, don't call Serjeant Glynn a friend of mine; the fellow was a Wilkite, which your Majesty knows I never was."

TOM SHERIDAN OUT SHOOTING.

Tom Sheridan was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or rather Hampstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy. "Hallo! you sir," said the squire, when within half ear-shot; "what are you doing here, sir, eh?" "I'm shooting, sir," said Tom. "Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire. "I'm here, sir," said Tom. "Here, sir?" said the squire, growing angry; "and do you know where here is, sir?—these, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?" "Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over-agreeable." "I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire; "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?" "Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing." "Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little, "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir—I—" "No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion." "Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the squire; "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for *you* to talk, but if you were in *my* place, I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion?" "Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment." The squire was hit hard by this *nonchalance*, and (as the newspapers say), it is needless to add, acted upon Sheridan's suggestion. "So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me—now you shall hear the sequel." After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards. In the course of his walk, he passed through a farm-yard; in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding; the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green. Tom hated

to go back with an empty bag; and, having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly. "My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer." "Of what, sur?" says the farmer. "Why," replies Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?" "What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer. "Fairish!" said Tom, "fairish!" "And to *have* all you kill?" said the farmer, "eh?" "Exactly so," said Tom. "Half a guinea," said the farmer. "That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven-shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket." "Well," said the man, "hand it over." The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other, and such quacking and splashing, and screaming and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before. Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended. "Those were right good shots, sur," said the farmer. "Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?" "Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be; but what do I care for that? *they are none of them mine!*" "Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could. for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."

COMPLIMENT TO ROYALTY.

When the city of Beaune received Louis XIV., he tasted their wine, which his Majesty praised. "Oh! Sire," said the Mayor, "it is not to be compared with what we have in our cellars." "Which you keep, no doubt, for a better occasion," replied the King.

MARRIED WOMEN.

"Pooh! my dear fellow," said Lord Haslingden to a young Captain in the Blues, who was professing his dislike of girls, and his preference for the society of young married women; "a young married woman is only a girl who belongs to somebody else."

A DAY TOO LATE.

La Fontaine was so absent as to call and visit a friend whose funeral he had attended. He was much surprised at first; but, recollecting himself, said, "It is true enough, for I was there."

COGENT REASON.

A revolutionary mob having got hold of the Abbé Maury, resolved on putting him to death. "To the lantern with him!" was the universal cry. The Abbé, with much *sang froid*, said to those who were dragging him along, "Well! if you hang me to the lantern, will you see any the clearer for it?" And the Abbé was spared.

NARROW ESCAPE OF LORD CASTLEREAGH.

The late Lord Castlereagh was fond of field sports, and frequently beat up the Wicklow hills as far as the house of Counsellor Colback, which, "perched on high, like an eagle's nest," looks over the capital. In these sports he was very successful, and was always proverbial for being a remarkably good shot. Returning one evening in July from the mountains, he was accosted by two men, who inquired the hour; at the same instant one of them seized the double-barrelled fowling-piece which Lord Castlereagh was carrying. The latter drew a pistol from his pocket, and shot his assailant, who immediately fell. A second pistol having missed fire, another ruffian, springing out from an adjacent ditch, rushed, together with the fellow who was still unhurt, upon his Lordship, who at once began to retreat. At this moment, a person, jumping over the gate which impeded his approach, fired a pistol at one of the robbers, and seizing him instantly by the collar, he, with Lord Castlereagh's assistance, secured this man, while the other made the best use of his time in running off as fast as possible; and to this movement his opponents did not think proper to offer any obstruction. The fellow who had wrested the gun from Lord Castlereagh had received a ball in his neck: he was raised from the ground, and his hands, as well as those of his comrade, having been tied behind, their captors conveyed them to Dundrum, where their wounds were dressed. These offenders were found to belong to the liberty of Dublin; and having casually seen Lord Castlereagh change a two-guinea note at a small public-house, they had determined to commit the above-mentioned daring assault, in order to effect the robbery of their proposed victim. It turned out that the person who appeared so opportunely to aid Lord Castlereagh was Mr. Jennings, a lieutenant in the Navy, then on half-pay. He was returning from a visit when he had the happiness to rescue so valuable a life from the murderers' hands. Jennings was a brave officer, and well worthy of notice; and Lord Castlereagh afterwards presented him with a commission, as commander of the *Rose* cutter, of 14 guns, and gave him £100 for outfit.

LUXURIOUS SMOKING.

"The most luxurious smoker I ever knew," says Mr. Paget, "was a young Transylvanian, who told me that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the first thing in the morning, and that he smoked it out before he awoke. 'It is so pleasant,' he observed, 'to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its wants.'"

HORNE TOOKE AND WILKES.

Horne Tooke having challenged Wilkes, who was then Sheriff of London and Middlesex, received the following laconic reply: "Sir,—I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but, as I am at present High Sheriff of the city of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that *you shall have no ground to complain of my endeavours to serve you.*"

STAGE BLUNDERS.

Blunders upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable, that if one actor stumble, another is almost sure to follow his example. Charles Mathews, if he once blundered in his popular "At Home," was sure to make many blunders; perchance from his habit of imitation. Two of the most celebrated stage blunders once occurred in the comedy of the "Clandestine Marriage;" when one of the characters saw "a candle go along the gallery with a man in his hand;" and another "locked the key, and put the door in his pocket."

MISERIES OF RETIREMENT.

It is neither so easy a thing, nor so agreeable a one, as men commonly expect, to dispose of leisure when they retire from the business of the world. Their old occupations cling to them, even when they hope that they have emancipated themselves. Go to any sea-port town, and you will see that the sea-captain, who has retired upon his well-earned savings, sets up a weathercock in full view from his windows, and watches the variations of the wind as duly as when he was at sea, though no longer with the same anxiety. A tallow-chandler, having amassed a fortune, disposed of his business, and took a house in the country, not far from London, that he might enjoy himself; and, after a few months' trial of a holiday life, requested permission of his successor to come into town and assist him on melting days. The keeper of a retail spirit-shop, having in like manner retired from trade, used to employ himself by having one puncheon filled with water, and measuring it off by pints into another. A butcher, in a small country town, for some little time after he had left off business, informed his old customers that he meant to kill a lamb once a week, just for amusement.

NO BAD RULE.

"I never go late to a friend's dinner (said Boileau); for I have observed, that when a company is waiting for a man, they make use of the interval to load him with abuse."

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

A sexton in Salisbury Cathedral was telling Charles Lamb that eight people had dined at the top of the spire; upon which Lamb remarked that they must be very sharp set.

MILESIAN ADVICE.

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman, is to shut his eyes."

FOREIGNERS' BLUNDERS.

Foreigners in England, or Englishmen on the Continent, blunder in due course. Think of the Frenchman who drank half-and-half because porter was too strong; thinking this mixture "for the people" to be half water and half porter. Pasta, by the way, to keep herself in full or whole voice, drank half-and-half. On the other side, a Scotchman at Bayonne being asked by a fellow-traveller where he was lodging, replied, "Yonder, at Mr. Bains' (Baths)." In France, when the theatres are closed, bills are printed with the word "*relâche*" (shut): a wooden-headed machinist, waiting at Paris for a new spectacle, often saw this *affiche* on the columns of the Palais Royal, and one day observed what a successful piece "*relâche*" must be, since it had been so often played while he had been in Paris.

PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

Printers' *errata* are a very numerous class of blunders, and drolleries too, when we remember what havoc a single letter may make. We recollect the question, in the Banks' Committee Evidence before Parliament—"How many *nos(t)es* were in circulation at that time?" Now and then, an accident turns out well: as, when the printer of Vincent Wing's Almanack told his boy, peevishly, to insert "anything" in the weather column of August—"Snow in harvest," if he liked; he did so, the prediction was realized, and the almanack-maker's fortune secured. Touching literal errors: a gentleman wrote to his country servant, telling him to take a card to a friend, and invite him to dinner; but the valet read *cart*, and accordingly took that ungentlemanly vehicle across the country for the bidden one; and the blunder broke up the acquaintance. We remember a piece of drollery in O'Connor's "Chronicles of Erin." In the preface the reader is told that the original MSS. on skin rolls were burnt in an accidental fire many hundred years before; and in the work itself the curious are informed that the originals may be seen at the publishers'!

REASONABLE FELLOW.

A notary-public, being condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that, having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line!

KNIGHTHOOD.

When Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him that, probably, the King would knight him. The Admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord Sandwich, "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it." "Then, let the King knight her," answered the rough seaman.

A COMMON CASE.

Most persons will agree with Charles Lamb, that it is intolerable to pay for articles you have been used to get for nothing. Thus, "when Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing."

FRIENDLY BANTER.

Friend Grace, it seems, had a very good horse and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, he was asked the reason (it turned out that his better half had taken the good one). "What," said the bantering bachelor, "how comes it you let your mistress ride the better horse?" The only reply was—"Friend, when thee beest married, thee'll know."

SWALLOWING A WRIT.

Mr. Serjeant Davy, who lies buried in Newington Church, Surrey, was a most eccentric character. He was originally a chemist at Exeter; when a sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he very civilly asked him to drink some beer. While the man was drinking, Davy contrived to heat a poker, and then asking what the parchment process was made of, and being answered, of sheepskin, he told the officer it must eat as well as mutton, and recommended him to try it. The bailiff said, it was his business to serve processes, and not to eat them; upon which Davy told him that if he would not eat that, he should swallow the poker. The man preferred the parchment. But the Court of Common Pleas, not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent for him to Westminster Hall, read him a serious lecture on contempt of their process, and locked him up in the Fleet Prison. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate men whom he met there, Davy acquired that taste for the law which the eating of a process had not given the bailiff; and when he was discharged from the Fleet he applied to the study of the law in earnest, was called to the bar, made a serjeant, and was for a long time in considerable practice. He died in 1780.

A PIECE OF PLATE.

A young actor having played a part tolerably well, Elliston one evening called him into the green-room, and addressed him to this effect: "Young man, you have not only pleased the public, but you have pleased me; and, as a slight token of my regard and good wishes, I beg your acceptance of a small piece of plate." It was, beyond all question, a *very* small piece, for it was a silver tooth-pick!

LORD NORTH AND FOX.

Lorth North, when contemptuously alluded to by Fox, as "that thing termed a Minister," replied: "The honourable gentleman calls me *a thing*, and (patting his ample stomach) an unshapely thing I am; but, when he adds, *that thing termed a Minister*, he calls me that which he himself is most anxious to become; and, therefore, I take it as a compliment."

HOW TO WIN A KINGDOM.

Syed Syeed bin Sultan, the Sovereign of Muscat, is one of the most distinguished Princes of Asia. During a long minority, the administration of the Government was confided to an Imâm, and uncle of the young Monarch, who was unwilling to resign when his ward became of age; and, in order to remove him out of his way, conducted him to a lonely fortress. There the young Sultan was informed by his friends that the Regent aimed at his death; and, to frustrate this ambitious design, he one evening requested to see his uncle. No sooner was he in his presence than Syed Syeed stabbed him with his khunger. The Regent, wounded as he was, scaled the wall, and, mounting a swift horse, fled. The friends of the young Prince told him that his work was only half done, and that, if his uncle escaped alive, his throne would be insecure. He at once mounted and followed his relative, whom he found stretched beneath a tree, unable to proceed from loss of blood. He there pinned him to the ground with his spear, and, hastening to a neighbouring stronghold, knocked loudly at the gate, and called for assistance, stating that his uncle was dying not far off. Of course, the Regent was found dead. The Sultan returned to his friends, and the next day hastened to Muscat, which he reached before the news of the Regent's death. He immediately summoned the captains of the fortresses, and, when they were all present, he required that they should deliver up their respective commands to such persons as he should name, under pain of immediate death in case of refusal. He appointed successors from his own tribe, and has since observed the same policy in filling all offices in his Government. In this manner he obtained possession of the throne, in 1807, but held it as a tributary to Sahoud Abdallah, the chief of the Wahabites, until 1816. Sahoud was that year subdued, and conducted to Constantinople by the famed Ibrahim Pacha, and there publicly executed.

DAINTY CRIMINAL.

A criminal at Oporto, about to be hanged, would not quit the ladder before some liquor was given to him. A cup of wine being brought, before drinking it he blew off the froth. Being asked why he did so, he replied, "Brother, because new wine is bad for the liver."

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

When Prince Poniatowski was a boy, his mother consulted a celebrated deaf and dumb Bohemian gipsy as to his fate, who recorded on a slip of paper the following laconic prediction: "Hüte dich von einer Elster!" ("Beware of the Magpie!") This augury was not only disregarded, but nearly forgotten, until its remarkable fulfilment, by the Prince meeting with his death in the river Elster (Magpie), during the retreat of the French army, after the battle of Leipsic, in 1813.

FRANCO-ENGLISH.

A French gentleman rescued from a ducking in the Thames, and taken to an adjacent tavern, was advised to drink a tumbler of very hot brandy-and-water, and thus addressed the waiter who was mixing it: "Sir, I shall thank you not to make it *a fortnight*." "A fortnight!" replied Joe; "hadn't you better take it directly?" "Oh, yes," said Monsieur; "directly, to be sure, but not a fortnight, not *two week*."

ART OF TALKING.

Curran sometimes mistook his own abundant contribution for that of his company, observing, "Well, we have had a delightful dinner; all were in capital spirits. I never remember to have been more amused." During all this period Curran himself had been almost the only one who had uttered a syllable; yet, if uttered, that syllable was merely to keep him in motion; or, as Burke said of his conversations with Johnson, "only to ring the bell."

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

Laybach, in Styria, is interesting to the lover of science for having been the retreat of Sir Humphrey Davy not long before his death; he resided in a hotel here, and the pretty daughter of the hostess relates several anecdotes respecting him. He was a most indefatigable angler: his extraordinary success in transferring the trout to his basket procured for him the title of "the English wizard;" and the scared peasants, who could never understand by what artificial means he caught the fish, shunned him as if he had been his Satanic Majesty. He spent the greater part of the day in angling, or in geologizing among the mountains; and generally passed his evenings in the society of the hostess' daughter, who made his tea, and was his antagonist at *écarté*, or some other light game; indeed, the "maid of the inn" played her cards so well, that she secured a handsome legacy from the philosopher in his will.

EATING OLIVES.

There is etiquette in eating olives. Cardinal Richelieu is said to have detected an adventurer, who was passing himself off as a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork; it being *comme il faut* to use the fingers for that purpose.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

A few years ago, a cargo of ice was imported into this country from Norway. Not having such an article in the Custom-House schedules, application was made to the Treasury and to the Board of Trade; and, after some little delay, it was decided that the ice should be entered as "*dry goods*;" but the whole cargo had melted before the doubt was cleared up!

LARGE AND SMALL.

Long ago, a certain proprietor in the county of Rutland became very intimate with the Duke of Argyll. One day, in the plenitude of his friendship, he said to him: "How I wish your estate were in my county!" Upon which the Duke replied, "I'm thinking, if it were, there would be no room for yours."

THE FIRST AND BEST BOTTLE.

Who does not recollect a first bottle of wine, unequalled by its successors? We remember ordering a bottle of *Grave* at the Tête-de-Bœuf, at Abbeville, which was marked in the *carte* at three francs. It came—people may talk of Rudesheim, Burgundy, and Hermitage, and all the wines that ever the Rhone or the Rhine produced, but never was there wine like that bottle of *Grave*. We drank it slowly, and lingered over the last glass as if we had a presentiment we should never meet with its like again. When it was done, quite done, we ordered another bottle. But no—it was not the same wine. We sent it away, and in vain—and another—there was no more of it to be had.

LONG STORIES.

Captain George Robert Fitzgerald was one day rattling on in an ordinary, in a small town, in Mayo county, when Mr. Garret Dillon, an old story-teller, shouted out: "Captain Fitzgerald, let me ask you this little question—do you intend to pay every man's club present?" "No, sir," replied Fitzgerald, "this is an ordinary, and not my private house." "Well, then, sir, as you have now for two long hours engrossed the whole talk to yourself, I lay down my watch on the table, and if you attempt to say a word for one hour, I will make it a personal matter with you. George Robert, to the surprise of the company, quietly submitted to the injunction; the hour passed on; Dillon told, as under restraint, some stories in his worst manner; and it was a relief to the company when Fitzgerald, at the expiration of the injunction, with perfect good-humour, commenced to talk as if he had never been interrupted.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

When some one was expatiating on the merits of the French language to Mr. Canning, he exclaimed: "Why, what on earth, sir, can be expected of a language which has but one word for *liking* and *loving*, and puts a fine woman and a leg of mutton on a par: —*J'aime Julie*; *j'aime un gigot*!"

TELLING ONE'S AGE.

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near thirty." Scarron, who was present, and knew her age, said, "Do not fret at it, madam; for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

CHANTREY'S FIRST SCULPTURE.

Chantrey, when a boy, used to take milk to Sheffield on an ass. To those not used to seeing and observing such things, it may be necessary to state that the boys generally carry a good thick stick, with a hooked or knobbed end, with which they belabour their asses sometimes unmercifully. On a certain day, when returning home, riding on his ass, Chantrey was observed by a gentleman to be very intently engaged in cutting a stick with his penknife, and, excited by his curiosity, he asked the lad what he was doing, when, with great simplicity of manner, but with courtesy, he replied, "I am cutting *old Fox's head*." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this, the gentleman asked to see what he had done, pronounced it to be an excellent likeness, and presented the youth with *six-pence*, and this may, perhaps, be reckoned the first money Chantrey ever obtained for his ingenuity.

AMERICANISMS.

"Well, Abel, what do you think of our native genius, Mister Forrester?" "Well, I don't go much to theatricals, that's a fact; but I do think *he piled the agony up a little too high* in that last scene." The gamblers on the Mississippi use a very refined phrase for "cheating"—"playing the advantages over him." But, as may be supposed, the principal terms used are those which are borrowed from trade and commerce. The rest or remainder is usually termed the balance: "Put some of those apples into a dish, and the *balance* into the store-room." When a person has made a mistake, or is out in his calculations, they say, "You have missed a figure that time." Even the thieves must be commercial in their ideas. One rogue, meeting another, asked him what he had done that morning? "Not much," was the reply; "I've only *realized* this umbrella." * * * * * There is sometimes in the American metaphors an energy which is very remarkable. "Well, I reckon that, from his teeth to his toe-nail, there's not a human being of a more conquering nature than General Jackson." One gentleman said to me, "I wish I had all hell boiled down to a pint, just to pour down your throat."—*Captain Marryat*.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN ENGLAND.

In England the electric telegraphs are in the hands of a private company, which has a practical monopoly of them; and, as is invariably the case with all monopolies, complaints and remonstrances, well or ill founded, are constantly brought against the establishment.

A central station is established in London, in Lothbury, near the Bank of England. The lower part of the building is appropriated to the reception of orders and messages. A person desiring to forward a message to any part of England connected with London by the wires, writes his message on a sheet of letter-paper, provided for the purpose, and prepared according to a printed form, having the names and address of the writer, and of the party to whom the message is communicated, in blank spaces assigned to them, together with the date and hour at which the message is despatched. The answer is received, accompanied by the date and hour at which the message arrived, and at which the answer was despatched.

The tariff of charges for transmission of telegraphic messages differs very much, according to the destination of the message, and is not strictly regulated by distance. The charge, for example, from London to Dover, is, or was lately, about 6d. a word; while the charge between Birmingham and Stafford, a greater distance, was something less than 4d. a word. The charge between London and York is 5·4d. per word, between London and Edinburgh 7·8d. per word, and between London and Glasgow 8·4d. per word.

The room containing the telegraphic instruments is in the upper part of the building, to which communications by wires are made from a cellar in the lower part, where the galvanic apparatus is deposited. This apparatus consists of a collection of galvanic batteries, having different powers, to be used according to the distance to which the message is to be transmitted. The wires which communicate between this establishment and the termini of the several railways are inclosed in leaden pipes, which are carried under the streets. There they are connected with the wires supported on poles, with which every railway traveller is familiar, and by which the communication is maintained with different parts of the country.

It is found that by practice the operators of the telegraphic instruments are able to communicate about twenty words per minute, being nearly at the same rate as ordinary writing.

In the chief telegraphic stations in different parts of the country, besides the transmission of private messages, a sort of subscription intelligence-rooms have been opened, where the subscribers can daily and hourly obtain in common the general commercial information which is most in request; such as the state of the stock and share market, and of the money market; the

state of the wind and weather at different ports of the kingdom; shipping and sporting intelligence; the rates of the markets of every description; and the general political news of most importance. These subscription-rooms are supplied by the establishment in London, at which a sort of telegraphic editor prepares from the morning papers at an early hour a short abstract of the most important news—the stock market, &c.

This, when prepared and written out, is sent up to the instrument-room, from whence it is despatched to the various subscription-rooms in different parts of the country. It arrives there by eight o'clock in the morning, and is immediately accessible to the subscribers. All news of adequate importance is thus diffused over the kingdom literally with the speed of lightning. Thus the public in Edinburgh are informed by eight o'clock in the morning of all interesting facts which appear in the London morning journals, which are not issued in the metropolis until six o'clock.

The provincial journals also profit by these means of obtaining intelligence, and are enabled to supply in their columns all important news as early as it can be supplied by the London journals.

Whatever be the nature of signal used, the wires which convey the electric current over the country may be constructed in either of two ways: the one, by being supported on poles, as is usual in this country; the other, by being sunk under ground, like gas or water-pipes. The latter method has some advantage in security, being less liable to be disturbed by ill-disposed persons or by accident. It has been found that the flight of birds has sometimes accidentally broken the communication, the birds striking the wire, and breaking or deranging it; violent storms also have occasionally blown down the posts and broken the wires.—From Dr. Lardner's valuable *Railway Economy*.

TAKING WINE.

The difficulty of getting a glass of wine in the regular way has exercised the ingenuity of mankind. Mr. Theodore Hook was once observed, during dinner at Hatfield House, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Why, Lady Salisbury, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry with the *épergne*, and bow to the flowers."

LORD BYRON'S PLUM-PUDDING.

A plum-pudding is hardly ever boiled enough; a fault which reminds one of a predicament in which Lord Byron once found himself in Italy. He had made up his mind to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and busied himself a whole morning in giving minute directions to prevent the chance of a mishap; yet, after all the pains he had taken, and the anxiety he must have undergone, the pudding appeared in a tureen, and of about the consistency of soup.

OMELETTE AND LONGEVITY.

Dr. Hunter, in his "Culina," gives the recipe for an omelette, the invention of a lady, who had it regularly served at her table three days in the week, and who died at the age of ninety-seven, with a piece of it in her mouth. The doctor adds, that, in consequence of this accidental longevity, eggs rose ninety per cent. in the small town of Wells, in North America, where the old lady was born and died!

PREACHING TO THE POOR.

A woman in humble life was asked one day, on her way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon, a stranger having preached. "Wud I hae the presumption!" was her simple and contented answer.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "Well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day; for you are always to be seen at church!" "Ay, sir," replied Jackson; "it is, indeed, a blessed day: I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and *thinks o' no-thing*."

A CLINCHER.

Every one remembers the marvellous story of Sir James Thornhill stepping back to see the effect of his painting in Greenwich Hospital, and being prevented falling from the ceiling to the floor by a person defacing his work, and causing the painter to rush forward, and thus save himself. This *may have occurred*: but we rather suspect the anecdote to be of legendary origin, and to come from no less a distance than the Tyrol; in short, to be a paraphrase of a Catholic miracle, unless the Tyrolese are quizzing the English story, which is not very probable. At Innspruck, you are gravely told that when Daniel Asam was painting the inside of the cupola of one of the churches, and he had just finished the band of St. James, he stepped back on the scaffold, to ascertain the effect. There was no friend at hand gifted with the presence of mind, which, by defacing the work, would have saved the artist, as in Sir James Thornhill's case, and, therefore, Daniel Asam *fell backward*; but, to the astonishment of the awe-struck beholders, who were looking up from beneath, the hand and arm of the Saint, which the artist had just finished, was seen to *extend itself* from the fresco, and, grasping the fortunate Asam by the arm, accompany him in his descent of 200 feet, and bear him up *so gently*, that he reached the ground without the slightest shock! What became of the "awe-struck beholders," and why the saint and painter did not fall on their heads, or why they did not serve as an *easel* in bringing the pair miraculously to the ground, we are not told.

PROPER FORTUNE.

Mr. Wellesley Pole used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman in England under £40,000 a year; and Mr. Brummell told a lady how much she ought to allow her son for dress—that it might be done for £800 a year, *with strict economy*.

IMPERIAL TOKAY.

When the Emperor of Austria wished to make a present of some Tokay wine, in return for a pure breed of horses which had been sent to him by the ex-King of Holland, the stock in the imperial Royal cellars was not deemed sufficiently old for the purpose, and 2000 bottles of old Tokay were, therefore, procured from Cracau, at the extravagant price of seven ducats, or £3 5s. 4d. the bottle; or, for the whole present, £6533 6s. 8d.!

ASTROLOGER OUTWITTED.

Heggiages, an Arab general, under the Caliph Valid, consulted, in his last illness, an astrologer, who predicted to him his approaching death. "I rely so completely on your knowledge," replied Heggiages to him, "that I wish to have you with me in the other world; and I shall, therefore, send you thither before me, in order that I may be able to employ your services from the time of my arrival;" and he ordered the head of the astrologer to be struck off, although the time fixed by the planets had not yet arrived.

DINNER INVITATIONS.

Lord Chancellor Erskine would sit upon the bench, and, having sketched a turtle upon a card, with a certain day and hour, would pass it to a friend in court as a dinner invitation.

A City lawyer is related to have carried in his pocket written cards, as follows:—"Turbot and lobster-sauce, sir, at six; shall be happy in having your company;" which invitation he handed about very liberally to friends' friends, &c. He lived like a prince in the country: the usual amount of his maltster's bill was £700; and once he malted the produce of twenty acres of barley of his own growing; but the bill was not £10 less for that.

CATCHING CRABS.

The foxes at the North Cape are so sharp set as to outdo all others of their kind in cunning. Dr. Henderson assures us that having decided, by a mock fight, which is the strongest fox, they advance to the brink of a precipice, and, taking each other by the tail, the weakest descends first, whilst the strongest forms the last in the row, and suspends the whole number till the foremost has seized the crab on the beach. A signal is then given, on which the uppermost fox pulls with all his might, and the rest assist him! This story must be borrowed from the joke of the Irishmen letting each other down from London-bridge to catch the silver in the Thames.

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked, that

"Even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;"

upon which a gentleman observed, that his Lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over*!

A WIG RIOT.

In the year 1764, when wigs went out of fashion, the wig-makers of London were thrown out of work, and reduced to distress. They then petitioned George III. to compel gentlemen to wear wigs by law, for the benefit of their trade. As the wig-makers went in procession to St. James's to present their petition, it was noticed that most of those persons, who wanted to compel other people to wear wigs, wore no wigs themselves; and this striking the London mob as very inconsistent, they seized the petitioners and cut off all their hair *par force*. Upon this Horace Walpole observed, "Should one wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate, that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs?"

SUCCESSFUL TACT.

The elevation of Mr. Labouchere, now a member of the British Cabinet, is rather a singular story. In 1822, Mr. Labouchere, a clerk in the banking-house of Hope, of Amsterdam, was sent by his patrons to Mr. Baring, the celebrated London banker, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in the affair so much ability as to entirely win the esteem and confidence of the English banker.

"Faith," said he one day to Baring, "your daughter is a charming creature: I wish I could persuade you to give me her hand."

"Young man, you are joking; for seriously you must allow that Miss Baring could never become the wife of a simple clerk."

"But," said Labouchere, "if I were in partnership with Mr. Hope?"

"Oh! that would be quite a different thing; that would entirely make up for all other deficiencies."

Returned to Amsterdam, Labouchere said to his patron, "You must take me into partnership."

"My young friend, how can you think of such a thing? It is impossible. You are without fortune, and" —

"But if I became the son-in-law of Mr. Baring?"

"In that case the affair would be soon settled, and so you have my word."

Fortified with these two promises, Labouchere returned to England, and in two months after married Miss Baring, because Mr. Hope had promised to take him into partnership; and he became allied to the house of Hope on the strength of that promise of marriage.

SNUFF-TAKING.

Louis XIV. was a bitter discourager of snuff-taking. His valets were obliged to renounce it when they were appointed to their office; and the Duke of Harcourt is supposed to have died of apoplexy, in consequence of having, to please Louis, left off at once a habit which he had carried to excess.

MISTAKES ABOUT COFFEE.

Laugh at the doctors who tell you that hot coffee irritates the stomach and injures the nerves. Tell them that Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Fourcroy, who were great coffee-drinkers, lived to a good old age. Laugh, too, at Madame Sévigné, who foretold that coffee and Racine would be forgotten together.

STRIKING REPROOF.

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed: "Oh! nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his Lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON.

Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract, on a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called; one of whom, being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day—"Were the shoes anything like these?" "No, my Lord," replied the witness; "they were a great deal better, and more genteeler." The Court was convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

CHOPS AND CUCUMBERS.

One day an epicure, entering the Bedford Coffee-house, in Covent-garden, inquired, "What have you for dinner, John?" "Anything you please, sir," replied the waiter. "Oh, but what vegetables?" The *legumes* in season were named; when the customer, having ordered two lamb chops, said, "John, have you any cucumbers?" "No, sir, we have none yet, 'tis so very early in the season; but, if you please, I will step into the market and inquire if there are any." The waiter did so, and returned; "Why, sir, there are a few, but they are half a guinea apiece." "Half a guinea apiece! are they small or large?" "Why, sir, they are rather small." "Then buy two." This anecdote has been related of various epicures; it occurred to Charles, Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1815.

THE LETTER H.

In a dispute, whether H was really a letter or a simple aspiration, Rowland Hill contended that it was the former; adding that, if it were not a letter, it must have been a very serious affair to him, by making him *ill* (*Hill* without *H*) all the days of his life.

GOOSEBERRY CHAMPAGNE.

Champagne made from gooseberries has often been mistaken by reputed good judges for champagne from grapes. *Exempli gratiâ*: Lord Haddington, a first-rate judge of wines, had a bottle of mock and a bottle of real champagne set before him, and being requested to distinguish them, he mistook the product of the gooseberry for the genuine article.

CARVING ACCIDENT.

An accomplished gentleman, when carving a tough goose, had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish, and into the lap of the lady next to him; on which he very coolly looked her full in the face, and with admirable gravity and calmness, said, "Madam, I will thank you for that goose." In a case like this, a person must necessarily suffer so much, and be such an object of compassion to the company, that the kindest thing he could do was to appear as unmoved as possible. The manner of bearing such a mortifying accident gained him more credit than he lost by his awkward carving.

STOLEN BANK-NOTES.

The traditions of the Bank of England present rackings of human cunning, all which a little honesty might have saved. Such are the stories of stolen notes. For example, a Jew having purchased twenty thousand pounds' worth of notes of a felon banker's-clerk, the Jew, in six months, presented them at the Bank, and demanded payment; this was refused, as the bills had been stolen. The Jew, who was a wealthy and energetic man, then deliberately went to the Exchange, and asserted publicly that the Bank had refused to honour their own bills for £20,000; that their credit was gone; their affairs in confusion; that they had stopped payment. The Exchange wore every appearance of alarm; the Hebrew showed the notes to corroborate his assertion; he declared they had been remitted to him from Holland: his statement was believed. He then declared he would advertise the refusal of the Bank; information reached the directors, and a messenger was sent to inform the holder that he might receive the cash in exchange for the notes. The fact is, the law could not hinder the holder of the notes from interpreting the refusal that was made of payment as he pleased—for instance, as a pretext to gain time, and belief in this would have created great alarm; all which the directors foresaw—though this was at an early period, when the reputation of the company was not so firmly established as at the present time.

WRITING TREASON.

Horne Tooke, on being asked by a foreigner of distinction how much treason an Englishman might venture to write without being hanged, replied, that "he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying."

LIQUEURS.

The *liqueur parfait amour*, notwithstanding the attraction of its name, is no longer in repute with the ladies: they have adopted Maraschino in its place. Once upon a time, when a certain eminent diplomatist was asked by his *voisine* at a *petit-souper* for a female toast to parallel with the masculine one of "Women and Wine," his Excellency ventured to suggest "*Men and Maraschino*," and the suggestion received the compliment of very general applause.

LAST HOURS OF THE POET CAMPBELL.

On the 6th of June, 1844, Campbell was able to converse freely; but his strength had become reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences so unconnected, that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of "Hohenlinden," and, pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, in a calm but distinct tone, "No; it was one Tom Campbell." The poet had—as far as a poet can—become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. "When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing? I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue." Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. A friend was thinking of the lines in "The Last Man," when he heard with delight the dying man express his belief "in life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour." To his niece he said, "Come, let us sing praises to Christ;" then, pointing to the bedside, he added, "Sit here." "Shall I pray for you?" she said. "Oh, yes," he replied; "let us pray for each other." The Liturgy of the Church of England was read: he expressed himself "soothed—comforted." The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, "*We shall see * * tomorrow*," naming a long-departed friend. On the next day he expired without a struggle.

NATIONAL VANITY.

A Frenchman mistook the letters S. M. B. (St. Mary la Bonne) upon the lamp-posts in the Regent's-park for Sa Majesté Britannique; observing, "How proud we ought to feel at this additional proof of the universal adoption of our most civilised language!"

THE EPICURES TRICKED.

A roasted turbot was the boast of a party of connoisseurs, who dined at Fricœur's, in 1836; but a gentleman had the curiosity to ask M. Fricœur in what manner he set about dressing the fish. "Why, sare, you no tell Monsieur le Docteur Somerville (one of the epicurean guests); we no roast him at all, we put him in oven and bake him."

EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.

In February, 1847, the coachman of the Marquis of Hastings was directed to drive a gentleman from his Lordship's residence at Melton-Constable to the railway terminus at Norwich, a distance of about twenty miles. He arrived at Norwich perfectly safe, and the gentleman proceeded by the next train to London. The coachman, having no one to drive back, instead of staying at Norwich all night with his carriage and horses, determined to go that night as far as Lenwade, midway between Melton and Norwich, where his wife and family lived. Unfortunately for him, he did not keep himself sober in Norwich, and started in a somewhat questionable state about eleven o'clock at night. At about five miles on the road, he appears to have fallen asleep, and the horses turned into a by-lane, which ultimately led into a field. Here they seem to have wandered about, with the coachman sleeping on the box, the track of the wheels the next morning showing that the carriage, on one occasion, passed within a few inches of the edge of a deep marl-pit, into which it seemed almost miraculous that they did not all fall. However, they found their way out of the field again, the coachman probably awaking. Thence they took a direction for Ringland, and attempted to ford a wide watering of the Wensum; but the immensely flooded state of the lowlands had given a great impetuosity to the stream, and they were carried away by it. The coachman, on awaking, about four o'clock in the morning, found himself in the midst of these extensive waters—both the horses drowned, and the carriage severed, the fore from the hind wheels. He was dreadfully frightened; his screams brought up in a short time some of the watch from the game preserves, who rendered all the assistance they could. In the course of the morning the horses were got out, and the carriage also. The coachman was now in the greatest distress, and would probably have done himself some mischief, but for the police, who strictly guarded him. He was taken to Lenwade, and thence driven home to Melton, to tell his sad tale. The horses are stated to have been worth 300 guineas.

THE INVENTOR OF THE JACQUARD LOOM.

Jacquard was a straw-manufacturer in the city of Lyons; he was a poor man, and he had received little instruction. During the war with England there was an article appeared in the French *Moniteur*, which stated that a person in England had offered a large sum of money to any man who could produce a machine by which a net could be made. This set him to work, and he did get over the great difficulty of producing a machine by which a knot could be tied. The thing was forgotten, till, by some accident, this net was given to the great Emperor Napoleon; and he was told that a poor man on the banks of the Rhone had solved a very great and difficult problem. Jacquard, in great poverty, one day, and scarcely knowing how to exist, was surprised by the visit of a sergeant of *gens d'armes*, who knocked at the door. He came down stairs, and the sergeant said, "I have orders to take you to Paris." He said, "Who has sent for me at Paris?" He was told, "Why, you will hear that when you get there. There is a carriage waiting for you." He said, "I must send for my wife, and make preparation." But the sergeant said, "No; you must go as you are." And he was taken to the Palace of the Tuileries, and instantly introduced to two persons—no less distinguished than Napoleon Bonaparte and his great Minister Carnot. Napoleon said, "They tell me you say you can tie a knot in a straight string (for that is the art of knitting) by a piece of machinery: I don't believe you." He continued, "Now, in order to try you, I will have you locked up in an apartment, and supplied with materials upon which to work, and everything you require to make your machine." Well, Jacquard set to work so locked up, and constructed a machine; was covered with honour, continued to direct his attention to mechanical art, and afterwards produced that machine which bears his name, and which, by merely throwing the shuttle across the warp, produces the most beautiful patterns. These machines produced a revolution in French manufacture; thrice the people of the city of Lyons rose upon Jacquard; twice they attempted to drown him in the Rhone. He withdrew himself from the world for many years, still attempting to be the benefactor of his native land. Opinion changed, however, and before he died he was the recipient of a liberal pension, not only from the city of Lyons, but from the French Government. He died upon the property which was conveyed to him, the grateful gift of the people he had honoured and elevated; and when he was carried to his tomb, the city of Lyons declared that his portrait should be painted and hung in the School of Arts.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A celebrated character one day met a man in the streets crying about his death, when he gave the fellow a tremendous box on the ear, adding, "Take that, and if I am dead, you will, at least, believe in ghosts."

KITCHINER AND COLMAN.

The most celebrated wits and *bon vivans* of the day graced the dinner-table of the late Dr. Kitchiner, and, *inter alia*, the late George Colman, who was an especial favourite: his interpolation of a little monosyllable in a written admonition which the Doctor caused to be placed on the mantelpiece of the dining parlour will never be forgotten, and was the origin of such a drinking bout as was seldom permitted under his roof. The caution ran thus: "Come at seven, go at eleven." Colman briefly altered the sense of it; for, upon the Doctor's attention being directed to the card, he read, to his astonishment, "Come at seven, go it at eleven!" which the guests did, and the claret was punished accordingly.

LIFE INSURANCE.

Walpole relates the following odd story:—If a man insures his life, killing himself vacates the bargain. This (as in England almost everything begets a contradiction) has produced an office for insuring in spite of self-murder; but not beyond three hundred pounds. I suppose voluntary deaths were not then the *bon ton* of people in higher life. A man went and insured his life, securing this privilege of a *free-dying* Englishman. He carried the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner he said to the life-and-death brokers, "Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company: these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was indebted, without any means of paying but by your assistance, and now I am your humble servant." He pulled out a pistol and shot himself.

LUCKY SIR ROBERT STRANGE.

Robert Strange was a North Briton, who served his time to an engraver, and was a soldier in the rebel army of 1745. It so happened, when Duke William put them to flight, that Strange, finding a door open, made his way into the house, ascended the first floor, and entered a room where a young lady was seated at needlework, and singing. Young Strange implored her protection. The lady, without rising or being in the least disconcerted, desired him to get under her hoop. He immediately stooped, and the amiable woman covered him up. Shortly after this, the house was searched. The lady continued at her work, singing as before; the soldiers, upon entering the room, considering Miss Lunsdale alone, respectfully retired. Robert, as soon as the search was over, being released from his concealment, kissed the hand of his protectress; at which moment, for the first time, he found himself in love. He married the lady, and no persons, beset as they were with early difficulties, lived more happily. Strange afterwards became a loyal man, though for a long time he sighed to be pardoned by his King, who, however, was pleased to be reconciled to him, and afterwards knighted him.

NAPOLEON AND FOUCHÉ.

Napoleon sent for Fouché one day, in a great rage, told him that he was a fool, was not fit to be at the head of the police, and was quite ignorant of what was passing. "Pardon me, sire," said Fouché; "I know that your Majesty has my dismissal ready signed in your pocket." Napoleon changed his mind, and kept his Minister.

PIERCING PROOF.

A Jew once presented himself to the Duke Albrecht of Saxony, and offered him a charm (*Knopf*) engraved with rare signs and characters, which should render him invulnerable. The Duke, determined to try it, had the Jew led out into a field, with his charm hanging round his neck; he then drew his sword, and at the first thrust ran the Jew through!

A PUN OF A DISH.

It was suggested to a distinguished *gourmet* what a capital thing a dish all fins (turbot's fins) might be made. "Capital," said he, "dine on it with me to-morrow." "Accepted." Would you believe it? when the cover was removed, the sacrilegious dog of an Amphytrion had put into the dish, "Cicero, *De finibus*." "There is a work all fins," said he.

PLAIN PEOPLE.

Plain men, nay, even ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your Lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one." He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly, that a lottery-office-keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house. Balzac says that ugliness signifies little, provided it be a *laideur intéressante*. Mirabeau's, for example, who desired a female correspondent, who had never seen him, and was anxious to form some notion of his face, to fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox!

ECCENTRIC AUTOGRAPH.

Baron Garrow once observed at Monmouth, that a respected friend of his, in the city of London, would sign his name on the outside of letters in such a way as to defy the skill of every man in the court, even if assisted by the greater sagacity of the other sex, in finding out what his signature could possibly be meant for. The post-office clerks, indeed, knew that a certain number of straight strokes, up and down, meant W. Curtis; but, probably, that was not because they could read the signature, but because nothing else at all like it ever came there.

AMERICAN ODDITY.

The Americans have strange names for their settlements. Mr. John Davis, when travelling in "the States," met a lad in the wilderness, and asked him, "How far, my boy, is it to Frying-Pan?" The boy replied, "You be in the Pan now."

TRUE CONSOLATION.

When Dancourt, the playwright, produced a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself, he would sup with a few friends at a tavern near the theatre, known by the sign of the Cat and Pipes. One morning, after the rehearsal of a comedy which was to be performed for the first time that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece? "Oh, papa," replied the girl, "you'll sup at the Cat and Pipes to-night."

PYTHAGOREANS.

An amiable enthusiast, a worshipper of nature after the manner of Rousseau, being melted into feelings of universal philanthropy by the softness and serenity of a spring morning, resolved, that for that day, at least, no injured animal should pollute his board; and having recorded his vow, he walked six miles to a hamlet famous for fish dinners, where, without an idea of breaking his sentimental engagement, he regaled himself on a small matter of crimped cod and oyster sauce. This reminds one of a harmless piece of quizzing in a critic, stating, that although the Pythagorean Sir Richard Phillips would not eat animal food, he was addicted to gravy over his potatoes.

LOST BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

Of lost notes there are some entertaining narratives. Thus, in 1740, a Bank director lost a £30,000 Bank-note, which he was persuaded had fallen from the chimney-piece of his room into the fire. The Bank directors gave the loser a second bill, upon his agreement to restore the first bill, should it ever be found, or to pay the money itself, should it be presented by any stranger. About thirty years after this had occurred, the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune, an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which the bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer; and the thirty thousand pounds were paid him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank.

PLEASURES OF A CROWD.

"Pray, sir," said a person who had previously been the backmost of a crowd, to another who had just joined it; "pray, sir, have the kindness not to press upon me; it is unnecessary, since there is no one behind to press upon you!" "But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, sir, where's the good of being in a crowd, if one mayn't shove?"

LENGTH OF THE LAW.

Some faint idea of the bulk of the English records may be obtained by adverting to the fact, that a single statute, the Land Tax Commissioners' Act, passed in the first year of the reign of George IV., measures, when unrolled, upwards of 900 feet, or nearly twice the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, within the doors; and if ever it should become necessary to consult the fearful volume, an able-bodied man must be employed during three hours in coiling and uncoiling its monstrous folds!

"THERE'S A LANGUAGE THAT'S MUTE."

A gentleman, one Sunday morning, was attracted to watch a young country girl on the high-road from the village to the church, by observing that she looked hither and thither, this way and that, upon the road, as if she had lost her thimble. The bells were *settling* for prayers, and there was no one visible on the road except the girl and the gentleman, who recognised in her the errand-maid of a neighbouring farmer. "What are you looking for, my girl?" asked the gentleman, as the damsel continued to pore along the dusty road. She answered, gravely: "Sir, I'm looking to see if my master be gone to church." Now her master had a *wooden leg*.

THE FIRST FORGED BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE

The day on which a forged note was presented at the Bank of England forms a memorable era in its history. For sixty-four years the establishment had circulated its paper with freedom; and, during this period, no attempt had been made to imitate it. He who takes the initiative in a new line of wrongdoing, has more than the simple act to answer for; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linendraper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer Bank-notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CONSTABLE.

Scott is known to have profited much by Constable's bibliographical knowledge, which was very extensive. The latter christened "Kenilworth," which Scott named "Cumnor Hall." John Ballantyne objected to the former title, and told Constable the result would be "something worthy of the kennel;" but the result proved the reverse. Mr. Cadell relates that Constable's vanity boiled over so much at this time, on having his suggestions gone into, that, in his high moods, he used to stalk up and down his room, and exclaim, "By Jove, I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!"

LORD CASTLEREAGH AND THE IRISH LABOURER.

Upon a certain occasion, as Lord Castlereagh was passing slowly and thoughtfully from an interview with King George IV. at Carlton House, to his own residence in St. James's-square, he was met by an Irish labourer, who, with his hod reversed, seemed as if prepared to attend the funeral of his own hopes. "Long life to your honor!" said Pat, in a peculiarly melancholy tone. Lord C. raised his eye. Pat took off his apology for a hat, made his bow, and repeated, "Musha, then, long life to your honor's Lordship!" There was something singular in the man's appearance and address; and Lord Castlereagh, half-hesitating, half-advancing, fixed his eyes upon him with a kindliness of look which induced Pat to go on: "God be with the days, your honor, when you used to be fishing in the Lough!" "What Lough, my good fellow?" "Lough Foyle, to be sure, your honor!" "Why, were you ever there?" "May be I wasn't, plase your honor, when I used to help to push your honor's boat off; and when, may God for ever bless you for it! wonst (once) when I tumbled in, neck and crop, you pulled me out by the nape of the neck. Och! faith, I remember it," added the poor fellow with a smile; "and if it hadn't been for your honor's Lordship, I'd have been as dead as a herring, sure enough!" "Ay, well, what's your name?" "Bill Brady, to be sure." "Oh, I remember something about you; but what brought you here?" "Och, like many others, I came to seek my fortune, but the devil a much luck I have had yet." "Are you in employment?" "No, faith, I am not; but I'm promised a job next Monday, plase God." "Well, Bill, I am always glad to see my old acquaintance, and here is something to drink success to olden times," handing poor Pat a couple of sovereigns. Lord Castlereagh then hastened on; whilst Pat kept his hand open, alternately looking at the sovereigns and the donor: the tear of gratitude at length trickled down his lime-coloured cheek, and, after a moment taken to suppress the swelling of his surcharged heart, he shouldered his hod, and, in a sort of ecstasy, exclaimed, as he turned away, "Well, you're the ould thing, after all!"

NOVEL PICKPOCKET.

A gentleman who saw Wilkes's carriage drawn by men (the horses being taken off), complained to the Lord Mayor that he had lost his handkerchief in the crowd. "Very possibly," said his Lordship; "I fancy one of Wilkes's coach-horses has picked your pocket."

AN ODD TRICK.

A cunning Welsh squire, a zealous diner-out, had the following not unfair bait for those who swallowed it:—"I have a little book at home," he would say slyly, in a corner, to such of his friends as had venison, or game, or any other good things to be eaten, "and in that little book is your name." He died, however, without making a will, at the age of eighty-six.

SMOKING ODDITY.

A coffee-house keeper of Vienna hit upon the following eccentric means of attracting customers. He had a china pipe-bowl suspended over a large circular table, of such gigantic dimensions as to be capable of containing a pound of tobacco, and supplied with a sufficient number of tubes to accommodate thirty persons at one time. The novelty succeeded; the coffee-house was constantly crowded, and the landlord subsequently transformed his pipe-bowl into a chariot.

THE BEST KNOCK.

Lord Erskine always directed his tiger to knock at the door where he intended to call with a *postman's* knock; his Lordship remarking, that he had long observed servants always more punctually answered knocks of that kind than any other.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

Captain Marryat quotes the following paragraph as a specimen of the raw material of American newspapers:—"Many who have acquired great fame and celebrity in the world began their career as printers. Sir William Blackstone, the learned English commentator on laws, was a printer by trade. *King Charles III.* (!) was a printer, and not unfrequently worked at the trade after he had ascended the throne of England."

A VEAL DINNER.

Theodore Hook, in his "Gilbert Gurney," describes an odd dinner of which he partook in the west of England. The soup was a nice sort of veal broth; at the bottom of the table was a roast loin of *veal*; at the top, half a *calf's* head: there were four *entrées*—*veal* patties, *veal* collops, *calf's* brains, and *calf's* tongue. One of the guests, who hated veal, apparently waited for the second course; when the fair hostess apologised: "We have no second course; the fact is, we killed a calf the day before yesterday, and we are such prudent managers, that we make a point of eating it up while it is good, and nice and fresh, before we begin upon anything else."

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.

The Duke of Wellington, during the whole engagement, displayed the greatest talent and the soundest views, and set a brilliant example of presence of mind, courage, and confidence. His system of tactics was admirable, and his plans, fully carried out, were eminently successful; he never for a moment doubted of victory, expressing at all times to the officers his confidence in the result, founded on his knowledge of the bravery of the British troops he commanded. He had already acquired immortality in the Peninsula, by proving that the French army was not invincible, and he had with him a portion of the troops he had before led to victory, who had unlimited confidence in their General. "I know both my own troops and those with whom they are to fight," was his expression. Never did a battle require more stoic fortitude from beginning to end, for the day frequently bore a serious and even alarming aspect; British endurance alone could have supported it. When applied to for a short relief for the remnant of the 33rd Regiment, his reply was, "Everything depends on the firm countenance and unrelaxed steadiness of the British—they must not move." All who heard him issue orders took confidence from his undaunted composure; when near a tree, the balls flying round him, he remarked with a smile, "That is good practice: I think they fire better than they did in Spain." Wherever danger was most prominent, there he was to be found, exposing himself to the hottest fire of the enemy with a freedom that made all tremble for his life: and it is remarkable that whilst his staff fell man by man at his side, he did not receive the slightest wound. He directed every movement, and headed in person several charges. He threw himself into the centre of squares charged by the enemy's cavalry, encouraging the officers by his directions, and cheering the nearly exhausted men by some words of encouragement. To the 95th, when expecting a charge, he said, "Stand fast, 95th! we must not be beaten, my friends: what will they say of us in England?" And to another regiment, "Hard pounding this, gentlemen, but we'll see who can pound longest." Everywhere he was enthusiastically received, but with repeated cries for permission to charge. "Not yet, my brave fellows; be firm a little longer—you shall have at them by and by." The Duke's return to Waterloo across the field of battle, where so many of his former friends and companions in arms lay mangled and lifeless, was a period of deep emotion: his feelings were overpowered, and he was observed to shed tears. "My heart," he feelingly writes, "is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing, excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won; the bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a

battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public."

THE FIRST LONDON BANKER.

The celebrity of the first banking-house belongs, by common consent, to Mr. Francis Child. This gentleman, who was the father of his profession, and possessed of large property, began business shortly after the Restoration. He was originally apprentice to William Wheeler, goldsmith and banker, whose shop was on the site of the present banking-house. The foundation of his importance arose from the good old fashion of marrying his master's daughter; and, through this, he succeeded to the estate and business. The latter he subsequently confined entirely to the banking department. The principles on which he founded it, and the remarkable clause in his will by which he regulated its future conduct, are well known. It has maintained to the present day, amid all the chances and changes of banking, the same position, and the same respectability, which he bequeathed it.

VICISSITUDES OF MINING.

Humboldt relates of a Frenchman, Joseph Laborde, that he went to Mexico, very poor, in 1743, and acquired a large fortune in a very short time, by the mine of La Canada. After building a church at Tasco, which cost him £84,000, he was reduced to the lowest poverty, by the rapid decline of those very mines from which he had annually drawn from 130,000 to 190,000 pounds weight of silver. With a sum of £20,000, raised by selling a sun of solid gold, which, in his prosperity, he had presented to the church, and which he was allowed by the Archbishop to withdraw, he undertook to clear out an old mine, in doing which he lost the greatest part of the produce of this golden sun, and then abandoned the work. With the small sum remaining, he once more ventured on another undertaking, which was, for a short time, highly productive; and he left behind him, at his death, a fortune of £120,000.

LINCOLN'S-INN DINNERS.

On the evening of the coronation-day of our gracious Queen, the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn gave the students a feed; when a certain profane wag, in giving out a verse of the National Anthem, which he was solicited to lead in a solo, took that opportunity of stating a grievance as to the modicum of port allowed, in manner and form following:—

"Happy and glorious"—
Three half-pints 'mong four of us,
Heaven send no more of us,
 God save the Queen!

which ridiculous perversion of the author's meaning was received with a full chorus, amid tremendous shouts of laughter and applause.

ROYAL OPINION.

Mr. Lambton, Lord Durham's brother, dined at Buckingham Palace, and was talking with Lord Melbourne, over Lord Mulgrave's "private theatricals," when, the Royal attention being attracted, her Majesty was pleased to ask what sort of an actor Lord Mulgrave was? "Oh! very bad, very bad indeed," was the Premier's reply. "And so I should think," was her Majesty's gracious rejoinder.

THEODORE HOOK AT OXFORD.

Hook having been duly entered at Oxford, he was placed under the charge of his brother, and presented by him to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Parsons, head of Baliol, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, for "matriculation." The ceremony was well nigh stopped in *limine*, in consequence of a piece of facetiousness on the part of the candidate—ill-timed, to say the least of it. On being asked if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles? "Oh, certainly, sir," replied Theodore, "*forty*, if you please." The horror of the Vice-Chancellor may be imagined. The young gentleman was desired to withdraw; and it required all the interest of his brother, who, fortunately, happened to be a personal friend of Dr. Parsons, to induce the latter to overlook the offence. The joke, such as it is, was probably picked up out of one of Foote's farces, who makes *Mrs. Simony*, if we mistake not, say, when speaking of her husband, the *Doctor* (intended for the unfortunate Dr. Dodd), "He believes in *all* the 'Thirty-nine Articles; ay, and so he would if there were forty of them."

We have heard another instance of Oxford impudence attributed to Hook, but not, as in the preceding case, from his own lips, nor will we venture to vouch for its authenticity. On the evening of his arrival at the University (says the narrator), he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old school-fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "bishop," and of a popular compound yclept "egg-flip"—the Cambridge men call it "silky;" to the *nondum graduati* of Oxford it is known by a *nomen accidentale* which we have forgotten—having been discussed; songs, amatory and bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and, altogether, the jocularities having begun to pass "the limit of becoming mirth," the Proctor made his appearance; and, advancing to the table at which the "freshman"—so in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question, "Pray, sir, are you a member of this University?" "No, sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully; "pray, sir, are you?" A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve—"You see this, sir?" "Ah!" returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes, I perceive; Manchester velvet: and may I take the liberty, sir, of enquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?" The quiet

imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the rev. gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about "supposing it was a mistake," he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions, in which the other occupants of the coffee-room, the waiters, and even his own "bull-dogs," were constrained to join.

DELICATE HINT.

The Princess of Wales, in one of her shrewd letters, says, "*My better half*, or my worse, which you choose, has been ill, I hear, but nothing to make me hope or fear."

LOUIS XIV. AND CONDE.

Louis, when he heard of the arrival of Condé at Versailles, after his last victory, paid him the high honour of coming to the top of the principal staircase to meet him. Condé, scarcely able to mount the steps at all (for he was suffering severely from the gout), besought the Monarch to pardon him for making him wait. "Cousin," replied the King with a smile, "when one is so loaded with laurels, it is, of course, difficult to walk."

SHERIDAN'S "PIZARRO."

Mr. Pitt was accustomed to relate, very pleasantly, an amusing anecdote, of a total breach of memory in some Mrs. Lloyd, a lady, or nominal housekeeper of Kensington Palace:—"Being in company," he said, "with Mr. Sheridan, without recollecting him, while 'Pizarro' was the topic of discussion, she said to him, 'and so this fine 'Pizarro' is printed?' 'Yes, so I hear,' said Sherry. 'And did you ever in your life read such stuff?' cried she. 'Why, I believe it's bad enough,' quoth Sherry; 'but, at least, Madam, you must allow it's very loyal!' 'Ah!' cried she, shaking her head, 'loyal? You don't know its author as well as I do.'"

TRUE TO THE TEXT.

A curious instance of this occurred some years ago, at the termination of the tragedy of "Richard the Third." Mr. Elliston was enacting the part of *Richmond*; and having, during the evening, disobeyed the injunction which the King of Denmark lays down to the Queen, "Gertrude, do not drink," he accosted Mr. Powell, who was personating *Lord Stanley* (for the safety of whose son *Richmond* is naturally anxious), **THUS**, on his entry, after the issue of the battle:—

Elliston (as *Richmond*). Your son, George Stanley, is he dead?

Powell (as *Lord Stanley*). He is, my Lord, and *safe in Leicester town!*

Elliston (as *Richmond*). I mean—ah!—is he missing?

Powell (as *Lord Stanley*). He is, my Lord, and *safe in Leicester town!!*

And it is but justice to the memory of this punctilious veteran, to say that he would have made the same reply to any question which could, at that particular moment, have been put to him.

A HIGHWAYMAN.

Brennan, the famous Irish highwayman, was a little Bonaparte in his way. He once robbed three officers in a postchaise, and left them, telling them he would report them to the Duke of York, as unworthy to serve the King, for allowing themselves to be robbed by a single man. He wore a leathern girdle round his middle, stuck with pistols. There was an attempt made by two police-officers in the town of Tipperary to arrest him early in the morning in bed; but he jumped the window, and his wife threw a pair of pistols out to him. They pursued him to a by-field, where they came up to him in his shirt; but he kept one of them at bay with one pistol, while with the other he stood over the second policeman, till he made him strip off his clothes, which he put on himself; thus making him return to town as he (Brennan) had left it, namely, in his shirt.

LADY HOBART'S GRACE.

The Lady Hobart, every one being set at the table and nobody blessing it, but gazing one upon another, in expectation who should be Chaplaine—"Well," says my Lady, "I think I must say as one did in the like case, 'God be thanked, nobody will say grace.'"

We have here an anticipation of Sheridan's well-known speech when unexpectedly called upon to say grace at a public dinner:—"What, no clergyman present? Thank God for all things?" So true it is that there is nothing new under the sun, and so justly may all professed sayers of good things exclaim with Donatus, the preceptor of St. Jerome, "Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!" One of the most striking cases is that of Talleyrand's well-known apophthegm, "Language was given to man to conceal his thoughts!" The wily diplomatist, no doubt, *thought* so, and said so; but so had Goldsmith long before him, who tells us, in his fifth essay, "that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them."

PANIC AT NEW YORK.

The Americans delight in the hyperbole; in fact they hardly have a metaphor without it. During the crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants' names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humour, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another, whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused the choler of both.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried one; "I've a great mind to knock you into the middle of next week."

This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very favourable such a blow would be to his present circumstances.

"Will you? by heavens, then pray do; it's just the thing I want, for how else I am to get over next Monday and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell."

IMMENSE TRIFLING.

Dr. Shaw, the naturalist, was one day showing to a friend two volumes written by a Dutchman, upon the wings of a butterfly, in the British Museum. "The dissertation is rather voluminous, sir, perhaps you will think," said the Doctor, gravely; "but it is immensely important."

BRAHAM AND KENNEY.

The pride of some people differs from that of others. Mr. Bunn was passing through Jermyn-street, late one evening, and seeing Kenney at the corner of St. James's church, swinging about in a nervous sort of manner, he inquired the cause of his being there at such an hour. He replied, "I have been to the St. James's Theatre, and, do you know, I really thought Braham was a much prouder man than I find him to be." On asking why, he answered, "I was in the green-room, and hearing Braham say, as he entered, 'I am really proud of my pit to-night,' I went and counted it, and there were but seventeen people in it!"

AN HONEST LAWYER.

Ben Jonson "goeing through a church in Surrey, seeing poore people weeping over a grave, asked one of the women why they wept? 'Oh!' said she, 'wee have lost our pretious lawyer, Justice Randall; he kept us all in peace, and always was so good as to keep us from goeing to law; the best man that ever lived.' 'Well, said Ben Jonson, 'I will send you an epitaph to write upon his tomb,' which was—

'God works wonders now and then,
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man.'

ADVENTURE WITH A BISON.

"It is dangerous to attack a bison on foot," observed a traveller to the author of "The Shoe and Canoe." "I had to do it once, and paid very dearly for it. It was in the time of snow. I crept up to the animal on all fours and fired, wounding him desperately; but still he was able to reach me. I did not run; that the hunter never does, as it would be almost certain destruction. I lay down motionless, and the bull seemed to doubt whether the death-like object before him was his enemy. So after staring about a bit he lay down, with his bleeding mouth and deep-sunk glaring eyes close to mine, breath to breath, eye to eye, ay, and for some hours. At length, feeling that my limbs were freezing and stiffening, I was meditating the desperate step of making a run for it, when an Indian boy came in sight, dancing and carolling on a snowy knoll. The bull saw him, got up, and staggered and floundered to him, as well as he could, as his true enemy. The boy perceiving his danger jumped into a snow drift, and the bull could not find him, although he searched diligently and with many a groan. There the boy remained till night. For myself I managed to crawl to the fort. Next morning the bull was found dead three hundred yards from the snow-drift."

THE STAGE COACHES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

About fifty years ago, the Holyhead mail left London at eight at night, and arrived at Shrewsbury between ten and eleven the following night, taking twenty-seven hours to run 162 miles. At the time when this rate of travelling was considered all that was required, there was a coach on the road between Shrewsbury and Chester, called the "Shrewsbury and Chester Highflyer." This coach started from Shrewsbury at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening, the distance being forty miles. This was a good hard road for wheels, and rather a favourable one for draught. "But how," inquires a writer in the *Quarterly Review* for 1832, "can all these hours be accounted for?" Why, if a "commercial gentleman" had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that; if a "real gentleman" wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season, half-an-hour was generally consumed in consuming one of them, for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favourite with the farmers' wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham, for coaches lived well in those days—they now live upon air; and Wrexham Church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid Gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales! Then Wrexham was also famous for its ale: there were no public breweries in those days in Wales; and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin. About two hours were allowed for dinner; but Billy Williams, one of the best tempered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, was never particular to half-an-hour or so. "The coach is ready, gentlemen," he would say; "but don't let me disturb you, if you wish for another bottle." This was the plan adopted in the good old times, when every affair of life moved on at a quiet jog-trot pace, not at all adapted to the present mode of carrying on business. Competition of the most eager kind has been for some years the order of the day, and most certainly it cannot be said that stage-coaches stood still. Leaving out of the question the light coaches, which travelled at an extremely rapid rate, we may notice the speed maintained by the mails, which had to travel long distances before their employment was superseded by railways. The Edinburgh mail ran 400 miles in forty hours, stoppages included. This was nearly eleven miles an hour. A coach to Exeter, the "Herald," went over its ground, 173 miles, in twenty hours—and that is a very uneven country; and the Devonport mail performed its journey, 227 miles, in twenty-two hours. The increase of speed was alarming to those who had been accustomed to the old-fashioned slow coaches, and the rate at which the new vehicles travelled was considered reckless risking of human life. Nevertheless, the thing went on, and it began to be whispered, in spite of the merciless ridicule of the *Quarterly Review*,

that if steam were to be employed on a railway, it would be even possible to attain a speed of some twenty miles an hour. In reference to a proposed London and Woolwich railroad, the *Quarterly* not only backed "Old Father Thames against it for any sum," but assured its readers that the people of Woolwich "would as soon suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's 'ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine (a high-pressure engine), and going at such a rate (eighteen miles an hour)." And the reviewer expresses his trust that "Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which is as great as can be ventured upon with safety." The experiment has, however, been tried, and we all know with what success.

CRIME OF BEING YOUNG.

In a debate, in which Mr. Pitt and some of his young friends had violently attacked old Horace Walpole, the latter complained of the self-sufficiency of the young men of the date, on which Mr. Pitt got up with great warmth, beginning with these words:—"With the greatest reverence for the grey hairs of the honourable gentleman;" Walpole then pulled off his wig, and showed his head covered with grey hairs; this occasioned a general laughter, in which Pitt joined, and the dispute subsided.

SHARP SHOT.

At the siege of Badajoz, a cannon-shot, fired by the French, struck the ground first, and then hit one of our artillery-men on the back, when he fell, as was thought, killed on the spot. In a moment, however, he jumped up unhurt, the shot having glanced off his knapsack; in commemoration of which event, he was afterwards known by the appellation of the bomb-proof man.—A British soldier having fired at a Frenchman, without orders, was reprimanded for doing so by his colonel, who asked him why he did so; when he coolly said, scratching his head at the same time, "Why, zur, I ar'n't nought to eat this here two days, and I thought as how I might find somewhat in his knapsack."

SETTLING A QUESTION.

When Captain Jervis (afterwards Earl St Vincent) commanded the *Alarm* frigate, on the coast of Barbary, one of her boats being near the shore, in the bay of Tunis, two slaves swam off, and concealed themselves in the King's colours. The Dey of Tunis sent to demand their return: Jervis refused, saying that the instant they took refuge under the British flag, they were *free*. He threatened to fire upon the ship; Jervis instantly got the *Alarm* abreast of the castle, and sent him word that the first shot that was fired should be returned, and the castle levelled with the ground. Jervis took no further steps, and carried his two *freed* slaves off in triumph.

TASTE FOR MUSIC.

The infamous Duke of Lauderdale used to say that he had rather hear a cat mew than the best music in the world; and the better the music the more sick it made him.

SPECIAL PLEADING.

When a very eminent special pleader was asked by a country gentleman if he considered that his son was likely to succeed as a special pleader, he replied, "Pray, sir, can your son eat saw-dust without butter?"

A SMALL GLASS.

The manager of a Scotch theatre, at which Kean was playing *Macbeth*, seeing him greatly exhausted towards the close of the performance, offered him some whisky in a very small thistle-glass, saying, at the same time, by way of encouragement, "Take that, Mr. Kean; take that, sir; it is the real mountain dew; that will never hurt you, sir!" "No," said Kean, with a significant glance at the *homœopathic* dose, "No, that I'll be sworn it wouldn't—if it was *vitriol*!"

MICHAEL FARADAY.

This eminent person was the son of a humble blacksmith, who apprenticed him to a small bookbinder in Blandford-street, when only nine years of age, and in which occupation he continued till he was twenty-two. The circumstances that occasioned his exchanging the work-room of the binder for the laboratory of the chemist have been thus forcibly related. Ned Magrath, now secretary to the Athenæum, happening, five and twenty years ago, to enter the shop of Ribeau, observed one of the bucks of the paper bonnet zealously studying a book he ought to have been binding. He approached—it was a volume of the old *Britannica*, open at ELECTRICITY. He entered into talk with the greasy journeyman, and was astonished to find in him a self-taught chemist, of no slender pretensions. He presented him with a set of tickets for Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution: and daily thereafter might the nondescript be seen perched, pen in hand, and his eyes starting out of his head, just over the clock opposite the chair. At last the course terminated; but Faraday's spirit had received a new impulse, which nothing but dire necessity could have restrained; and from that he was saved by the promptitude with which, on his forwarding a modest outline of his history, with the notes he had made of these lectures, to Davy, that great and good man rushed to the assistance of kindred genius. Sir Humphrey immediately appointed him an assistant in the laboratory; and, after two or three years had passed, he found Faraday qualified to act as his secretary. His career has been successful, and he now stands at the head of his profession. He ranks as one of the first lecturers of the day, and has published several works highly and deservedly popular.—*Arnett's History of Book-binding*.

STAMMERING.

Stammering (says Coleridge) is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the Duchess in rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way, "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cum-ber-land*."

CUNNING ASTROLOGER.

An astrologer foretold the death of a lady whom Louis XI. passionately loved. She did, in fact, die; and the King imagined that the prediction of the astrologer was the cause of it. He sent for the man, intending to have him thrown through the window, as a punishment. "Tell me, thou who pretendest to be so clever and learned a man, what thy fate will be?" The soothsayer, who suspected the intrigues of the Prince, and knew his foible, replied: "Sire, I foresee that I shall die three days before your Majesty." The King believed him, and was careful of the astrologer's life.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PAGE.

We have pleasure in placing on record an incident in the domestic history of Queen Victoria. We learned that it is the usual fashion for the Queen and Prince Albert to breakfast alone, and with no attendant but a confidential page. When we heard this, we were led to dream of a graceful youth, with ruffles at his wrists and powdered hair, as, in our youth, we beheld the pages that annually bewildered us by their grandeur, in attendance on his grace the commissioner, who represents royalty in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. No such thing. A page, it seems, is often a common-place specimen of adult humanity. One such was on one occasion, waiting at the breakfast-table, when, like Nehemiah of old, he looked sad in the Royal presence. "Wherefore," the Queen said unto him, "is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick?" This is nothing else but sorrow of heart." As in the case of Nehemiah, the page, at first sore afraid, at last took courage, and revealed to his Royal mistress the cause of his grief. His daughter's husband was on his death bed, at Brighton, and his wife and six children had none to comfort them. The Queen instantly ordered the presence of another attendant, furnished the sorrowing man with money for the journey to his daughter, and ordered him, on his return, to report to her the circumstances in which the family were placed. His son-in-law, as had been feared, died, leaving his widow and family unprovided for; but in the Queen they had found a friend. The children were placed in various hospitals in London; and for the mother a situation was procured, at once honourable and comfortable.—*Edinburgh Witness*.

MAKING IT UP.

An attorney being informed by his cook that there was not dinner enough provided, upon one occasion when *company* were expected, he asked if she had *brothed* the clerks. She replied that she had done so. "Well then," said he, "broth 'em again."

WATERLOO LETTERS.

One of the three letters written by the Duke of Wellington *from the field* of Waterloo was a brief note, which, having enumerated some who had fallen, ended thus emphatically:—"I have escaped unhurt: the finger of Providence was on me." What the impulse was which dictated these extraordinary words, we leave to the opinion of those who read them. . . . When the dreadful fight was over, the Duke's feelings, so long kept at the highest tension, gave way, and, as he rode amid the groans of the wounded and the reeking carnage, and heard the rout of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors, fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he wept, and soon after wrote the words above quoted from his letter.

LAWYERS IN AMERICA.

In the towns in the interior, a lawyer's office is generally a small wooden house, of one room, twelve feet square, built of clap-board, and with the door wide open; and the little domicile, with its tenant used to remind me of a spider in its web, waiting for flies. A lawyer in one of the newly-settled Western States was so extremely metaphorical upon an occasion, when the stealing of a pig was the case in point, that at last he got to "corruscating rays." The judge (who appeared equally metaphorical himself) thought proper to pull him up, by saying: "Mr. —, I wish you would take the feathers from the wings of your imagination, and put them into the tail of your judgment."

THE "BEGGAR'S OPERA."

Of the "Beggar's Opera," we find the following record in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 15, 1773:—"This day Sir John Fielding informed the bench of justices that he had last year written to Mr. Garrick concerning the impropriety of performing the 'Beggar's Opera,' which never was represented on the stage without creating an additional number of real thieves; he begged, therefore, the gentlemen present would join with him in requesting Mr. Garrick to desist from performing that opera on Saturday evening. The bench immediately consented to the proposal; and a polite card was despatched to Mr. Garrick for that purpose. To which Mr. Garrick returned for answer, that his company was so imperfect and divided (many of the performers being yet in the country), that it would be exceedingly inconvenient, if not impossible, for him to open with any other piece; but added, that he would, in future, do everything in his power to oblige them."

ELLISTON AND GEORGE IV.

In 1824, when the question of erecting a monument to Shakspeare, in his native town, was agitated by Mr. Mathews and Mr. Bunn, the King (George IV.) took a lively interest in the matter, and, considering that the leading people of both the patent theatres should be consulted, directed Sir Charles Long, Sir George Beaumont, and Sir Francis Freeling to ascertain Mr. Elliston's sentiments on the subject. As soon as these distinguished individuals (who had come direct from, and were going direct back to, the Palace) had delivered themselves of their mission, Elliston replied, "Very well, gentlemen, leave the papers with me, and I will talk over the business with HIS MAJESTY."

FINDING MONEY.

Parties ought to be very cautious in their actions if they should by chance find in the streets any small sum of money or other valuables. The Police Act is very stringent on this point, and by section 221 imposes a penalty of not more than £5 on any person who, after finding money, fails, within forty-eight hours afterwards, to report the same to the Police-office. This was once strongly stated by Bailie Bryson, at the Calton Police-court, Edinburgh, in the case of a young lad, who, it appeared, found a one-pound note in Kent-street, Calton, which he immediately handed over to his parents, and said nothing about it to the police. The circumstance, however, had been ascertained, and an owner having been found, the offender was charged with the contravention of the act; and after a suitable admonition by the Bailie on the impropriety of his conduct, sentenced to pay a fine of half-a-guinea, besides refunding the money found.

WHAT A DIRTY SHIRT YOU HAVE ON!

Soon after Bolivar's entry into Bogota, subsequent to the defeat of the Spaniards at Bojaca, he gave a grand entertainment to many of the first families of the place, and just before dinner an English Colonel arrived. Bolivar, looking at him, said, "My good and brave Colonel, what a dirty shirt you have on for this grand dinner; how happens it?" The Colonel replied, he was "really very sorry, but, to confess the truth, it was the only shirt he had;" on hearing which, Bolivar laughed, and sending for his major-domo, desired him to give the Colonel one of his shirts. The man hesitated, and remained looking at the General; when he again said, rather impatiently, "Why don't you go, as I desire you?—the dinner will soon be on the table." The major-domo stammered out, "Your Excellency has but two shirts—one is on your back, the other in the wash!" This made Bolivar and the Colonel laugh heartily; the former remarking, jokingly: "The Spaniards retreated so quickly from us, my dear Colonel, that I have been obliged to leave my heavy baggage in the rear."

POLITE CORRECTION.

Sir Robert Graham, upon one occasion, when passing sentence upon a batch of convicted criminals, is said by accident to have pronounced sentence of transportation on one who it was intended should be hanged. Shocked beyond measure, when apprised of this mistake, he desired the culprit to be again placed in the dock, and hastily putting on the black cap, he addressed him:—"Prisoner at the bar, *I beg your pardon!*" and then proceeded to pass on him the awful sentence of the law.

RUNS UPON THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

There is an abundance of interest in the chronicles of the *runs* upon the Bank, and the expedients by which it has been saved—in 1745, for instance, by the corporation retaining its specie, and employing agents to enter with notes, who, to gain time, were paid in sixpences; and, as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another, so that the *bonâ fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them. We may as well here, though it be out of date, give the explanation of the issue of one-pound notes during the panic of 1825. The incidental mention to one of the directors that there was a box of one-pound notes ready for issue, turned the attention of the authorities to the propriety of attempting to circulate them; and the declaration of Mr. Henry Thornton, in 1797, probably occurred, that it was the want of small change, not a necessity for gold, that was felt; and as the pressure on the country banks arose from the holders of the small notes, it was suggested to the Government that the public might, perhaps, receive one-pound notes in place of sovereigns. The Government approved of the idea, and the panic was at its height, when, on Saturday, the 17th of December, the Bank closed its doors with only £1,027,000 in its cellars. (In the pamphlet published by Lord Ashburton is the following remarkable paragraph. After saying "I was called into counsel with the late Lord Liverpool, Mr. Huskisson, and the Governor of the Bank," his Lordship proceeds: "The gold of the Bank was drained to within a very few thousand pounds; for although the published returns showed a result rather less scandalous, a certain Saturday night closed with nothing worth mentioning remaining.") It has been frequently stated, that by a mere accident the box of one-pound notes was discovered. But such was not the case. A witness stated that "he did not recollect that there were any one-pound notes; they were put by; it was the casual observation that there were such things in the house, which suggested to the directors that it would be possible to use them." Application was made to the Government for permission to issue them; and this was granted, subject to certain stipulations.

A READY ANSWER.

When Clarke, the traveller, asked, in Sweden, what became of a woman who fell into the shaft of an iron mine that he visited, "Became of her!" said the man to whom he put the question, striking his hand forcibly upon his thigh; "she became a pancake!"

WITTY PERVERSION.

Dr. Williamson had a quarrel with one of his parishioners by the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the succeeding Sunday, the doctor preached from the following text, which he pronounced with great emphasis, and with a significant look at Hardy, who was present, "There is no fool like the fool-Hardy."

SATISFACTION.

Lord William Poulton was said to be the author of a pamphlet called "The Snake in the Grass." A gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upon a denial under his own hand. Lord William took a pen and began—"This is to scratify that the buk called 'The Snak'—" "Oh! my Lord," said the person, "I am satisfied: your Lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

THE GOUTY SHOE.

James Smith used to tell, with great glee, a story showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country-house, when a gentleman proposed a quiet stroll in the pleasure-grounds:—

"Stroll! why don't you see my gouty shoe?"

"Yes, I see that plain enough, and I wish I'd brought one too; but they are all out now."

"Well, and what then?"

"What then? why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you have really got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to get off being shown over the improvements."

HALF-AND-HALF.

A German, on his passage from Hamburgh to England, was asked by a fellow *voyageur*, whether he should not drink porter on his arrival in London: "No," replied the German, "it will be much too strong for my head." "Ah!" rejoined the other, "you will change your opinion when you have once tasted it." A few weeks after, the German met his friend, who asked him whether he had not drunk porter as he predicted. "No," replied he, "I drink half-and-half." "But that is even stronger, being half ale and half porter!" "Oh," cried the German with surprise, "I thought half-and-half was half porter and half *water*."

The last time Madame Pasta was in England, a lady of high distinction asked her if she drank as much porter as usual. "No, mia cara, prendo *half-and-half* adesso."

AN ESCAPE.

Louis XVIII, when living at Dilligen, on the Danube, was once shot at, and the ball grazed his forehead; but the wretch who fired the musket was never discovered.

DEAR MEAL.

Fanny Murray, a beauty of Walpole's time, was complaining of want of money, when Sir Robert Atkins gave her a twenty pound note. She said, "D—n your twenty pound, what does it signify?" clapped it between two pieces of bread and butter, and ate it!

ESTIMATE OF A LIFE.

The Duke of Wellington, after the battle of Waterloo, joined in the pursuit, and followed the enemy for some miles. Colonel Hervey, who was with him, advised him to desist, as the country was growing less open, and he might be fired at by some stragglers from behind the hedges. "Let them fire away—the battle is won, and my life is of no value now!"

LORD BROUGHAM.

Shortly after his Lordship's appointment to the office of Lord High Chancellor, he visited, along with some other Ministers of the Cabinet of Earl Grey, one of the most extensive breweries in the metropolis, and had there what is colloquially called a "beef-steak dinner." After it was finished, a proposition was made that they should inspect the works; and, in order that the party might understand the use of each and all of them, the foreman, a cautious, but intelligent Scotchman, was desired to attend and explain them. They had scarcely got into the first room, before Lord Brougham, with a slight motion of the hand, put aside his Scotch *cicerone*, who was volunteering an explanation, and said, with his usual cool, good-natured *nonchalance*: "Young man, I will save you the trouble you are about to undertake; I understand all this perfectly well, and will explain it myself to my noble and distinguished friends." His Lordship then proceeded, without further preface, to explain to Earl Grey and other members of this convivial party, every stage in the process of brewing; but, unfortunately, did not explain one of them right, even by accident. The Scotchman, who perceived, but was too prudent to expose, the ignorance of his countryman, was astounded by his unceasing volubility: and, in speaking of it in a mixed company, where the informant was present, observed: "Gude faith, sirs, but it made my hair staun on en to hear the Lord High Chancellor o' Great Britain tellin the Lord High Treasurer a lang tail aboot maut and the brewing o't, and nae word o' truth fra beginnin to en. It made a thinking mon reflect what a terrible pass things must ha come till, when ae Minister could jist tell, and anither Minister jist believe, sic awful cantrips. Eh, sirs! nae barrel can be gude that that blatherin' chiel has gat the brewin o'."

TURNING THE TABLES.

A young lady, a native of Sydney, being asked if she should like to go to Britain, answered, that she should like to see it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied, that, from the great number of bad people sent out from thence, it must, surely, be a very wicked place to live in!"

CREDIT.

Among the witty aphorisms upon this unsafe topic, are Lord Alvanley's description of a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills;" Lord Orford's definition of timber, "an excrescence on the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts;" and Pelham's argument, that it is respectable to be arrested, because it shows that the party once had credit.

ODD HOUSEKEEPING.

Mrs. Montgomery was the only—the motherless—daughter of the stern General Campbell, who early installed her into the duties of housekeeper, and expected this giddy puss to give in her accounts with the precision of a Mrs. Decorum; but it sometimes happened that, in setting down the articles purchased, and their prices, she put the cart before the horse;" her gruff papa never lectured her verbally, but wrote his remarks on the margin of the paper, and returned it for correction. One such instance was as follows:—"General Campbell thinks five-and-sixpence exceedingly dear for parsley." Henrietta instantly saw her mistake; but, instead of formally rectifying it, wrote against the next item—"Miss Campbell thinks *twopence-half-penny* excessively *cheap* for fowls;" and sent it back to her father.

GERMAN ENGLISH.

An English lady resident at Coblenz, one day wishing to order of her German servant (who did not understand English) a boiled fowl for dinner, Grettel was summoned, and that experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies, that the less her words resembled her native tongue, the more they must be like German. So her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a cheeking or keeking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. "It's to cook," said the mistress, "to cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit, pat, pot." "Ish understand risht," said the maid, in her Coblenz *patois*. "It's a thing to eat," said her mistress, "for dinner—for deener—with sauce, soace, sowose. What on earth am I to do?" exclaimed the lady, in despair, but still made another attempt. "It's a little creatnre—a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool; it's all covered with feathers—fathers—feeders!" "Ila, ha," cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, "Ja, ja! fedders—ja wohl!" and away went Grettel, and in half an hour returned, triumphantly, with a bundle of stationer's quills.

QUID PRO QUO.

"Do you call yourself a *gentleman*?" said an Oxford bargeman to a Christchurch-man, who, from the opposite side of the Charwell, had beaten him to a stand-still in slang. "I do," replied the gowmsman. "Then I'm blow'd if I arn't a *lord*," exclaimed the other, walking away in despair.

OBSTINACY IN ARGUMENT.

The warmth with which some disputants point out simple misnomers, reminds one of the indignant retort of Curl upon the charge of being tossed in a blanket at Eton—"Here (quoth he), Scriblerus, thou *leezest*, for I was not tossed in a *blanket*, but in a *rug*."

"THE REJECTED ADDRESSES."

The fame of the brothers James and Horatio Smith was confined to a limited circle, until the publication of "The Rejected Addresses." James used to dwell with much pleasure on the criticism of a Leicestershire clergyman: "I do not see why they ('The Addresses') should have been rejected: I think some of them very good." This, he would add, is almost as good as the avowal of the Irish Bishop, that there were some things in "Gulliver's Travels" which he could not believe.

SILENT WOMAN.

Madame Rignier, the wife of a law-officer at Versailles, while talking in the presence of a numerous party, dropped some remarks which were out of place, though not important. Her husband reprimanded her before the whole company, saying, "Silence, madam; you are a fool!" She lived twenty or thirty years afterwards, and never uttered a single word, even to her children! A pretended theft was committed in her presence, in the hope of taking her by surprise, but without effect; and nothing could induce her to speak. When her consent was requisite for the marriage of any of her children, she bowed her head, and signed the contract.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

It is well known, upon one of the English circuits, that a leading barrister once undertook to speak while an express went twenty miles to bring back a witness, whom it was necessary to produce on the trial. But, what is this to the performance of an American counsellor, who, upon a like emergency, held the judge and the jury by their ears for three mortal days! He was, indeed, put to his wit's end for words wherewith to fill up the time; and he introduced so many truisms, and argued at the utmost length so many indisputable points, and expatiated so profusely upon so many trite ones, that Judge Marshal, the most patient of listeners, at last said, "Mr. Such-a-one (addressing him by his name, in a deliberate tone of the mildest reprehension), there are some things with which the Court should be supposed to be acquainted."

COOL RETORT.

Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in the actor's face; when Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

DRINKING ALONE.

The author of the "Parson's Daughter," when surprised one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised, by saying, "When one is alone, the bottle *does* come round so often." On a similar occasion, Sir Hercules Langreish, on being asked, "Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?" answered, "No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

ZUMMERZETSHIRE.

Benson Hill relates the following rich specimen of this dialect:—"I was walking, with my sister, up the Wells (Bath) Road, when, as we paused beside a gardener's shed, to admire "his vegetable store," that alarming sight, a caparisoned, but riderless steed, rushed by us. To a sheepish-looking native, who now came to the gate, I said something of an "accident." He pulled his fair forelock, answering—"Eees, zur, I'd zpoaz 'ow it war. I doan't think ad a dunt a purpuz, pore blood!" "Blood?" echoed Bell, shudderingly—for she is a sad coward that way. "Now doan't you go vur to vret, Miss, I zaw't appun. He bean't urt, bless'ee! Vell inta az zaft a bed o' dust, like, az iver you zee. Tull brush awf, ma'am." "But the horse, farmer?" said I. "Oh, a may be they'll stop 'un, at the turnpike, down yander" ('twas a mile off). "The beast war in want of a gallop. Too much carn in 'un, measter, and too little o' man on 'iz back." The now powdered beau ran up. To him my new acquaintance coolly continued—"I be zaaing to thin gentlemun, az zum brutes be better ved nor taught. What a you iver done that they should stick you a top o' a hoss?" "Vy, you uncommon stoopid, and purtieler rood person!" fumed the dismounted dandy, "carn't you nither ketch a oss, nor elp a shuperior hup?" "Volk bean't az cute az Cockneys in our parts," replied the bumpkin. "Har yer larfin hat me, fellar? Hits very vell as I bruk my vip, lest vise my temper's riz so that I've a moind." "Well, I ax pardon," pleaded my friend, "I *didn't* azist 'ee, but now I *will*, raayurlee. Teake a vool's advice. Afore ever your trust yourself again outzide a speretty animal, in the very power o' a creatur as *can't* like 'ee, you come any day, zee one o' our bways back a unbroke colt, wiout zaddle, or bridle, or aalter, and yit stick on, houlding by *main* vorce, as a body may zaay. Then you'll vind out that tiz *one* thing to *ha'* a good hoss, and another to *know how to ride 'un*."

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Much research has been bestowed in the endeavour to ascertain the origin of this popular air, and to collect all that has been said would fill volumes. 1. It is said to have been composed by Doctor John Bull, in the year 1607; but this composition, which was published by Doctor Kitchiner, from the original manuscript in his possession, was found to be nothing more than a ground for the organ on four notes, C G F E, with twenty-six different basses, and bearing not the most distant resemblance to the air in question. 2. The Duchess of Perth has stated, in her "Memoirs," that the said anthem is of French origin, and was first sung by the nuns of St. Cyr to James II.; and that Handel procured a copy of it when in France, and then passed it on to George I. and the English nation as his own composition. The Duchess has also given a verse of the anthem to confirm her account. But the works of Handel were much better known in England than in France, and not one syllable can be found throughout his life or writings about his claiming to be the author or composer of "God save the King." On the contrary, his own musical amanuensis, John Christopher Smith, commonly called Handel Smith, is the very individual who, in a letter to Dr. Heminton, declares that Harry Carey was both the author and composer. The verse her Grace has given is also at variance with her statement, for the verses or stanzas of our national anthem have each seven lines—the one given in French has ten lines; and it is absolutely impossible to adapt all the syllables in those ten lines to the notes of "God save the King," unless we had six bars to the last strain. 3. Mr. Pinkerton, in his "Recollections of Paris," vol. ii., says, that "the supposed national air is a mere transcript of a Scottish anthem" in a collection printed in 1682. In this bold assertion he, no doubt, alludes to a work which excited some interest a few years ago, from this imagined discovery, "Cantus; Songs and Fancies to several musical parts, &c., as taught in the Music School of Aberdeen," printed by John Forbes, in Aberdeen. Mr. Cross, in his account of the Yorkshire Musical Festival, informs us that a copy of this work was sold by auction, by Evans, in February, 1819, for £11, on the supposition of its containing the original of "God save the King!" This singular publication, commonly called Forbes' Cantus, is an odd voice part of some old English glees, Christmas carols, &c.; and yet, in its imperfect state, it went through three editions, viz. in 1662, 1666, and 1682; moreover this, the only known publication of music in Scotland during the whole of the seventeenth century, is now universally admitted not to contain a single Scottish air. The tune in question, "Remember, O thou man," is a Christmas carol, taken from Ravenscroft's *Melismata*, printed in London in 1611. 4. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1796,

page 208, says, "The original tune of 'God save the King'—the tune, at least, which evidently furnished the subject of it—is to be found in a book of harpsichord lessons published by Purcell's widow, in Dean's yard, Westminster;" but it is certain that "God save the King" has never yet been discovered in Purcell's works, or with his name attached to it in any manner whatever. It now only remains to make a few remarks upon Henry Carey's claim to the authorship. Carey, who was a Jacobite, in common with all who fixed their hopes on James, is said to have written it on the eve of the contest with the Pretender, in 1715, at which time he was upwards of fifty years of age, and, according to his constant practice, set his own music to his own words. But the hopes of the Jacobites were defeated, and the song laid by and forgotten till 1740. It has been proved that the author sang it publicly, and with the greatest success, at a dinner given to celebrate the victory of Admiral Vernon, 1740; and on this occasion Carey himself applied the song to George, in consequence of the recent splendid victory—

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us.

The original words were applied to James—*soon* to reign over us. Carey himself applied the words to George, altering *soon* to *long*. Thus applied, it then became popular beyond conception. By Dr. Pepeesch it was altered in the melody of the first bar, and immediately afterwards, with a perfect bass, introduced on the stage; and it has been constantly and enthusiastically sung to the same words, which it has retained from 1740 till the death of the last George.—*Leicester Journal*.

UNFORTUNATE RESEMBLANCE.

Captain Atkins, who was lost in the *Defence*, off the coast of Jutland, in 1811, had a *double*, that was the torment of his life; for this double was a swindler, who, having discovered the, for him, lucky fac-simileship, obtained goods, took up money, and at last married a wife, in Atkins's name. Once, when the real captain returned from a distant station, this poor woman, who was awaiting him at Plymouth, put off in a boat, boarded the ship as soon as it came to anchor, and ran to welcome him as her husband.

KEAN'S LIFE.

Edmund Kean, the tragedian, one day, speaking of his portraits, remarked to a friend: "Every one *tries* to *flatter* me. They *will* omit this inequality in the bridge of my nose. Sir, it was dealt me by a—pewter pot, hurled from the hand of—Jack Thurtell. We were borne, drunk and bleeding, to the watch-house, for the night; when *I* was taken out, washed, plastered, left to cogitate on any *lie*, of an accident in a stage fight. I told it, and was believed, for the *next* day *I*—*dined* with the *Bishop* of Norwich!"

MINOR GRECIANS.

"Cooper," said Graham, "have you seen 'Epidibus?'" "Where?" asked the courteous John, "and what may it be?" "Why, a tragedy now playing, with great success at the Tottenham-street Theatre; and, from its classic beauties, carried over the water to the void ground near the new Bedlam: there I heard it announced for representation by a gentleman in Roman armour, who, with a truncheon, pointed to a board, on which I perceived the important information—C.H.E.X. 'Chex here.'" "Ah!" remarked Cooper, "these minor theatres will destroy the legitimate drama. Not that I know 'Epidibus,' either in Inchbald's or Oxberry's collection—some blunder, of course." "Yes," said Graham, "the fellow meant that edifying drama, called 'Edipus.'" "Oh, of course I ——" "I see," interrupted Graham, and the conversation was changed.

MONK LEWIS'S PLAY OF "THE CASTLE SPECTRE."

The terrors inspired by the "Castle Spectre" were not confined to Drury-Lane; but, as the following shows, on one occasion they even extended considerably beyond it. Mrs. Powell, who played *Evelina*, having become, from the number of representations, heartily tired and wearied with the character, one evening, on returning from the theatre, walked listlessly into a drawingroom, and, throwing herself into a seat, exclaimed, "Oh, this ghost; this ghost! Heavens! how the ghost torments me!" "Ma'am?" uttered a tremulous voice, from the other side of the table. Mrs. Powell looked up hastily. "Sir!" she reiterated in nearly the same tone, as she encountered the pale countenance of a very sober-looking gentleman opposite. "What—what was it you said, madam?" "Really, sir," replied the astonished actress, "I have not the pleasure of——Why, good Heavens! what have they been about in the room?" "Madam!" continued the gentleman, "the room is mine, and I will thank you to explain——" "Yours!" screamed Mrs. Powell; "surely, sir, this is No. 1?" "No, indeed, madam," he replied; "this is No. 2; and really your language is so very extraordinary, that ——" Mrs. Powell, amidst her confusion, could scarcely refrain from laughter. "Ten thousand pardons!" she said. "The coachman must have mistaken the house. I am Mrs. Powell, of Drury-Lane, and have just come from performing the 'Castle Spectre.' Fatigue and absence of mind have made me an unconscious intruder. I lodge next door, and I hope you will excuse the unintentional alarm I have occasioned you." It is almost needless to add that the gentleman was much relieved by this rational explanation, and participated in the mirth of his nocturnal visitor, as he politely escorted her to the street-door. "Good night," said the still laughing actress; "and I hope, sir, in future, I shall pay more attention to *number one*."

BETTING.

The folly of *betting* is well satirized in one of Walpole's Letters:—"Sept. 1st, 1750,—They have put in the papers a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

THE KING'S CHAMPION.

A ludicrous circumstance occurred at the coronation of William and Mary. Charles Dymock, Esq., who then exercised his right (Champion), cast his gauntlet in the usual form, and the challenge was proclaimed, when an old woman, who had entered the Hall on crutches, took it up and quitted the spot with extraordinary agility, leaving her crutches, and a glove, with a challenge in it, to meet the Champion, next day, at Hyde Park. Accordingly, the old woman—or, as is generally supposed, a good swordsman in disguise—attended at the hour and place named; but the Champion did not make his appearance; nor is it recorded whether any measures were taken to discover who had passed so disloyal a joke.

THE WITNESS AWAKE.

One night the Protector (Cromwell) went privately to Thurloe's chambers, and had proceeded to some lengths in disclosing an affair of the utmost secrecy and importance, when, for the first time, he perceived a clerk asleep at his desk. This person was Mr. Morland (afterwards Sir Samuel Morland), the famous mechanist, not unknown as a statesman, and at whose house in Lambeth Charles II. passed the first night of his restoration. Cromwell, apprehensive that his conversation had been overheard, drew his dagger, and would have despatched the slumberer on the spot, had not Thurloe, with some difficulty, prevented him; assuring him that his intended victim was unquestionably asleep, since, to his own knowledge, he had been sitting up two nights together. The nature of the secret interview between Cromwell and Thurloe subsequently transpired, and was no less than a design to inveigle Charles II., then an exile at Bruges, and his younger brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, into the Protector's power. It had been treacherously intimated to them, through the agency of Sir Richard Willis, that if, on a stated day, they would land on the coast of Sussex, they would be received by a body of five hundred men, which would be augmented the following morning by two thousand horse. Had they fallen into the snare, it seems that all three would have been shot immediately on reaching the shore. Morland, however had not been asleep, as was supposed by Thurloe and Cromwell; and, through his means, the King and his brothers were made acquainted with the design against their lives.

COOKERY AND CONCENTRATION.

The Prince de Soubise, having announced to his cook his intention to give a supper, demanded a *ménu*. The cook presented himself with his estimate, the first item in which that struck the Prince was fifty hams. "Eh, what!" said he, "you must be out of your senses; are you going to feast my whole regiment?" "No, monseigneur; one only will appear upon the table; the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnole*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my —." "Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass." "Oh, my Lord," replied the indignant artist, "you do not understand our resources. Give me the word, and these fifty hams, which confound you, I will put into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb." What answer could be made? The Prince nodded, and the article passed.

LATE DISCOVERY.

Lord Dalmeny, son of the Earl of Rosebery, married, about eighty years ago, a widow, at Bath, for her beauty. They went abroad; she sickened, and, on her death-bed, requested that she might be interred in some particular churchyard, either in Sussex or Suffolk. The body was embalmed; but at the custom-house in the port where it was landed, the officer suspected smuggling, and insisted on opening it. They then recognised the features of the wife of their own clergyman, who, having been married to him against her own inclination, had eloped. Both husbands followed the body to the grave.

RIVAL BASS SINGERS.

Some seventy years ago, as the late Sir W. W. Wynn (grandfather to the present Baronet) was riding in the neighbourhood of Wrexham, he heard a man sing in a cooper's workshop, with whose voice he was very much struck. It was Mr. Meredith, who possessed a splendid bass voice. Sir Watkin had him instructed, and he became celebrated as a singer of sacred music: he was engaged at the Ancient Concerts, Oratorios, &c., but he resided chiefly at Liverpool. The following anecdote is told of him:—Having heard that a parish-clerk of a village in the Vale of Clywd, of the name of Griffiths, could sing down to double C, he was determined to visit him. He accordingly started, and walked about forty miles. When he arrived in the village, he inquired for Griffiths. A very little fellow, digging potatoes in a garden, was pointed out to him. "What!" thought Meredith, "that shrimp of a thing to sing lower than I can? Impossible!" Meredith was a fine tall man, upwards of six feet high. He walked around the garden, eyeing poor Griffiths disdainfully; at length, he said, upon low G, "Good day to you, sir." Griffiths, resting on his spade, replied, on double low C (five notes lower), "Good day to you, sir." Upon which Meredith marched off, with double C ringing in his ear, all the way to Liverpool.

MADEIRA WINE.

Some people are very proud of their wine, and court your approbation by incessant questions. One of a party being invited by Sir Thomas Grouts to a second glass of his "old East India," he replied, "One was a dose—had rather not double the *Cape*:" and, at the first glass of champagne, he inquired whether there had been a plentiful supply of gooseberries last year.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chestney up the Euphrates, has recently been in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. "Pickwick" happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read a part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, summoned to him in the middle of the night, to finish the reading of some part in which they had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country, for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S POWERS OF RIDICULE.

"He had no mean power of ridicule—as playful as a mind more strong than refined could make it; while of sarcasm he was an eminent professor, but of the kind which hacks, and tears, and flays its victims, rather than destroys by cutting keenly. His interrogative exclamation in Lord Melville's case, when the party's ignorance of having taken accommodation out of the public fund was alleged—indeed, was proved—may be remembered as very picturesque, though, perhaps, more pungent than dignified. 'Not know money? Did he see it when it glittered? Did he hear it when it chinked?' On the Bench, he had the very well-known, though not very eloquent, Henry Hunt before him, who, in mitigation of some expected sentence, spoke of some one who 'complained of his dangerous eloquence.' 'They do you great injustice, sir,' said the considerate and merciful Chief Justice, kindly wanting to relieve him from all anxiety on this charge. After he had been listening to two conveyancers for a whole day of a long and most technical argument, in silence, and with a wholesome fear of lengthening it by any interruption whatever, one of them, in reply to a remark from another judge, said: 'If it is the pleasure of your Lordship that I should go into that matter.' 'We, sir,' said the Chief Justice, 'have no pleasure in it any way.' When a favourite special pleader was making an excursion, somewhat unexpected by his hearers, as unwonted in him, into a pathetic topic—'An't we, sir, rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes now?'—Lord Brougham.

LORD ST. VINCENT'S ENTRY INTO THE NAVY,
RELATED BY HIMSELF.

"I was born at Meaford, in Staffordshire, on the 9th of January, 1734, old style. My father was counsel and solicitor to the Admiralty, and treasurer of Greenwich Hospital. At a very early age I was sent to a grammar-school at Burton-upon-Trent, where I remained long enough to be considered a very capital Latin and Greek scholar for my years; and I was often selected by the master to show what proficiency his boys had attained. At the same time I frankly own to you that I know very little about the matter now. At the age of twelve years I was removed to a school at Greenwich, kept by a Mr. Swinton, and where I was to have remained until fitted for college, being destined for the law. This favourite plan of my father's was, however, frustrated by his own coachman, whose name I have now forgotten. I only remember that I gained his confidence, always sitting by his side on the coach-box when we drove out. He often asked what profession I intended to choose. I told him I was to be a lawyer. 'O, don't be a lawyer, Master Jackey,' said the old man; 'all lawyers are rogues.' About this time young Strachan (father of the late Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, and a son of Dr. Strachan, who lived at Greenwich) came to the same school, and we became great friends. He told me such stories of the happiness of a sea life, into which he had lately been initiated, that he easily persuaded me to quit the school and go with him. We set out accordingly, and concealed ourselves on board of a ship at Woolwich. My father was at that time absent on the Northern Circuit. My mother and sisters were in a state of distraction at learning our absence from school, fearing that some disaster had happened to us. But, after keeping them for three days in the utmost anxiety, and suffering ourselves much privation and misery, we thought it best to return home. I went in at night and made myself known to my sisters, who remonstrated with me rather warmly on the impropriety of my conduct, and assured me that Mr. Swinton would chastise me severely for it; to which I replied that he certainly would not, for that I did not intend to go to school any more, and that I was resolved to be a sailor. The next day my mother spoke to me on the subject, and I still repeated that I would be a sailor. This threw her into much perplexity, and, in the absence of her husband, she made known her grief, in a flood of tears, to Lady Archibald Hamilton, mother of the late Sir William Hamilton, and wife of the Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Her ladyship said she did not see the matter in the same light as my mother did, that she thought the sea a very honourable and a very good profession, and said she would undertake to procure me a situation in some ship-of-war. In the mean time my mother sent for her brother, Mr. John Parker, who, on being made acquainted with my determination, ex-

postulated with me, but to no purpose. I was resolved I would not be a lawyer, and that I would be a sailor. Shortly afterwards Lady Archibald Hamilton introduced me to Lady Burlington, and she to Commodore Townshend, who was at that time going out in the *Gloucester*, as Commander-in-Chief, to Jamaica. She requested that he would take me on his quarter-deck, to which the commodore readily consented; and I was forthwith to be prepared for a sea life. My equipment was what would now be called rather grotesque. My coat was made for me to grow up to; it reached down to my heels, and was full large in the sleeves; I had a dirk, and a gold-laced hat; and in this costume my uncle caused me to be introduced to my patroness, Lady Burlington. Here I acquitted myself but badly. I lagged behind my uncle, and held by the skirt of his coat. Her ladyship, however, insisted on my coming forward, shook hands with me, and told me I had chosen a very honourable profession. She then gave Mr. Parker a note to Commodore George Townshend, who lived in one of the small houses in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, desiring that we should call there early the next morning. This we did; and, after waiting some time, the commodore made his appearance in his night-cap and slippers, and in a very rough and uncouth voice asked me how soon I would be ready to join my ship? I replied 'directly.' 'Then you may go to-morrow morning,' said he, 'and I will give you a letter to the first-lieutenant.' My uncle, Mr. Parker, however, replied that I could not be ready quite so soon, and we quitted the commodore. In a few days after this we set off, and my uncle took me to Mr. Blanchard, the master-attendant or the boatswain of the dock-yard, I forget which, and by him I was taken on board the hulk or receiving-ship the next morning, the *Gloucester* being in dock at the time. This was in the year 1748. As soon as the ship was ready for sea we proceeded to Jamaica, and as I was always fond of an active life, I volunteered to go into small vessels, and saw a good deal of what was going on. My father had a very large family, with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station, I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise, which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found to be quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes, made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed, and, having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honour, I took up my bill; and from that time to this (he said this with great energy) I have taken care to keep within my means." What an

instructive lesson is here afforded to a friendless youth who, like the one in question, may find himself among his shipmates destitute of those pecuniary resources enjoyed by them! What encouragement ought he not to feel when he reflects that the writer of this unaffected story, solely by his own exertions and good conduct, rose to the highest honours in the profession, became Admiral of the Fleet, General of Marines, First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, Grand Cross of the Bath, a Privy Councillor, and an English Earl! Such was the progress of John Jervis, who had for his patrimony £20, and coopered his second pair of breeches out of the ticking of his hammock. Let no young man, therefore, who enters the navy as midshipman, despond; though he may occasionally have the mortification to see that favours are conferred where not earned. It was thus that Pellew (Lord Exmouth), who was, when a midshipman, sent out of his ship by an unfeeling captain, and left penniless in the streets of Marseilles, arrived at the top of his profession, and obtained an English Peerage. It was thus that Anson, without interest or favour, did the same—and a long list might be added.

DUTCH NEWS.

The proprietor of a Leicester newspaper relates that, on the evening before one of his publications, his men and a boy were frolicking in the printing-office, and overturned two or three columns of the paper set in type. Now, the chief point was to get ready, in some way, for the Nottingham and Derby coaches, which, at four o'clock in the morning, required 400 or 500 papers. After every exertion, the compositors were short nearly a column; but there stood in the printing-office a tempting column of *pie*. Now, unlettered reader, mark—*pie* is a jumble of odd letters, gathered from the floor, &c., of the office, but set on end, in any order, to be distributed at leisure in their proper places. Some letters are topsy-turvy—often ten or twelve consonants come together, and then as many vowels, with as whimsical a juxtaposition of stops. The printer suddenly bethought him that this might be called *Dutch*; and after writing a head "Dutch Mail," he subjoined a statement that, "just as our paper was going to press, the Dutch Mail arrived; but, as we have no time to make a translation, we have inserted its intelligence in the original." The proprietor then overcame the scruples of his overseer, the *pie* was made up to the extent wanted, and off it went as *original Dutch*, into Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire! In a few hours, other matter, in plain English, supplied its place; but the Dutch column brought many letters from linguists, schoolmasters, high-bred village politicians, and correspondents of the *Ladies' Diary*, who had set their wits to work, to translate the editor's High Dutch! How the Hollanders could read it, was incomprehensible!

A DILEMMA.

Poor Jemmy Brandon, of box-office memory, seeing a creditor nearing the theatre, went out to the door, for the purpose of being accosted by him, and, to the man's inquiry, "Pray, is Mr. Brandon at home?" Jemmy, well aware his person was not known by him, unhesitatingly replied, "No sir, he is not." In a few minutes afterwards, Mr. Harris sent for Brandon, and saying, "Now, Jem, what would you advise us to say to the public?" Brandon, after a very short reflection, and passing his hand over his face, to denote his having come to a conclusion—notwithstanding that his whole life had, of necessity, been passed in the practice—deliberately said, "Suppose for *once*, we tell 'em a lie!"

THE RULING PASSION.

Garci Sanchez de Badajoz, when he was at the point of death, desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis; this was accordingly done, and over the Franciscan frock was put his habit of Santiago, for he was a knight of that order. Looking at himself in his double attire, he said: "The Lord will say to me presently, 'My friend, Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapt up' (*muy arropado*); and I shall reply, 'Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off:'"

Don Rodrigo Calderon wore a Franciscan habit at his execution, as an outward and visible sign of penitence and humiliation; as he ascended the scaffold, he lifted the skirts of the habit with such an air, that his attendant confessor thought it necessary to reprove him for such ill-timed regard to his appearance. Don Rodrigo excused himself by saying that he had all his lifetime carried himself gracefully.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PARROT.

A bird-fancier, living in the neighbourhood of the Great Western Railway terminus in Bristol, lately reared a parrot of uncommon beauty, and, moreover, of a disposition to talk. Poll was duly instructed, and her teacher was so much pleased with Poll's progress that he determined to present her at Court, and she was accordingly started upon the journey. Poll, upon her arrival, was somewhat abashed at the new scene of splendour in which she found herself, and exhibited an unwonted uncouthness and would not speak to any one. At length, however, she was introduced to Queen Victoria, who, struck with the beautiful plumage and fine symmetry of the newly-arrived guest, entered with great condescension into conversation with her. Poll's shyness wore off, and before the Queen left her, she said, "If you don't send twenty pounds I'll go back." The Queen inquired to whom she was indebted for this new acquisition to her aviary, ascertained the circumstances connected with the affair, and gave orders for the transmission of £20 to the rearer of Poll, which sum was accordingly paid.

POWERS.

An Oxford student joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn. After dinner he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning."

TRAGEDY MS.

A humourous fellow, seeing a parcel lying on the table in the entrance-hall of Drury-lane Theatre, one side of which, from its having travelled to town by the side of some game, was smeared with blood, observed, "That parcel contains a manuscript tragedy." And on being asked why, replied, "Because the *fifth* act is peeping out at one corner of it."

THE TWO SMITHS.

There were once, in the Liverpool theatre, two Mr. Smiths, one a serious, the other a lively actor, who, to distinguish himself from his namesake, always had the initial of his sponsorial John attached to his patronymic, in the play-bills. The grave actor falling ill, a wag wrote up in the green-room—

"If tragedy Smith should chance to die,
Then comedy Smith will *lose his I*."

A CLOSE ESCAPE.

One of James Smith's favourite anecdotes related to Colonel Greville. The Colonel requested young James to call at his lodgings, and in the course of their first interview related the particulars of the most curious circumstance in his life. He was taken prisoner during the American war, along with three other officers of the same rank; one evening they were summoned into the presence of Washington, who announced to them that the conduct of their Government, in condemning one of his officers to death, as a rebel, compelled him to make reprisals; and that, much to his regret, he was under the necessity of requiring them to cast lots, without delay, to decide which of them should be hanged. They were then bowed out, and returned to their quarters. Four slips of paper were put into a hat, and the shortest was drawn by Captain Asgill, who exclaimed, "I knew how it would be; I never won so much as a hit at backgammon in my life." As Greville told the story, he was selected to sit up with Captain Asgill, under the pretext of companionship; but in reality to prevent him from escaping, and leaving the honour amongst the remaining three. "And what," inquired Smith, "did you say to comfort him?" "Why, I remember saying to him, when they left us, '*D—n it, old fellow, never mind;*'" but it may be doubted (added Smith) whether he drew much comfort from the exhortation. Lady Asgill persuaded the French Minister to interpose, and the Captain was permitted to escape.

STORY OF A CAVALIER.

Dr. Michael Hudson, after a variety of romantic adventures and chivalrous attempts in the Royal cause, and escaping from two or three prisons (one of them the Tower of London), headed in May, 1648, an insurrection in Lincolnshire, against the Parliament, but being defeated, retired to a fortified mansion, called Woodcroft House, which was besieged and taken on the 6th June. "Hudson," says A. Wood, "with some of his courageous soldiers, went up to the battlements thereof, where they defended themselves for some time. At length, upon promise of quarter, they yielded, but when the rebels got in amongst them they denied to make it good. Whereupon Hudson being thrown over the battlements, caught hold of a spout or out-stone, and there hung, but his hands being beat or cut off, he fell into the moat underneath, much wounded, and desired to come on shore to die there. Whereupon, one Egborough (servant to Mr. Spinks, the intruder into the parsonage of Curtan), knocked him on the head with the butt-end of his musket, which being done, one Walker, a chandler or grocer, in Stamford, cut out his tongue, and carried it about the country for a trophy. His body for the present was denied burial; yet, after the enemy left the place, he was by some Christians committed to the earth."

LUDICROUS BLUNDERS.

General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, "Where the ship was at a particular time?" "Oh!" replied the witness, "the ship was then in quarantine." "In Quarantine, was she? And pray, sir, *where* is Quarantine?" Another instance, given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that, after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action on "a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the *cloth* of that name for the *bird*) could be damaged by sea water, and to what extent!"

An anecdote has been told of a learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother "wig," who did not appear to understand them. "Don't you know the lines," said he; "they are in Martial." "Marshall," replied his friend, "Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*." When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, "Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and a *minor poet*!"

FINDING A SETTLER.

A settler in New South Wales was missing from his small farm. His convict overseer gave out that he had gone off privately to England, and left the property in his care. This was thought extraordinary, as the settler was not in difficulties, and was a steady, prudent man; the affair, however, was almost forgotten, when, one Saturday night, another settler was returning with his horse and cart from market. On arriving at a part of the fence on the road side, near the farm of his absent neighbour, he thought he saw him sitting on the fence; immediately the farmer pulled up his mare, hailed his friend, and receiving no answer, got out of the cart, and went towards the fence. His neighbour (as he plainly appeared to be) quitted the fence, and crossed the field towards a pond in the direction of his home, which it was supposed he had deserted. The farmer thought it strange, remounted his cart, and proceeded home. The next morning he went to his neighbour's cottage, expecting to see him, but saw only the overseer, who laughed at the story, and said that his master was by that time near the shores of England. The circumstance was so inexplicable that the farmer went to the nearest justice of the peace, related the preceding circumstances and added that he feared foul play had taken place. A native black, who was attached to the station as a constable, was sent with some of the mounted police, and accompanied the farmer to the rails where the latter thought he saw, the evening before, his deceased friend. The spot was pointed out to the black, without showing him the direction which the lost person apparently took after quitting the fence. On close inspection, a part of the upper rail was observed to be discoloured; it was scraped with a knife by the black, who next smelt at it, and tasted it. Immediately after he crossed the fence, and took a stright direction for the pond near the cottage; on its surface was a scum, which he took up in a leaf, and, after tasting and smelling, he declared it to be "white man's fat." Several times, somewhat after the manner of a blood-hound, he coursed round the lake; at last he darted into the neighbouring thicket, and halted at a place containing some loose and decayed brushwood. On removing this, he thrust down the ramrod of his musket into the earth, smelt at it, and then desired the spectators to dig there. Instantly spades were brought from the cottage, and the body of the settler was found, with his skull fractured, and presenting every indication of having been for some time immersed in water. The overseer, who was in possession of the property of the deceased, and who had invented the story of his departure for England, was committed to gaol, and tried for murder. The foregoing circumstantial evidence formed the main proofs. He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and proceeded to the scaffold protesting his innocence. Here, however, his hardihood forsook

him; he acknowledged the murder of his late master; that he came behind him when he was crossing the identical rail on which the farmer fancied he saw the deceased, and, with one blow on the head, killed him—dragged the body to the pond, and threw it in; but, after some days, took it out again, and buried it where it was found. The sagacity of the native black was remarkable; but the unaccountable manner in which the murder was discovered is one of the inscrutable dispensations of Providence.

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

A humorous comment on this system was made by a waiter at an hotel where Feinagle dined, after having given his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the Professor left the table, the waiter entered, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I protest the memory-man has forgotten his umbrella!"

AN EXCEPTION

"Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr. —?" asked one Irishman of another. "'Faith, and I will, with all my heart." "Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm askin' you to." "And what for not—a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?" "Och, nothing uncommon! an elegant piece of corn beef and potatoes" "By the powers, that beats the world! jist my dinner to an hair—*barring the beef!*"

ORIGIN OF POST-PAID ENVELOPES.

M. Piron tells us that the idea of a post-paid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. de Valeyre; who, in 1653, established (with Royal approbation) a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for that purpose. M. de Valeyre had also caused to be printed certain forms of *billets*, or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks, which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. One of these *billets* has been preserved to our times by a pleasant misapplication of it. Péliisson (M^{me}. de Sévigné's friend, and the object of the *bon mot* that "he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly") was amused at this kind of skeleton correspondence; and, under the affected name of *Pisandre* (according to the pedantic fashion of the day), he filled up and addressed one of these forms to the celebrated Mademoiselle de Scuderi, in her *pseudonyme* of *Sappho*. This strange *billet-doux* has happened, from the celebrity of the parties, to be preserved, and it is still extant; one of the oldest, we presume, of penny-post letters, and a curious example of a *pre-paying* envelope, a new proof of the adage, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

AMERICAN SIMILES.

When the celebrated Colonel David Crockett first saw a locomotive, with the train smoking along the railway, he exclaimed as it flew past, "Hell in harness, by the 'tarnel!" Nothing surprised the Indians so much at first as the percussion-caps for guns; they thought them the *ne plus ultra* of invention; when, therefore, an Indian was first shown a locomotive, he reflected a little while, and then said, "I see—*Percussion*."

IDEAS OF COMFORT.

Some people's notions of comfort differ from those of others. Mr. Mathews once went over Warwick Gaol, and when he came to "the place of execution," he observed to the gaoler, that, considering the extent of the county, and the number of executions which might take place, the drop struck him as being very small. "I don't know," said the man; "to be zure, six 'ould be crowded, but foive 'ould hang very comfortable!"

THE TWO SMITHS.

A gentleman, with the same Christian and surname, took lodgings in the same house with James Smith. The consequence was, eternal confusion of calls and letters. Indeed, the postman had no alternative but to share the letters equally between the two. "This is intolerable, sir," said our friend, "and you must quit." "Why am I to quit more than you?" "Because you are James the Second—and must *abdicate*."

RUBENS AND THE LION.

It is related that Rubens caused a remarkably fine and powerful lion to be brought to his house, in order to study him in every variety of attitude. One day, Rubens observing the lion yawn, was so pleased with this action that he wished to paint it, and he desired the keeper to tickle the animal under the chin, to make him repeatedly open his jaws; at length the lion became savage at this treatment, and cast such furious glances at his keeper, that Rubens attended to his warning, and had the lion removed. The keeper is said to have been torn to pieces by the lion shortly afterwards; apparently, he had never forgotten the affront.

FRENCH PLAY-BILLS.

There are certain stations on columns or buildings in various parts of Paris, on which the bills of all the theatres are posted daily, and where the public look regularly for them. Should there be no performance at night, the word *relache* is, in large type, conspicuous on the bills. This sometimes appears on two or three play-bills. It was once remarked, knowingly, to old Barnes, the Pantaloon, that there was a very popular piece being acted at the time, for it was performed at three different theatres, and was called "Relache." He was advised, if it was printed, to buy it, and send it over to Mr. Moncrieff to translate for the Coburg Theatre.

TEMPERANCE PREACHERS.

One sore scandal early impeded the Moderation Societies. Their professional advocates were, of course, exposed to all the peculiar temptations incident to their wandering mode of life, and were alternately goaded and puffed up by their one restriction. The result was, that some of them demonstrated their zeal against ardent spirits by a liberal use of fermented liquor. One of them was interrupted in the midst of his public harangue by a zealous tectotaler, who exclaimed, "I think the meeting ought to be informed that the gentleman who is now speaking has, to my certain knowledge, had sixteen glasses of ale this very morning."

NAPOLEON'S WILLOW.

Napoleon's willow is a variety of the common weeping willow. It appears that the willow is not indigenous to St. Helena; but that, when General Beatson was governor in that island, he introduced it among a great number of other trees and shrubs from England. He had the greatest difficulty in preserving his plantations from the numerous goats which abounded in the island; yet several of the trees survived, and attained a timber-like size. Among these was the tree of *Salix Babylonica*, which has since been called Napoleon's willow. This tree grew among other trees, on the side of a valley near a spring; and, having attracted the notice of Napoleon, he had a seat placed under it, and used to go and sit there very frequently, and have water brought to him from the adjoining fountain. About the time of Napoleon's death, in 1821, a storm, it is said, shattered the willow in pieces; and, after the interment of the Emperor, Madame Bertrand planted several cuttings of this tree on the outside of the railings which surrounded his grave; and placed within it, on the stone, several flower-pots, with heartsease and forget-me-not. In 1828, we are informed, these willows were found in a dying state, and twenty-eight young ones were, in consequence, placed near the tomb, which was at that time surrounded with a profusion of scarlet-blossomed pelargoniums. A correspondent, who was at St. Helena in 1834, says one of the willows was then in a flourishing condition; but another, who was there in 1835, describes it as going fast to decay, owing to the number of pieces carried away by visitors. It what year a cutting of this willow was brought to England for the first time we have not been able to ascertain; but it appears probable that it may have been in the year 1823, and that one of the oldest plants is that in the garden of the Roebuck tavern on Richmond Hill, which, as it appears by a white marble tablet affixed to it, was taken from the tree in that year. Since that period it has become fashionable to possess a plant of the true Napoleon's willow; and, in consequence, a great many cuttings have been imported, and a number of plants sold by the London nurserymen.

A HARD CASE.

Among the remarkable things noticed by Evelyn, in his "Journal of his Tour in the Netherlands," is the case of a woman who had been married five and twenty times, and was then prohibited from marrying again; "yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble."

HELPS TO MEMORY.

Gillez de Retz, Marshal of France (said to be the veritable Blue Beard), was sentenced to be led in chains to the place of execution, and to be burnt alive at the stake. The day appointed was the 23rd of October, 1440—"a date," says the historian, "about which there can be no doubt, for all the people of Anjou and Maine, by common consent, whipped their children that morning, so as to impress the precise date on their memory." This strange mnemonic process is still a favourite with the peasants of Anjou and Brittany.

INDIAN GHOST STORY.

There is a tale in the Nigaristan of Kemal-Pascha-Zade, that one of the Sultans of Khorassan saw, in a dream, Mahmoud, a hundred years after his death, wandering about his palace; his flesh rotten, his bones carious, but his eyes full, anxious, and restless. A dervise, who interpreted the dream, said, that the eyes of Mahmoud were thus troubled, because the kingdom, his beautiful spouse, was now in the embrace of another. This was that great Mahmoud, the Ghiznevide, who was the first Mohammedan conqueror that entered India, and the first who dropt the title of Malek, and assumed that of Sultan in its stead. He it was who, after having broken to pieces, with his own hands, the gigantic idol of Somnauth, put to death 50,000 of its worshippers, as a further proof of his holy Mohammedan indignation. In the last days of his life, when a mortal disease was consuming him, and he himself knew that no human means could arrest its course, he ordered all his costliest apparel, and his vessels of silver and gold, and his pearls and precious stones, the inestimable spoils of the East, to be displayed before him; the latter were so numerous, that they were arranged in separate cabinets, according to their colour and size. It was in the Royal residence which he had built for himself, in Gazera, and which he called the Palace of Felicity, that he took from this display, wherewith he had formerly gratified the pride of his eye, a mournful lesson; and in the then heartfelt conviction, that all is vanity, he wept like a child. "What toils," said he, "what dangers, what fatigues of body and mind, have I endured for the sake of acquiring these treasures; and what cares in preserving them; and now I am about to die and leave them!" In this same palace he was interred; and there it was his unhappy ghost, a century afterwards, was believed to linger.

A GOOD WISH.

Sir Walter Scott once gave an Irishman a shilling, when sixpence would have been sufficient. "Remember, Pat," said Sir Walter, "you owe me sixpence." "May your honour live till I pay you!" was the reply.

A POSER.

Foote was once met by a friend in town, with a young man who was flashing away very brilliantly, while Foote seemed grave:—"Why, Foote," said his friend, "you are flat to-day; you don't seem to relish wit!" "D—n it," said Foote, "you have not *tried* me yet, sir."

SAILORS.

Captain Basil Hall relates that he once overheard the conversation of two of his sailors in the streets of Valparaiso, who had only been a few days in the country. One said to the other, "What do you think of these people?" "Why," replied his companion, with a look of thorough contempt. "will you believe it? the infernal fools call a hat *sombrero*!"

THE TWO LEGS.

An inexperienced young bride being asked by her cook to choose her dinners during the honeymoon, was anxious that her ignorance should not peep out. She called to mind *one* dish, and one dish only, and that she knew by name; it was a safe one, and substantial too—"a leg of mutton." So, several days the leg of mutton came obedient to the mistress's order. Perhaps, the cook was weary of it; at last she ventured to inquire, "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?" "Yes, let us have a leg of beef, for change."

JAMES SMITH AND JUSTICE HOLROYD.

Formerly, it was customary, on emergencies, for the Judges to swear affidavits at their dwelling-houses. Smith was desired by his father to attend a Judge's chambers for that purpose; but being engaged to dine in Russell-square, at the next house to Mr. Justice Holroyd's, he thought he might as well save himself the disagreeable necessity of leaving the party at eight, by despatching his business at once: so, a few minutes before six, he boldly knocked at the Judge's, and requested to speak to him on particular business. The Judge was at dinner, but came down without delay, swore the affidavit, and then gravely asked what was the pressing necessity that induced our friend to disturb him at that hour. As Smith told his story, he raked his invention for a lie, but finding none fit for the purpose, he blurted out the truth:—"The fact is, my Lord, I am engaged to dine at the next house—and—and——" "And, sir, you thought you might as well save your own dinner by spoiling mine?" "Exactly so, my Lord; but——" "Sir, I wish you a good evening." Though Smith brazened the matter out, he said he never was more frightened.

FREE TRADE.

Hussey Burgh, at the opening of the session of 1777, moved the Address to the King, in which was the following sentence:—"It is not by temporary expedients, but by an extension of trade, that Ireland can be ameliorated." Flood, who was seated in the Vice-Treasurer's place, said, audibly: "Why not a free trade?" The amendment electrified the House; the words were adopted by his friend, and the motion was carried unanimously.

A CITY ATTORNEY.

Romilly's father endeavoured, by his conversation, to give him a favourable opinion of the life of a lawyer; but, unfortunately, the professional prototype did not succeed. This was a Mr. Liddel, of Threadneedle-street, described as "a shortish, fat man, with a ruddy countenance, which always shone as if besmeared with grease; a large wig sat loose from his head; his eyes constantly half shut and drowsy; all his motions slow and deliberate; and his words sllobbered out as if he had not exertion enough to articulate. His dark and gloomy house was filled with dusty papers and voluminous parchment deeds;" and, in his meagre library, Romilly did not see a single volume which he should not have been deterred, by its external appearance, from opening. The idea of a lawyer and of Mr. Liddel were so identified in Mr. Romilly's mind, that he was at once disgusted with the profession; and all his thought of being an attorney were for a time given up, as well by his father as himself.

THE GHOST PUZZLED.

John Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, was subject to nearness of vision. He had a great partiality for the drama, and, in his younger days, would frequently strut his hour upon the stage at an amateur theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Upon one of these occasions, whilst performing the *Ghost*, in "Hamlet," Mr. Hoole wandered, incautiously, too far from the trap-door through which he had emerged from the nether world, and by which it was his duty to descend. In this dilemma, he groped about, hoping to distinguish the aperture, whilst the audience, who were ignorant why the *Ghost* remained so long in the upper regions after the crowing of the cock, expected him to favour them with a second edition of that celebrated scene. It was apparent, from the lips of the *Ghost*, that he was holding converse with some one behind the wings. He at length became irritated—alas! poor *Ghost*!—and ejaculated, in tones sufficiently audible, "I tell you I can't find it." The laughter which ensued may be imagined. The *Ghost* (which if it had been a sensible one, would have walked off) became more and more discomposed, until its perturbed spirit was placed, by some of the bystanders, on the trap-door, after which it descended, with all due solemnity amid roars of laughter.

A SILK GOWN.

Grattan said of Hussey Burgh, who had been a great Liberal, but, on getting his silk gown, became a Ministerialist, that all men knew silk to be a non-conducting body, and that since the honourable member had been enveloped in silk, no spark of patriotism had reached his heart.

POLITICAL SINECURE.

Curran, after a debate which gave rise to high words, put his hand to his heart, and declared that he was the trusty guardian of his own honour. Upon which Sir Boyle Roche congratulated his honourable friend on the snug little sinecure he had discovered for himself.

QUID PRO QUO.

An Irish lawyer, famed for cross-examining, was, on one occasion, completely silenced by a horse-dealer. "Pray, Mr. —, you belong to a very honest profession?" "I can't say so," replied the witness; "for, saving you lawyers, I think it the most dishonest going."

WRITE PLAIN.

A gentleman left a will expressing that his property was to be left to a Mr. London or a Mr. London, both residing in the same town, but by no means intimate. Legal proceedings decided in favour of Mr. London, merely because the testator was once seen to speak to him, and because no such evidence appeared in favour of Mr. London. This case occurred on account of the unintelligible handwriting of the testator, whose *n*'s were like *u*'s, and whose *u*'s were like *n*'s; and all this is only to be avoided by learning to write well in the first instance, and by writing carefully ever after.

"FARTHING JAMIE."

Sir James Lowther, father of the first Lord Lonsdale, when he visited London, used frequently to dine *incog.* at some very obscure and economical eating-house; where the price of some article in the bill being advanced one farthing, the thrifty Baronet took such mortal offence, that he withdrew his custom from the house, and was ever afterwards known by the *soubriquet* of "Farthing Jamie."

WILKES'S READY REPLY.

Luttrell and Wilkes were standing on the Brentford hustings, when Wilkes asked his adversary, privately, whether he thought there were more fools or rogues among the multitude of Wilkites spread out before them. "I'll tell them what you say, and put an end to you," said the Colonel. But, perceiving the threat gave Wilkes no alarm, he added, "Surely you don't mean to say you could stand here one hour after I did so?" "Why (the answer was), you would not be alive one instant after." "How so?" "I should merely say it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye!"

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

Curran, when opposed to Lord Clare, said that he reminded him of a chimney-sweep, who had raised himself by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to his neighbours to witness his dirty elevation.

FAMILIARITY.

A waiter named Samuel Spring having occasion to write to his late Majesty, George IV., when Prince of Wales, commenced his letter as follows:—"Sam, the waiter at the Cocoa Tree, presents his compliments to the Prince of Wales," &c. His Royal Highness next day saw Sam, and after noticing the receiving of his note, and the freedom of the style, said, "Sam, this may be very well between you and me, but it will not do with the Norfolks and Arundels."

A CALCULATION.

After the death of the poet Chatterton, there was found among his papers, indorsed on a letter, intended for publication, addressed to Beckford, then Lord Mayor, dated May 26, 1770, the following memorandum:—"Accepted by Bingley, set for, and thrown out of the *North Briton*, 21st June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death:—

Lost by his death on this essay	£1	11	6
Gained in elegies	2	2	0
Gained in essays	3	3	0
Am glad he is dead by	3	13	6"

Yet the evident heartlessness of this calculation has been ingeniously vindicated by Southey, in the *Quarterly Review*.

THE TWO TURBOTS.

Cardinal Fesch, a man of honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbot of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would appear ridiculous; but the Cardinal was, notwithstanding, most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*. "Be of good faith, your Eminence," was the reply, "both shall appear; both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served; one of the turbot relieved the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, religious, gastronomical—it was the moment of the *épreuve positive*. The *maitre d'hôtel* advanced; two attendants raised the monster, and carried him off to cut him up; but one of them lost his equilibrium—the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight, the assembled Cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the conclave—it was the moment of the *épreuve négative*; but the *maitre d'hôtel* suddenly turned to the attendant—"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other appeared, and the *épreuve positive* was gloriously renewed.

HERNE'S OAK.

Among his anecdotes of celebrated English oaks, we are surprised to find Mr. Loudon adopting (at least so we understand him) an apocryphal story about Herne's oak given in the lively page of Mr. Jesse's "Gleanings." That gentleman, if he had taken any trouble, might have ascertained that the tree in question was cut down one morning, by order of King George III., when in a state of great but transient excitement: the circumstance caused much regret and astonishment at the time, and was commented on in the newspapers. The oak, which Mr. Jesse would decorate with Shakspearean honours, stands at a considerable distance from the position of the true Simon Pure. Every old woman in Windsor knows all about the facts.

TOP AND BOTTOM.

The following playful colloquy in verse took place at a dinner-table between Sir George Rose and James Smith, in allusion to Craven-street, Strand, where he resided:—

J. S.—"At the top of my street, the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found:
Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street."

Sir G. R.—"Why should honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges, od rot 'em?
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom."

THE RICHMOND HOAX.

One of the best practical jokes in Theodore Hook's clever "Gilbert Gurney," is Daly's hoax upon the lady who had never been at Richmond before, or, at least, knew none of the peculiarities of the place. Daly desired the waiter, after dinner, to bring some "maids of honour"—those cheesecakes for which the place has, time out of mind, been celebrated. The lady stared, then laughed, and asked, "What do you mean by 'maids of honour?'" "Dear me!" said Daly, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheesecakes elsewhere, are here called maids of honour; a capon is called a lord chamberlain; a goose is a lord steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bedchamber; a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on." The unsophisticated lady was taken in, when she actually saw the maids of honour make, their appearance in the shape of cheesecakes; she convulsed the whole party by turning to the waiter, and desiring him, in a sweet, but decided tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house quite cold!

CHEMISTRY OF HEAT.

A chemist in Albany, expatiating on the late discoveries in chemical science, observed that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present, at this remark, observed, "that truly chemistry was a valuable science," and (anxious that the discovery might be made profitable) inquired of the orator what number of snowballs would be sufficient to boil a tea-kettle!

TALLEYRAND'S PROMISE.

A creditor to whom the Prince was indebted in a heavy sum, waited on him as he was setting off on his last departure for this country; not to take so great a liberty as to ask for his money, but merely to ascertain any time, however remote, when he might presume to ask for a part of it. The diplomatist's only reply to the inquisitive intruder was, "Monsieur, vous êtes bien curieux;" and no one but the diplomatist could have made *such* a reply.

DINNER INVITATIONS.

A nice point is thus settled in "Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson:"—*Boswell*: "I consider distinction of rank to be of so much importance in civilized society, that if I were asked on the same day to dine with the first duke in England, and with the first man in Britain for genius, I should hesitate which to prefer."—*Johnson*: "To be sure, sir, if you were to dine only once, and it were never to be known where you dined, you would choose rather to dine with the first man for genius; but, to gain respect, you should dine with the first duke in England; for nine people in ten that you meet with would have a higher opinion of you for having dined with a duke; and the great genius himself would receive you better because you had been with the great duke."

MATHEWS AND THE SILVER SPOON.

Amongst Mathews's pranks of younger days, that is to say, when he first came from York to the Haymarket Theatre, he was invited, with F—— and some other performers, to dine with Mr. A——, now an eminent silversmith, but who, at that period, followed the business of a pawnbroker. It so happened that A—— was called out of the parlour, at the back of the shop, during dinner. Mathews, with wonderful celerity, altering his hair, countenance, hat, &c., took a large gravy-spoon off the dinner-table, ran instantly into the street, entered one of the little dark doors leading to the pawnbroker's counter, and actually pledged to the unconscious A—— his own gravy-spoon. Mathews contrived with equal rapidity to return and seat himself (having left the street-door open) before A—— re-appeared at the dinner-table. As a matter of course, this was made the subject of a wager. An *éclaircissement* took place before the party broke up, to the infinite astonishment of A——.

THE TEETOTALLER OUTWITTED.

Dr. Channing (of the United States) was one day paying toll, when he perceived a notice of gin, rum, tobacco, &c., on a board which bore a strong resemblance to a gravestone. "I am glad to see," said the doctor to the girl who received the toll, "that you have been burying these things." "And if we had," said the girl, "I don't doubt you would have gone chief mourner."

TOM DIBDIN AND THE LOZENGE.

Tom Dibdin had a cottage near Box-hill, to which, after his theatrical labours, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D. being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom, Tom, get up!" "What for?" said he. "Don't you hear how very bad the wind is?" "Is it?" replied Dibdin, half asleep, but could not help punning: "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear; it is the best thing in the world for the wind."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH AT BOMBAY.

During Sir James Mackintosh's Recorder-ship of Bombay, a singular incident occurred. Two Dutchmen having sued for debt two English officers, Lieuts. Macguire and Cauty, these officers resolved to waylay and assault them. This was rather a resolve made in a drunken excitement, than a deliberate purpose. Fortunately, the Dutchmen pursued a different route from that which they had intended, and they prosecuted the two officers for the offence of lying in wait with intent to murder: they were found guilty, and brought up for judgment. Previous to his pronouncing judgment, however, Sir James received an intimation that the prisoners had conceived the project of shooting him as he sat on the bench, and that one of them had for that purpose a loaded pistol in his writing-desk. It is remarkable that the intimation did not induce him to take some precautions to prevent its execution—at any rate, not to expose himself needlessly to assassination. On the contrary, the circumstances only suggested the following remarks: "I have been credibly informed that you entertained the desperate project of destroying your own lives at that bar, after having previously destroyed the judge who now addresses you. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British judge who ever stained with his blood the seat of justice. But I can never die better than in the discharge of my duty." All this eloquence might have been spared: Macguire submitted to the judge's inspection of his writing-desk, and showed him that, though it contained two pistols, neither of them was charged. It is supposed to have been a hoax—a highly mischievous one, indeed; but the statement was *primâ facie* so improbable, that it was absurd to give it the slightest credit.

FLIGHT OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

In a fine evening of July, about the hour of seven, when the streets are deserted by all persons of condition, the young Princess Charlotte rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unattended, hastily crossed Cockspur-street, flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find, and drove to her mother's house in Connaught-place. The Princess of Wales having gone to pass the day at her Blackheath villa, a messenger was despatched for her, another for her law adviser, Mr. Brougham, and a third for Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the young Princess's bosom friend. Brougham arrived before the Princess of Wales had returned; and Miss Elphinstone had alone obeyed the summons. Soon after the Royal mother came, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, her lady in waiting. It was found that the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was to leave her father's house, and that which he had appointed for her residence, and to live thenceforth with her mother. But Mr. Brougham is understood to have felt himself under the painful necessity of explaining to her that, by the law, as all the twelve judges but one had laid it down in George I.'s reign, and as it was now admitted to be settled, the King or the Regent had the absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the Royal Family while under age. The Duke of Sussex, who had always taken her part, was sent for, and attended the invitation to join in these consultations. It was an untoward incident in this remarkable affair, that he had never seen the Princess of Wales since the investigation of 1806, which had begun upon a false charge brought by the wife of one of his equerries, and that he had, without any kind of warrant from the fact, been supposed by the Princess to have set on, or at least supported, the accuser. He, however, warmly joined in the whole of the deliberations of that singular night. As soon as the flight of the young lady was ascertained, and the place of her retreat discovered, the Regent's officers of state and other functionaries were despatched after her. The Lord Chancellor Eldon first arrived, but not in any particularly imposing state, or, "regard being had" to his eminent station; for, indeed, he came in a hackney-coach. Whether it was that the example of the Princess Charlotte herself had for the day brought this simple and economical mode of conveyance into fashion, or that concealment was much studied, or that despatch was deemed more essential than ceremony and pomp—certain it is, that all who came, including the Duke of York, arrived in similar vehicles, and that some remained inclosed in them, without entering the Royal mansion. At length, after much pains and many entreaties, used by the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Wales herself, as well as Miss Elphinstone and Lady C. Lindsay (whom she always honoured with a just regard), to enforce the advice given by Mr

Brougham, that she should return without delay to her own residence, and submit to the Regent, the young Princess, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess, who had now been sent for, and arrived in a Royal carriage, returned to Warwick House, between four and five o'clock in the morning. There was then a Westminster election in progress, in consequence of Lord Cochrane's expulsion; and it is said that on her complaining to Mr. Brougham that he, too, was deserting her, and leaving her in her father's power, when the people would have stood by her—he took her to the window. When the morning had just dawned, and, pointing to the Park, and the spacious streets which lay before her, said that he had only to show her a few hours later on the spot where she now stood, and all the people of this vast metropolis would be gathered together on that plain, with one common feeling in her behalf—but that the triumph of one hour would be dearly purchased by the consequences which must assuredly follow in the next, when the troops poured in, and quelled all resistance to the clear and undoubted law of the land, with the certain effusion of blood—nay, that through the rest of her life she never would escape the odium which, in this country, always attends those who, by breaking the law, occasion such calamities. This consideration, much more than any quailing of her dauntless spirit, or faltering of her filial affection, is believed to have weighed upon her mind, and induced her to return home.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The first Lord Lyttelton was very absent in company. One day, at dinner, his Lordship pointed to a particular dish, and asked to be helped of it, calling it, however, by a name very different from that which the dish contained. A gentleman was about to tell him of his mistake—"Nevermind," whispered another of the party, "help him to what he asked for, and he will suppose it is what he wanted."

SHERIDAN CONVIVIAL.

Lord Byron notes:—"What a wreck is Sheridan! and all from bad pilotage; for no one had ever better gales, though now and then a little squally. Poor dear Sherry! I shall never forget the day he, and Rogers, and Moore, and I passed together, when *he* talked and we listened, without one yawn, from six to one in the morning.

One night, Sheridan was found in the street by a watchman, bereft of that "divine particle of air" called reason, and fuddled, and bewildered, and almost insensible. He, the watchman, asked, "Who are you, sir?" No answer. "What's your name?" A hiccup. "What's your name?" Answer, in a slow, deliberate, and impassive tone, "Wilberforce!" Byron notes, "Is not that Sherry all over?—and to my mind excellent. Poor fellow! *his* very dregs are better than the first sprightly runnings of others."

THE WRONG LEG.

Mathews being invited by D'Egville to dine one day with him at Brighton, D'Egville inquired what was Mathews's favourite dish? A roasted leg of pork, with sage and onions. This was provided; and D'Egville, carving, swore that he could not find the stuffing. He turned the joint all over, but in vain. Poole was at table, and, in his quiet way, said "Don't make yourself unhappy, D'Egville; *perhaps it is in the other leg.*"

SMOKING CLUB.

Frederick William I., King of Prussia, patronised smoking clubs, the members being mostly generals and staff-officers. Two of them who did not smoke, to conform to the King's regulation, held unlighted pipes to their mouths, and puffed and blew like capital smokers. The tobacco was not good, and the Sovereign was displeased if any one brought better of his own. At seven o'clock bread, butter, and cheese were brought in, and sometimes a ham and roast veal: now and then the King treated his guests with a dish of fish and a salad, which he dressed with his own hands.

A MUNCHAUSEN STORY.

A Cossack of the line, named Slavouski, was riding, early in January, from Schirmalle to Linkoram, when a tiger sprang from the ground upon the back of his horse. With the most cool resolution, the brave soldier made a well-directed back stroke with his sword, and clove the head of the beast in twain. He then alighted, and, having extinguished all remaining life in the animal, by firing both pistols close to its body, flayed off the skin, and carried it in triumph to Linkoram. It measured five yards from the muzzle to the tip of the tail. The bold fellow received a reward of five hundred roubles.

EATING FAST.

Napoleon was a very fast eater. At a *grand concert* at the Tuileries, from the moment he and his guests sat down, till the coffee was served, not more than forty-three or four minutes elapsed. They were then bowed out. With Napoleon, the moment appetite was felt, it was necessary that it should be satisfied; and his establishment was so arranged, that in all places, and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee might be forthcoming at a word. This habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralyzed Napoleon on two of the most critical events of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions, he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist, Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the Emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

A man much addicted to drinking being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber, by three physicians, how to "cure the fever and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands: you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself."

THE WAY TO WIN A KISS.

The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister:—As the coach was about starting, before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh! by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it! but thee must not make a practice of it."

A MISTAKE.

Lord Melcombe was a friend and patron of James Ralph, the dramatist; but the silly blunder of a servant had nearly caused a rupture between them. Lord Melcombe, one day, ordered his servant to go to Ralph, who lived not far from his Lordship, at Isleworth, and take with him a card for a dinner invitation to Mr. Ralph and his wife. The servant mistook the word *card* for *cart*, and set out full speed with the latter. The supposed indignity offended the pride of Ralph, who, with great gravity, sent back the messenger and his carriage, with a long expostulatory letter.

NO JUDGE.

A certain Judge of our time having somewhat hastily delivered judgment in a particular case, a King's Counsel observed, in a tone loud enough to reach the bench, "Good Heavens! every judgment of this court is a mere toss-up." "But *heads* seldom win," observed a learned barrister, sitting behind him. On another occasion, this wit proposed the following riddle for solution:—"Why does — (the Judge in question) commit an act in bankruptcy every day?" The answer was, "Because he daily gives a judgment without consideration."

THE SOLECISM.

"I know," says Balzac, "no such suretest of a gentleman as this, that he never corrects a solecism in conversation, or seems to know that a solecism has been committed. There is the Marquis de — (we forget his title), confessedly the best bred man in France, and one of the most learned and eloquent, to whom a *Provençal* may talk two hours without losing the impression that he delights the Marquis by the purity of his diction; whereas, there is hardly a little *abbé*, or *avocat*, or illiterate *parvenu*, to whom one can speak without being corrected at every third sentence."

“TIPPING THE COLD SHOULDER.”

Many years ago, when the wealthy Mrs. Countts visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Countts's visit agreeable to her. On the first day of her stay, Sir Walter Scott, during dinner, did everything in his power to counteract this influence of *the evil eye*, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Countts followed these noble dames to the drawingroom in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and soon after joining the ladies, managed to withdraw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank (a lovely Marchioness), into his armorial-hall adjoining. He said to her, “I want to speak a word with you about Mrs. Countts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take anything I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even sometimes to hunt after them, to Mrs. Countts's grand balls and *fêtes*, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practise on her the delicate *manœuvre* called *tipping the cold shoulder*. This you agree with me is shabby; but it is nothing new either to you or to me, that fine people will do shabbinesses for which beggars might blush, if they once stoop so low as to poke for tickets. I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest, Mrs. Countts, in, this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told, a couple of days ago, that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now, if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her.” The beautiful Peeress answered, “I thank you, Sir Walter; you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter, and depend upon it you shall be obeyed with heart and good-will.” One by one, the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little *tête-à-tête* with her Ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train; the Marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, *because* he thought it would please Mrs. Countts. “Nothing could gratify her

more than to please Mrs. Countts.” Mrs. Countts's brow smoothed, and in the course of half an hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her life, rattling away at comic anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the choros of Sir Adam's “Laird of Cockpen.” She stayed out her three days—saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow—and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests.

THE WIFE'S CHANCE.

Late one night, that most miserable of all human beings, a drunken husband, after spending his whole time at his club, set out for home. “Well,” said he to himself, “if I find my wife up, I'll scold her: what business has she to sit up, wasting fire and light, eh? And if I find her in bed, I'll scold her: what right has she to go to bed before I get home?”

FELICITOUS LOOKS.

Foremost among the pleasures of the table are what an elegant novelist has termed “those felicitous moods in which our animal spirits search, and carry up, as it were, to the surface, our intellectual gifts and acquisitions.” Of such moods the late Sir Thomas Lawrence took peculiar advantage; for it is said that he frequently invited his sitters (for their portraits) to partake of the hospitalities of his table, and took the most favourable opportunity of “stealing” from them their “good looks,” traits which he felicitously transferred to the canvass.

THURLOW AND PITT.

About the year 1790, when the Lord Chancellor Thurlow was supposed to be on no very friendly terms with the Minister (Mr. Pitt), a friend asked the latter how Thurlow drew with them? “I don't know,” said the Premier, “how he draws, but he has not refused his oats yet.”

A POSER.

At Plymouth there is, or was, a small green opposite the Government House, over which no one was permitted to pass. Not a creature was allowed to approach, save the General's cow; and the sentries had particular orders to turn away any one who ventured to cross the forbidden turf. One day old Lady D——, having called at the General's, in order to make a short cut, bent her steps across the lawn, when she was arrested by the sentry calling out, and desiring her to return, and go the other road. She remonstrated; the man said he could not disobey his orders, which were to prevent any one crossing that piece of ground. “But,” said Lady D——, with a stately air, “do you know who I am?” “I don't know who you be, ma'am,” replied the immovable sentry, “but I knows who you b'aint—you b'aint the General's cow.” So Lady D—— wisely gave up the argument, and went the other way.

A DULL MAN.

Lord Byron knew a dull man who lived on a *bon mot* of Moore's for a week; and his Lordship once offered a wager of a considerable sum that the reciter was *guiltless* of understanding its point; but he could get no one to accept the bet.

IGNORANCE BLISS.

Captain Alexander notes, from the Hill Damaras (in South Africa), "I could make nothing out to show they had any, the most imperfect religious impressions. 'Who made the sun?' I asked them. 'We don't know: we are a stupid people—we don't know anything: only let us get plenty to eat—that is all we care for,' was the common answer the Captain got from this benighted people.

SMOKING.

Joshua Silvester questions whether the devil has done more harm, in later ages, by means of fire and smoke, through the invention of guns or of tobacco-pipes; and he conjectures that Satan introduced the fashion as a preparatory course of smoking for those who are to be matriculated in his own college:—

"As roguing gipsies tan their little elves,
To make them tann'd and ugly like themselves."

When the practice of smoking was first introduced into England, it was said children "began to play with broken pipes, instead of corals, to make way for their teeth."

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY TRAINING.

The following dialogue is reported to have passed at the Queen's County Assizes, between a medical witness and a barrister:—Mr. Hayes (the barrister): If a person lying on wet straw were deprived of all the comforts or necessities of life, would it not hasten death?—Dr. Edge: That would greatly depend on whether he had been accustomed to them.—Mr. Hayes: Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horsepond, it would not be injurious to him?—Dr. Edge: I think not, if he had lived for sixty or seventy years in it.

PRACTICAL DEFINITION.

The Jesuit, Manuel de Vergara, used to relate that, when he was a little boy, he asked a Dominican friar what was the meaning of the seventh commandment, for he said he could not tell what committing adultery was. The friar, not knowing how to answer, cast a perplexed look around the room, and, thinking he had found a safe reply, pointed to a kettle on the fire, and said the commandment meant that he must never put his hand into the pot when it was boiling. The very next day a loud scream alarmed the family; and, behold, there was little Manuel running about the room, holding up his scalded finger, and exclaiming, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I've committed adultery! I've committed adultery! I've committed adultery!"

MASSILLON'S P REACHING.

Louis XIV. said one day to Massillon, after hearing him preach at Versailles: "Father, I have heard many great orators in this chapel; I have been highly pleased with them; but for you, whenever I hear you, I go away displeased with myself, for I see more of my own character." This has been considered the finest encomium ever bestowed upon a preacher.

MATHEWS MISGUIDED.

During an Irish debate, Mathews was a constant attendant at the House of Commons. He took his station under the gallery, by permission of the Speaker. These debates being frequently carried on to a late hour, his friend, Mr. Parratt, of Millbank, gave him a bed at his house. One night, on his way to Millbank, having got half-way home, he was, from fatigue, arising from his lameness, compelled to rest against a post. It is pretty well known that Mathews had many antipathies, such as one year hating mutton and eating nothing but beef, and the next disliking beef and eating nothing but mutton. Amongst other things, he had a great dislike to the jingling of keys, or the rattling of money in another person's pocket. On the present occasion he had partially recovered himself, and was hesitating whether it were better to proceed, or to return, that is, to return to the coach-stand in Palace-yard, or go to Mr. Parratt's, when he heard a sound like the rattling of keys close to him, and turning round to see whence it came, he beheld a tall man, with a great coat reaching down to his heels, who civilly inquired if he was ill, and whether he could afford him any assistance. Mathews told him where he was going, and that he was lame; the stranger offered him his arm, which he accepted. They had not proceeded many yards when the same jingling noise again arrested his attention, which his new friend perceiving, advised a slower pace; this being adopted, the unwelcome sound ceased, and they got on remarkably well, till they arrived at the Horseferry-road. The moment they came in sight of the Thames, up went his conductor's arms suddenly and violently, and the keys again rattled; they were then immediately under an immense gas-lamp of a gin-palace, and Mathews looked down to see where the noise came from: his new friend's coat having flown open, he saw—oh! horror!—appendages to his legs that clearly proved he had just broken out of prison. Expecting he should be murdered, and that the raising of his hand was a signal for assistance, spite of his lameness, Mathews took to his heels, and ran every step of the way till he reached his friend's door, never venturing to look back, until the use he had made of his friend's knocker had not only roused the inmates, but half the neighbourhood; then looking towards the water, he saw his fettered acquaintance limp into a boat and row off with all possible celerity.

A WARM WISH.

A celebrated senator once said, "he hoped to see the day when the Negroes in the West Indies would peaceably enjoy their own firesides." Talk of a people enjoying their firesides in a climate where, in January, the mercury stands at 92 deg. in the shade! There is fever in the very thought.

PARSIMONY OF NOLLEKENS.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was a paragon of parsimony. In his own house candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; and whenever he and his wife heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, before they lit the candles, lest the first should have been "a runaway," and their candles wasted. Nollekens's biographer was assured that a pair of moulds, by being nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted a whole year! By his wife begging a clove, or a bit of cinnamon, "to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth," and such mean shifts, the parsimonious pair contrived to keep their spice-box constantly replenished.

Nollekens was a Roman Catholic. Being visited, one rainy morning, by his confessor, he invited the holy father to stay till the weather cleared up. The wet, however, continued till dinner was ready, and Nollekens felt obliged to ask the priest to partake of a bird, one of the last of a present from the Duke of Newcastle. Down they sat; the reverend man helped his host to a wing, and then carved for himself, assuring Nollekens that he never indulged in much food, though he soon picked the rest of the bones. "I have no puddings," said Nollekens; "but will you have a glass of wine?—oh! you've got some ale." However, a bottle of wine was brought in; and, on the remove, Nollekens, after taking a glass, as usual, went to sleep. The priest, after enjoying himself, was desired by Nollekens, after removing the handkerchief from his head, to take another glass. "Thank you, sare, I have a finish de bottel." "The devil you have!" muttered Nollekens. "Now, sare," continued his reverence, "as de rain be over, I will take my leaf." "Well, do so," said Nollekens; who was determined not only to let him go without his coffee, but gave strict orders to the servant not to let the old fellow in again. "Why, do you know," continued he, "that he ate up all that large bird; for he only gave me one wing; and he swallowed all the ale; and out of a whole bottle of wine, I had only one glass."

One day a poor old artist was asked by Nollekens, what made him look so dull? "I am low-spirited," he replied. "Then go to the pump, and take a drink of water," was the advice in return; and, in justification of this strange advice, Nollekens asserted, that, when he was low-spirited, the pump always brought him to.

RESURRECTIONIST BROIL.

Lord Norbury's puns were innumerable. One of the best was as follows:—When the subject of removing Paine's bones to England was in agitation, and he was asked for his opinion, he said that they would be very good to make a *broil*! [What might one say of Napoleon's?]

PARLIAMENTARY REPRIMAND.

In the reign of George II., one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation before an election committee, which was considered to reflect on the House itself. The House accordingly summoned him to their bar, and he was forced to receive a reprimand from the Speaker, on his knees. As he rose from the ground, with the utmost *nonchalance*, he took out his handkerchief, and, wiping his knees, coolly observed, "that it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in in his life."

INGRATITUDE.

When Duchesnois, the celebrated French actress, died, a person met an old man who was one of her most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe-stricken. Every one was trying to console him, but in vain. "Her loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as her horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it? she died without leaving me anything in her will—I, who have *dined with her, at her own house, three times a week for thirty years!*"

THE RULING PASSION.

A Mr. —, a Mastery in Chancery, was on his death-bed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred, in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney, missing one or two other masters whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. — would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The master was lifted up in his bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper; as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace." "Sir?" "Your ear—lower—lower. Have you got the half-crown?" He was dead before morning.

PATRIARCHAL CHAMBERMAID.

Died, at Elgin, in 1838, Mrs. Batchen, aged 107 years. This long-liver dwelt in Elgin from her infancy. She was, in the year of the Rebellion, 1745, servant to Lady Arradawal, who, at that time, resided in the house formerly belonging to the Earls of Sunderland, and lately called Batchen's Hall, a portion of which remains. Prince Charles Stuart, on his way to Culloden, slept in this house, and Mrs. Batchen helped to make his bed. She used to relate that her mistress, Lady Arradawal, a staunch Jacobite, laid aside the sheets in which the Prince had lain, and gave strict orders that when she died they might be used as her shroud.

WILKES UPON JOHNSON.

In his English Grammar, prefixed to his Dictionary, Johnson had written—"He seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." Wilkes published some remarks upon this dictum, commencing: "The author of this observation must be a man of quick apprehension, and of a most comprehensive genius."

GOOD ADVICE.

A law student once called upon Lord Mansfield with a letter of introduction; and, after some inquiries, the veteran Judge asked him if he were perfect in "Coke upon Lyttelton." He replied that he was not altogether perfect, but intended reading it over again for the third time. "Take a little rest, sir, take a little rest," said his Lordship; "it is my advice that you should now take a turn with 'Enfield's Speaker.'"

ECCLESIASTICAL CORRECTION.

Foote sent a copy of his farce of "The Minor" to the Archbishop of Canterbury, requesting that if his Grace should see anything objectionable in it, he would strike it out or correct it. The Archbishop returned it untouched; observing to a confidential friend, that he was sure the wit had only laid a trap for him, and that if he had put his pen to the manuscript, by way of correction or objection, Foote would have had the assurance to have advertised the play as "corrected and prepared for the press by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." Yet the Archbishop certainly tried to hinder "The Minor" being played at Drury-Lane; upon which Foote threatened to take out a licence to preach Tam. Cant. against Tom. Cant.

A READY ANSWER.

Mr. K., a missionary among a tribe of northern Indians, was wont to set some simple refreshment—fruit and cider—before his converts, when they came from a distance to see him. An old man, who had no pretensions to be a Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first. "What was that?" He must know all about the Bible. When the time came, he declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. When arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket, and looking exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from the missionary, he rolled up his eyes, and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each—

"Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—Solomon——"

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary.

"Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah——"

"Stop, stop. What do you mean?"

"I mean—cider."

CÆSAR'S GOOD BREEDING.

The courtesy and obliging disposition of Julius Cæsar (by whom we are termed *barbari*) were notorious, and illustrated in anecdotes which survived for generations in Rome. Dining on one occasion at a table where the servants had inadvertently, for salad-oil, furnished coarse lamp-oil, Cæsar would not allow the rest of the company to point out the mistake to their host, for fear of shocking him too much by exposing the mistake.

A BROIL.

Lord Hertford, Mr. Croker, and Mr. James Smith were at an exhibition, inspecting a picture of a husband carving a boiled leg of mutton. The orifice displayed the meat red and raw, and the husband was looking at his wife with a countenance of anger and disappointment. "That fellow is a fool," observed Lord Hertford, "he does not see what an excellent broil he may have."

THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.

"When I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope, I have not a friend in the world.' 'What? will no one be bail for you, to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have *one* friend at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance; 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for *you* (turning to the frightened actor), if you don't bear a hand, and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra: and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor, distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank-notes."

DRY HUMOUR.

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being very wet, but, plase your honour, I'm very dry."

ODD HUMOUR.

When Lord Holland was on his death-bed, his friend George Selwyn called to inquire how his Lordship was, and left his card. This was taken to Lord Holland, who said: "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him into my room. If I am alive, I shall be glad to see him; if I am dead, I am sure that he will be delighted to see me."

A SETTLER.

A farmer, by chance a companion in a coach with Charles Lamb, kept boring him to death with questions in the jargon of agriculturists about crops. At length he put a poser—"And pray, sir, how are turnips t'year?" "Why that, sir (stammered out Lamb), will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

THE WRONG DAY.

Ozias Linley, Sheridan's brother-in-law, one day received a note to dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth. Careless into what hole or corner he threw his invitations, he soon lost sight of the card, and forgot it altogether. A year revolved, when, on wiping the dust from some papers he had stuck in the chimney-glass, the Bishop's invitation for a certain day in the month (he did not think of the year for an instant) stared him full in the face; and taking it for granted that it was a recent one, he dressed himself on the appointed day, and proceeded to the palace. But his diocesan was not in London, a circumstance of which, though a matter of some notoriety to the clergy of the diocese, he was quite unconscious, and he returned home dinnerless.

GIN PUNCH AT THE GARRICK.

One hot afternoon in July, Theodore Hook strolled into the Garrick Club-house in that equivocal state of thirstiness which it requires something more than common to quench. On describing the sensation, he was recommended to make a trial of gin punch, and a jug was compounded immediately, under the personal inspection of Mr. Stephen Price, the American manager. A second followed—a third, with the accompaniment of some chops—a fourth, a fifth, a sixth—at the expiration of which Mr. Hook went away to keep a dinner engagement at Lord Canterbury's. He usually ate little; and on this occasion he ate less, when Mr. Horace Twiss inquired, in a fitting tone of anxiety, if he was not ill. "Not exactly," was the reply; "but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was tempted to take a biscuit with a glass of sherry about three."

A "DOUBLE TIMES."

A huge, double-sheeted copy of the *Times* newspaper was put into the hands of a member of the Union Club by one of the waiters. "Oh, what a bore all this is," said the member, surveying the gigantic journal. "Ah," answered another member, who overheard him, "it is all very well for you who are occupied all day with business, and come here to read for your diversion, to call this double paper a bore; but what a blessing it is to a man living in the country—it is equal to a *day's fishing*."

CURRAN'S GRATITUDE.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Curran one evening to a large party, "to give you a sentiment. When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village of Ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gladly round, when suddenly among us appeared a stranger of a remarkable and very cheerful aspect: his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all, the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps rose upon his memory. Heaven bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century just as he stood before me in the little Ball-alley, in the day of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and full of waggery, thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from Boyse my alphabet, and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to a school at Middleton. In short, he made me a man. I recollect it was about thirty-five years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from the court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawingroom, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of Ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. 'You are right, sir, you are right; the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my benefactor!' He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a longer deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. 'This is his wine—let us drink to his memory!'"

CROMWELL.

Colonel Titus, in his pamphlet, "Killing no Murder," speaks thus of Cromwell:—"You truly may be called the father of your country; for, while you live, we can call nothing our own; and it is to your death that we look for our inheritance."

BILLINGSGATE FAIR.

Charles Lamb, in passing through Billingsgate, was witness to a quarrel and fight between two fishwomen, one of whom, taking up a knife, cut off her antagonist's thumb. "Ha!" said Lamb, looking about him, as if he had only just recognized the place, "this is Fair-lop Fair."

DRESSING ASPARAGUS.

Fontenelle, who lived till within one month of 100, was never known to laugh or to cry, and even boasted of his insensibility. One day, a certain *bon vivant* Abbé came unexpectedly to dine with him. The Abbé was fond of asparagus dressed with butter—for which, also, Fontenelle had a great *goût*, but preferred it dressed with oil. Fontenelle said, that for such a friend there was no sacrifice he would not make, and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had ordered for himself, and that half, moreover, should be dressed with butter. While they were conversing thus together, the poor Abbé fell down in a fit of apoplexy; upon which his friend Fontenelle instantly scampered down stairs, and eagerly bawled out to his cook, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil, as at first!"

THE POETS IN A PUZZLE.

Cottle, in his life of Coleridge, relates the following amusing incident:—"I led my horse to the stable, where a sad perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but, after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more skill than his predecessor; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on; for he said, 'it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow an aperture.' Just at this instant, a servant-girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'Ha! master,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when, turning the collar upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

VULGARITY.

Sir Walter Scott once happening to hear his daughter Anne say of something, that it was *vulgar*, gave the young lady the following temperate rebuke: "My love, you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar*? 'Tis only *common*; nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon*."

THE PULTENEY GUINEA.

William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, was remarkable alike for his oratorical talents and his long and consistent opposition to the measures of Sir Robert Walpole, the great Whig Minister. On the 11th of February, 1741, a time when party feeling was at its height, Walpole received an intimation in the House of Commons that it was the intention of the Opposition to impeach him. To this menace he replied with his usual composure and self-complacence, merely requesting a fair and candid hearing, and winding up his speech with the quotation—

"Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ."

With his usual tact, Pulteney immediately rose, and observed, "that the right honourable gentleman's logic and Latin were alike inaccurate, and that Horace, whom he had just misquoted, had written '*nullâ pallescere culpâ*.'" Walpole maintained that his quotation was correct, and a bet was offered. The matter was thereupon referred to Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, an excellent classical scholar, who decided against Walpole. The Minister accordingly took a guinea from his pocket, and flung it across the house to Pulteney. The latter caught it, and holding it up, exclaimed, "It's the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last." This guinea having been carefully preserved, finally came into the hands of Sir John Murray, by whom it was presented, in 1828, to the British Museum. The following memorandum, in the handwriting of Pulteney, is attached to it:—"This guinea I desire may be kept as an heirloom. It was won of Sir Robert Walpole in the House of Commons; he asserting the verse in Horace to be '*nulli pallescere culpæ*,' whereas I laid the wager of a guinea that it was '*nullâ pallescere culpâ*.' He sent for the book, and, being convinced that he had lost, gave me this guinea. I told him I could take the money without any blush on my side, but believed it was the only money he ever gave in the House where the giver and the receiver ought not equally to blush. This guinea, I hope, will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning."

PLURALITY OF WIVES.

A native of Zanzibar thus illustrated the bad policy of having more than one wife, although the law of his country allows four. "Suppose you have more (than one), they always fight; suppose live in the same house, they fight; suppose live in different houses, they fight; and the man can be no happy. The woman very bad for that."

CLASSIC CHANCE.

When a man, who had done the Government some service, but was very generally considered a fool, applied to Lord Norbury for a certain appointment, then vacant, his Lordship remarked, that though a goose had saved the capitol of Rome, it never obtained the Consulship.

TURTLE SOUP.

English tavern-keepers simply give notice by public advertisement of their intention to "dress a fine lively turtle" on such a day; but the Yankee, more atrociously, writes in chalk upon the devoted animal's back, "Soup to-morrow," and places him on parade before his hotel; thus basely making him a party to his own murder, and deluding him, in defiance of all the laws of nations, to advertise his own execution.

A PLEASANT MESSAGE.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, the late Mr. Bartleman, the bass-singer, was taken ill, just before the commencement of the musical festival at Gloucester, for which he had been engaged, so that he could not leave London; another basso was applied to, at a short notice, who attended, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of every body. When he called on the organist to be paid, the latter thanked him most cordially for his kindness in attending, also for the very noble manner in which he had sung; and concluded with the following very complimentary and pleasant message:—"When you see poor Bartleman, give my best regards to him; and tell him how much we missed him during the festival!"

THE STRAWBERRY.

It is related of Mr. Alderman Faulkner, of convivial memory, that one night, when he expected his guests to sit late, and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution to place in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities. On the faith of this specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away earlier than usual. When some of his friends consoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had drunk, the Alderman was extremely indignant. "The claret," he said, "was sound, and never could do any body any harm; his discomfiture was altogether caused by that d—d single strawberry which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass."

ODD COMPLAINT.

A losing gambler, rushing out of Crockford's at three o'clock on a summer morning, saw a stout man with his foot raised on the post at the corner, engaged in the very peaceable and proper act of tying his shoe. The gambler ran at the stout man, kicked his anonymous quarter, and upset him. The stout man rose in astonishment at the outrage, and, more in sorrow than in anger, exclaimed, "What's that for? I was only tying my shoe at that post." "Only tying your shoe at that post," roared the other in a frenzy of rage, "you are *always* tying your shoe at that post!"

WHO'S WHO?

In that very entertaining work, "The Doctor," is an abundance of pleasant gossip upon the odd and pitiful accidents by which the "bubble reputation" has been raised. For example:—

"Whether the regular practitioner may sneer at Mr. Ching," says the historian of Cornwall, "I know not; but the Patent Worm Lozenges have gained our Launceston apothecary a large fortune, and secured to him perpetual fame!"

There would have been no other memorial of Richard Jaquett at this day, than the letters of his name in an old deed, and obsolete hand, if he had not, in the reign of Edward VI., been Lord of the manor of Tyburn, with its appurtenances, in which the gallows was included; wherefore, from the said Jaquett, it is presumed by antiquaries, that the hangman has ever since been corruptly called Jack Ketch.

A certain William Dowsing, who, during the great rebellion, was a Parliamentary visitor for demolishing images in churches, is supposed to have given rise to the expression of giving any one a *dowsing*.

Johnson tells a story of a man, who was standing in an inn kitchen, with his back to the fire, and thus accosted a traveller, who stood next to him, "Do you know, sir, who I am?" "No, sir," replied the traveller; "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said the man, "I am the great Twamley, who invented the new Floodgate Iron." Who, but Johnson, would have heard of the great Twamley?

Who was Ludlam, whose dog was so lazy that he leant his head against a wall to bark?

And who was old Cole, whose dog was so proud that he took the wall of a dung-cart, and got squeezed to death by the wheel? Was he the same person of whom the song says—

Old King Cole

Was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he?

And was his dog proud because his master was called King?

Here are questions to be proposed in the Examination Papers of some Australian Cambridge, 2000 years hence.

POOR-MAN-OF-MUTTON.

Poor-man-of-mutton is a term applied to a shoulder of mutton in Scotland, after it has been served as a roast at dinner, and appears as a broiled bone at supper, or at the dinner next day. The late Earl of B., popularly known as "Old Rag," being indisposed at an hotel in London, one morning the landlord came to enumerate the good things in his larder, to prevail on his guest to eat something; when his Lordship replied, "Landlord, I think I *could* eat a morsel of a poor man;" which, with the extreme ugliness of his Lordship's countenance, so terrified Boniface, that he fled from the room, and tumbled down stairs, supposing the Earl, when at home, was in the habit of eating a joint of a vassal or tenant when his appetite was dainty.

HORSE-DEALING TRIALS.

In the art of cross-examining a witness, Curran was pre-eminent. What could be cleverer than his repartee in a horse cause, when he asked the jockey's servant his master's age, and the man retorted, with ready gibe, "I never put my hand into his mouth to try?" The laugh was against the counsellor till he made the bitter reply—"You did perfectly right, friend; for your master is said to be a great bite."

Erskine displayed similar readiness in a case of breach of warranty. The horse taken on trial had become dead lame, but the witness to prove it said he had a cataract in his eye. "A singular proof of lameness," suggested the Court. "It is cause and effect," remarked Erskine; "for what is a cataract but a fall?"

OMNIBUS TRICK.

A decent young woman entered a Paddington omnibus with an infant in her arms, of whom the other passengers admired the beauty. Sir Andrew — and the young woman, when the vehicle arrived in Skinner-street, were the only parties left in the carriage. "Will you have the goodness, sir," said the damsel, "just to hold this child while I step into that shop?" "Certainly," answered Sir Andrew. The living burden was accordingly deposited, and away went the proprietor of it. A few minutes elapsed — she returned not. The cad banged to the door, ejaculating "All right!" and the omnibus proceeded on its journey, carrying Sir Andrew in the situation of *Don John* in the "Chances." When the driver arrived at the corner of Ironmonger-lane, a grave, elderly gentleman was taken up, who, in his turn, expressed his admiration of the infant's beauty. "Will you have the goodness, sir, to hold this child for one minute?" said Sir Andrew, in his turn, beckoning the cad to stop at Bow Church. "By all means, sir," answered the elderly gentleman. Hereupon Sir Andrew bounded from the carriage, paid the cad his sixpence, and ran down Friday-street like the innkeeper in Joseph Andrews, "without any fear of breaking his neck."

PARTITION OF POLAND.

Napoleon, after receiving a deputation soliciting the re-establishment and independence of the kingdom of Poland, said to Rapp: "I love the Poles; their enthusiastic character pleases me; I should like to make them independent, but that is a difficult matter. Austria, Russia, and Prussia have all had a slice of the cake; when the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop: my first duty is towards France, which I must not sacrifice to Poland—we must refer this matter to the sovereign of all things—time."

SMALL SERVICE.

An English lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish. So that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand at the back of his mistress' chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do anything, unless she directed him; the lady well knowing, that, although, no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still-life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of the table, behind his mistress, and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests: when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions; a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of *neck* had extended from the ear downwards almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but, to her horror, she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and, to her greater horror, heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party, "A vlea! a vlea! my lady. Ecod I've caught 'en!"—*The Doctor*.

COBBETT.—BY HIMSELF.

At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box-edges and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on, from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "Tale of a Tub; price 3d." The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3d., but, then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew-garden, where there stood a hay-stack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect, I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awakened me in the morning, when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present King (William IV.) and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my "Tale of a Tub," which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This cir-

cumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me.

EPICURISM AND STATESMANSHIP.

Cambacères, Second Consul under the French Republic, and Arch-Chancellor under the Empire, never suffered the cares of Government to distract his attention from "the great object of life." On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner—it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghein was the topic under discussion—he begged pardon for suspending the conference, but it was absolutely necessary for him to despatch a special messenger immediately; then, seizing a pen, he wrote this billet to his cook: "Sauvez les entremets—les entrées sont perdues."

SIGHT-SEEING.

When Mr. N. P. Willis visited the Palace of Holyrood, he said to one of the guides—"And through this door they dragged the murdered favourite; and here under this stone he was buried?" "Yes, sir." "Poor Rizzio!" "I'm thinking that's a' sir!" It was a broad hint, but Willis took another turn down the nave of the old ruin, and another look at the scene of the murder and the grave of the victim. "And this door communicated with Mary's apartments?" "Yes—ye hae it a' the noo!" W. paid his shilling and exit. On enquiry for the private apartments, he was directed to another Girzy, who took him up to a suite of rooms appropriated to the use of the Earl of Breadalbane, and furnished very much like lodgings for a guinea a week in London. "And which was Queen Mary's chamber?" "Ech! sir! it's t'ither side. I dinna show that." "And what am I brought here for?" "Ye cam' yoursell!"

NAPOLEON'S BOULOGNE FLOTILLA.

Napoleon, when at Boulogne, determined to take an excursion to inspect the flotilla in the roadstead, and to make observations upon the English squadron. He embarked in a pinnace, accompanied by the Grand Marshal Duroc, the Duc de Fioul, General Bertrand, Count de Loban, and others. He advanced towards fort La Crèche, where several vessels of the flotilla manœuvred under the protection of the batteries. But the pinnace getting on shore, and the fire of the English being directed towards it, Napoleon yielded to the request of the Count de Loban, that he would retire; saying, "Come, Count, we have nothing to do here." Then taking the arm of one of his guards of honour, he climbed the heights, and with his own hand discharged several shots at the enemy. One of the balls, it is said, fell on the deck of the *Immortality*. Little did the English imagine that the celebrated personage who first attracted attention as an officer of artillery at Toulon, and who then bore the title of Emperor, was their assailant.

A MISTAKE.

M. de Talleyrand, having one day invited M. Denon, the celebrated traveller, to dine with him, told his wife to read the work of his guest, indicating its place in his library. Madame Talleyrand, unluckily, got hold, by mistake, of the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," which she ran over in great haste; and, at dinner, she began to question Denon about his shipwreck, his island, &c., and, finally, about his man Friday!

MICHAEL ANGELO'S NOSE.

The nose of Michael Angelo was flat from a blow which he received in his youth from Torrigiano, a brother artist and countryman, upon some slight provocation. The following is Torrigiano's account of the transaction, on the authority of Benvenuto Cellini:—"I was extremely irritated, and, doubling my fist, gave him such a violent blow upon his nose that I felt the bone and cartilage yield as if they had been made of paste, and the mark I then gave him he will carry to his grave."

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

Mr. Poynder, the brother of the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, brought home from Newfoundland a dog, a native of that country. This animal had established a strong claim on his master's affection, from the circumstance of his having twice saved his life by his sagacity in finding the road home, when Mr. Poynder had lost his way in snow-storms, many miles from shelter. He had also swam more than three miles to gain the ship, after his master had embarked for England, and determined to leave the animal to the care of friends at Newfoundland. Mr. Poynder landed at Blackwall, and took the dog in a coach to his father's house at Clapham. He was there placed in a stable, which he did not leave until the second day after his arrival, when he accompanied his master in a coach to Christ's Hospital. He left the coach in Newgate-street, and proceeded through the passage leading to the treasurer's house; not being able to gain admission at the garden-entrance, Mr. Poynder went round to the front door, and thinks he left the dog at the garden entrance, for he did not recollect seeing him afterwards. In the hurry and excitement of meeting his friends, he for a few minutes forgot his dog, but the moment he recollected himself he went in search of him. He was nowhere to be seen, and his master hastened to prepare his description, and to offer a reward in the public papers. Early, however, next morning, a letter arrived from the captain of the ship in which Mr. Poynder had sailed from Newfoundland, informing him that the dog was safe on board, having swum to the vessel early on the previous day. By comparing the time on which he arrived with that on which he was missing, it appeared that he must have gone directly through the city from Christ's Hospital to Wapping, where he took to the water.—*Jesse.*

A CHEAP WATCH.

During the war (1796), a sailor went to Mr. MacLaren, a watchmaker, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repair of it would come to. Mr. MacLaren, after examining it, said, "It will be more expense repairing than its original cost." "I don't mind that," said the tar; "I will even give you double the original cost; for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker. "Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair it, I will give you *two*."

I-A-W.

It is singular, but it is matter of fact, that there are persons who have a passion for being at law, and contrive to be never out of it. Of this description was a Mr. Bolt, a wharfinger on the Thames. In the cause-paper of the sittings after every term, Bolt's name regularly appeared, either as a plaintiff or a defendant. In a cause at Guildhall, Mingay was counsel against him, and spoke of him in very harsh terms for his dishonest and litigious spirit. Erskine was counsel for him: "Gentlemen," says he to the jury, "the plaintiff's counsel has taken very unwarrantable liberties with my client's good name. He has represented him as litigious and dishonest: it is most unjust. He is so remarkably of an opposite character, that he goes by the name of *Bolt-upright*." This was all invention.

NAPOLEON'S SAVAGERY.

Madame de Bourrienne, speaking of the character of Bonaparte, as it displayed itself in the early part of his career, says: "His smile was hypocritical and often misplaced. A few days after his return from Toulon, he was telling us, that being before that place, where he commanded the artillery during the siege, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services during that day. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment of the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the General, and during an interval, when the firing from the town was very strong, Bonaparte called out to him, 'Take care, there is a bomb-shell coming!' The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness."

MAGISTERIAL IGNORANCE.

One of Cromwell's followers, who filled the important station of an Irish justice, at the period of 1661, having occasion to write the word "usage," contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word: his improved orthography was "*yowzitch*." When some remarks were made on similar feats, he averred that "nobody could spell with pens made from Irish geese."

A CRUEL CASE.

The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef may be estimated from what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure:" and come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in. Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him; but he was fairly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming—"A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner!"

UTILITY OF ALMANACKS.

The following legal anecdote serves to exemplify how necessary it is upon any important occasion to scrutinise the accuracy of a statement before it is taken upon trust. A fellow was tried at the Old Bailey for highway robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance, and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar: because the night on which the alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon: it was then during the dark quarter! In proof of this he handed an almanack to the bench,—and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor, however, had stated everything truly; and it was known afterwards that the almanack with which the counsel came provided, had been prepared and printed for the occasion.

The writer remembers when a countryman had walked to the nearest large town, thirty miles distant, for the express purpose of seeing an almanack, the first that had been heard of in those parts. His inquiring neighbours crowded round the man on his return. "Well, well," said he, "I know not; it maffles and talks. But all I could make out is, that Collop Monday falls on a Tuesday next year."

A DISTINCTION.

A gentleman discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage, on his road home from a dinner party. The man, the next morning, craved pardon, by acknowledging his fault: "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he; "but I was not *very* drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "Why," replied the master (the Hon. B. C., renowned for the smartness of his answers), "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were d—d drunk for a coachman. So get about your business."

NEGRO FUNERAL.

Dr. Madden, when in the West Indies, one day undertook to read the burial service over a Negro, which was listened to with great attention. But when the Doctor came to the part of "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," the Negro who officiated as sexton, and was prepared with a spade of earth for the usual ceremony, interrupted him with an intimation that he had neglected to order the coffin to be put down first: "Put him in de hole first, Massa—always put him in de hole first."

FALSE ESTIMATE.

Kean once played *Young Norval* to Mrs. Siddons's *Lady Randolph*: after the play, as Kean used to relate, Mrs. Siddons came to him, and patting him on the head, said, "You have played very well, sir, very well. It's a pity,—but there's too little of you to do anything."

Coleridge said of this "little" actor:—"Kean is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act, is like reading "Shakspeare" by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play *Othello*."

HOAXING AN HEIR.

We knew an old lady that lived in her bed to a wonderful old age, and retained all her faculties and all her cheerfulness. Her heir, thinking she was too long "withering out," not now "a young man's revenues," went to visit her near about her hundredth year. Whether it was that he was naturally or habitually an early riser, or could not sleep of mornings for thinking of his inheritance, he paid her very early visits to her room, to inquire if she slept well. She was a shrewd observer, and determined he should be up betimes. At three o'clock in the morning (and she kept awake on purpose) she rang her bell violently, and down came the half-dressed expectant heir.

"My dear madam, I hope you are not very ill?"

She bade him come near. She laughed in his face, and said, "It is the 1st of April!"

Now, what life and jollity was here—to make her heir an April fool in her hundredth year!

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND FROM
HYDROPHOBIA.

In the latter end of August, 1819, the Duke of Richmond, who was then Governor-General of the Canadas, after visiting Niagara and other parts of the upper province, reached Kingston on his return to Quebec. He had pre-arranged to inspect a new set of recently settled townships; that is to say, blocks of the wilderness which had been designated on the map as such, on the line of the Rideau Canal, between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. The expedition was to occupy three or four days. On the morning of the first day, as the Duke, accompanied by his staff, was rumbling through the forest in a light waggon of the country, he observed that he felt unwell, complained of a pain in his shoulder, and mentioned to the officers who were with him that he had had great difficulty in drinking some hot wine and water that had been recommended to him.

On the evening of this day he called the attention of a trusty servant who had been accompanying him to an unfinished letter he had addressed to a member of his family at Quebec, and which the man was to deliver when they all arrived there! The next day he became so much worse, that some of his staff would fain have persuaded him to relinquish his expedition, and make for the St. Lawrence as the easier route to Quebec. He, however, determined to make his inspection according to his appointments.

On the following day he was extremely unwell; and he so far consented to alter his plan, that he stopped short of the village he had intended to reach, in consequence of there being a swamp through which he would have had to walk. Colonel —, therefore, went forward to make preparations for the next day, and the Duke remained all night at a cottage. Colonel — saw how ill he was, and earnestly advised him to stop; but the Duke feeling unwilling to disappoint those who were to meet him, persisted in proceeding.

On the following morning he crossed the swamp; and it was observed that whenever the water was disturbed he was very much agitated, and occasionally jumped upwards. On reaching the settlement he was met by Colonel —, who was struck with his altered looks and manner, and begged him to endeavour to obtain some rest; but he turned the subject by saying he should like to walk round the village, and he accordingly proceeded to do so. In the course of their walk they reached a small stream which crossed the road, on which the Duke turned suddenly, and said to Colonel —, that, though he had never been nervous, his feelings were then such that he could not cross it if his life depended on it.

Nevertheless, though so ill, and though he was pressed to remain quiet, he persisted in desiring that he should not dis-appoint the chief officers of the settlement

from dining with him, and begged they might be asked as usual. To one of his party he calmly remarked, "You know, —, I am in general not afraid of a glass of wine, yet you will see with what difficulty I shall drink it." During dinner the Duke asked this officer to take wine with him, and it was evident that from some unaccountable reason it required the utmost resolution and effort on his part to bring the glass to his lips.

The party retired early, but as the Duke, in consequence of certain feelings during the preceding night, expressed a great horror and disinclination to go to bed, it was not till late that he did so. Early the next morning he was found calmly finishing his letter to a member of his family, which he sealed, and then delivered to Colonel —, with a desire that it might be delivered at Montreal, a request at the time utterly incomprehensible. Colonel —, on receiving this letter, naturally enough observed that they should all proceed there together; on which the Duke mildly but firmly observed, "It is no use deceiving you, I shall never go down there alive." Colonel —, considering this to be delirium, entreated him to remain quiet, and to send for medical advice. The Duke, however, persisted in going as far as he could, and inquired what arrangements had been made for his proceeding to the Rideau Falls, where a birch canoe belonging to the North-west Company was waiting for him. In reply he was informed that it was proposed he should go by himself in a small canoe down a little stream which meandered through the forest for some miles, after which he would have to ride and walk. The Duke made some objection to the canoe, intimating that he did not believe he could get into it; but he added, "If I fail, you must force me." Now all this was deemed by the officers of his suite to be the effect of over-excitement, fatigue, and the extreme heat of the sun. However, after breakfast, the Duke's party, attended by all the principal inhabitants of the little settlement, walked down to this stream, where they found the canoe in waiting, manned by a couple of half Indians.

After taking leave of the assembled party and attendants, the Duke with an evident effort forced himself into the canoe; and he had scarcely sat down when the frail bark pushed off, and almost immediately afterwards was lost sight of in the dark forest. So remarkable, however, was the appearance and effort he had made in approaching and in seating himself in the canoe, that a gentleman present immediately exclaimed, "By heavens! gentlemen, the Duke of Richmond has the hydrophobia!" This appalling observation conveyed to the minds of his devotedly attached attendants the first intimation or suspicion of the awful fact which they had so unconsciously witnessed; and then flashed upon them the various corroborating circumstances which for the few preceding days had been appearing to them unaccountable; namely, the spasms he had suffered in

drinking—his agitation in crossing the swamp—his inability to pass the stream, &c. The agony of mind of the officers of his staff at such overwhelming intelligence was indescribable; and while the object of all their thoughts was threading his way down the stream, they proceeded along a new road that had lately been cut through the forest to the point at which the Duke was to disembark. They had proceeded about a mile, bewildered as to what possible course they should pursue, when to their horror they saw the Duke running with fearful energy across the path, and then dart onwards into the forest. They immediately ran after him, but he went so fast that it was some time before he could be overtaken, and when he was—he was raving mad! They secured him and held him down on a fallen tree for a considerable time. At last his consciousness returned, and the very first use he made of it was to desire that they would take no orders from him, and that he would do whatever they determined for him.

What to do was of course a difficult point to settle: they at last resolved to return to the settlement, and accordingly in that direction they all proceeded on foot. Close to the settlement they reached the little stream which he had arrived at the previous day, and which he had told Colonel — he could not cross. At this point the Duke stopped short, and turning round said, that, as the last request he should have to make, he begged they would not require him to cross that stream, as he felt he could not survive the effort. Under the difficult circumstances in which they were placed, they could not resist such an appeal, and they therefore turned back along the path which led into the forest, not knowing where to go, or on what plan to proceed. They at last arrived at the little shanty I have mentioned, and it being the only place of refuge for many miles, his staff requested the Duke to remain there. After looking at it for a short time, he said he would prefer to go into the barn rather than into the hovel, as he felt sure it was further from water. His attendants of course immediately assented to his wish, and he then sprang over a high fence and walked in. He remained in that barn the whole day, occasionally perfectly collected, with intermissions of spasmodic paroxysms, which affected both mind and body. Towards evening he consented to be moved into the hut, and accordingly such a bed as could be got ready was speedily prepared. The officers in attendance anxiously watched over him throughout the night, and he became so much more calm that they suffered themselves to hope that he might recover.

The Duke, however, who, from many circumstances, which afterwards transpired, must, for several days, have been clearly sensible, not only of the nature of his malady, but that he could not survive it, was now perfectly aware of his approaching end, and accordingly, after calmly expressing to

those around him that his greatest earthly consolation was that his title and name would be inherited by a son of whose character he declared the highest opinion and confidence, he died expressing calm resignation to the will of God, and without a struggle. His body was brought down in a canoe from the Rideau to Montreal, where his family, who had scarcely heard of his illness, had assembled to welcome his return; and was subsequently removed in a steamer to Quebec where, after lying in state for some days, his remains were interred close to the communion-table in the cathedral of Quebec. Nothing could exceed the affliction, not only of those immediately about him, but of the inhabitants of both Canadas, by whom he was universally beloved.—“*The Emigrant*,” by Sir Francis Head.

WELLINGTON SURPRISED.

A nobleman ventured, in a moment of conviviality at his Grace's table, to put this question to him:—“Allow me to ask, as we are all here titled, if you were not **SURPRISED** at Waterloo?” To which the Duke responded, “No; but I am now.”

COLERIDGE “DONE UP.”

It is not easy, says Coleridge, to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly *done up*, as you would say. I was reciting, at a particular house, the “Remorse;” and was in the midst of *Alhadra's* description of the death of her husband, when a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door and cried out—“Please, ma'am, master says, Will you ha', or will you *not* ha', the pin-round?”

A COOL HAND.

At Trenton Falls, in the United States, a young lady and her lover were going along the water-side, and, in order to retain hold of her hand, he walked upon a narrow ridge, where he could hardly balance himself. The girl said, “Oh, if you walk there, I shall let you go.” She did so, and, in the same instant, he slipped from the rock, and was dragged away to that dark death.

HANDEL AND THE BISHOPS.

At the coronation of George II., the Bishops having selected the words for the anthem, sent them, for composition, to Handel, who returned them, observing that he read his bible, and could choose a subject for himself. He fixed on the lines, “My heart is inditing a good matter.” It was a remark of Mrs. Cibber, the actress, justified by the fact, that with the hand of a giant, he had the finger of a child: his knuckles were concave, and dimpled as those of an infant; but his touch was so smooth and imperceptible, that his fingers seemed to grow to the instrument. He had a favourite Rucker harpsichord, the keys of which, by incessant practice, were hollowed like the bowl of a spoon.

GOOD NEIGHBOURS.

Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christchurch, thought but little of Hayley, either as a poet or scholar. He considered him merely as a literary gossip, and was, therefore, by no means desirous of cultivating any intimacy with him when they became neighbours. Hayley, however, called upon the Dean, and was received with ordinary courtesy. When he rose to take his leave, the Dean shook him by the hand, and said: "Mr. Hayley, I trust that you and I may always be very good friends and neighbours; that is, I trust that we may see very little of one another."

SHERIDAN'S DISTRESSES.

Few men of genius since Sir Richard Steele's time have undergone greater difficulties; and none have had recourse to more extraordinary modes for the purpose of raising money, or obtaining credit, than Sheridan. Some were so ludicrous as to excite mirth, and can hardly obtain belief. He resided during several years in Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, where the house was frequently so beset with duns or bailiffs, that even the provisions requisite for his family were introduced over the iron railing down the area. In the course of the year 1786, while living there, he entertained at dinner a number of the opposition leaders, though he laboured at the time under almost insurmountable pecuniary embarrassments. All his plate, as well as his books, were lodged in pawn. Having, nevertheless, procured from the pawnbroker an assurance of the liberation of his plate for the day, he applied to Beckett, the celebrated bookseller in Pall Mall, to fill his empty bookcases. Beckett not only agreed to the proposition, but promised to ornament the vacant shelves with some of the most expensive and splendid productions of the British press, provided that two men, expressly sent for the purpose by himself, should be present to superintend their immediate restoration. It was settled finally that these librarians of Beckett's appointment should put on liveries for the occasion, and wait at table. The company having assembled, were shown into an apartment, where the bookcases being opened for the purpose, they had leisure, before dinner was served, to admire the elegance of Sheridan's literary taste, and the magnificence of his collection. But, as all machinery is liable to accidents, so, in this instance, a failure had nearly taken place, which must have proved fatal to the entertainment. When everything was ready for serving the dinner, it happened that, either from the pawnbroker's distrust, or from some unforeseen delay on his part, the spoons and forks had not arrived. Repeated messages were dispatched to hasten them, and they at last made their appearance; but so critically and so late, that there not being time left to clean them, they were thrown into hot water, wiped, and instantly laid on the table. The evening then passed in the most joyous and festive manner.

DUNNING AND LORD THURLOW.

When it was the custom for barristers to leave chambers early, and to finish their evenings at the coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the inns of court, Lord Thurlow on some occasion wanted to see Dunning privately. He went to the coffee-house frequented by him, and asked a waiter if Mr. Dunning was there. The waiter, who was new in his place, said he did not know him. "Not know him!" exclaimed Thurlow, with his usual oaths; "go into the room up-stairs, and if you see any gentleman *like the knave of clubs*, tell him he is particularly wanted." The waiter went up, and forthwith re-appeared followed by Dunning.

CHARLES, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

In cleanliness the Duke was negligent to so great a degree, that he rarely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment and comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible to all that passed about him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining, one day, to Dudley North, that he was a martyr to rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my Lord," said he, "did you ever try a clean shirt?"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"One healthy clear morning, accompanied by a friend," says Sir Francis Head, I was enjoying my early walk along the cliff which overhangs the Bay of Toronto, when I saw a runaway horse and sleigh approaching me at full gallop; and it was not until both were within a few yards of the precipice, that the animal, suddenly seeing his danger, threw himself on his haunches, and then, turning from the death that had stared him in the face, stood as if riveted to the ground. On going up to the sleigh, which was one of very humble fabric, I found seated in it a wild young Irishman; and, as he did not appear to be at all sensible of the danger from which he had just been providentially preserved, I said to him, 'You have had a most narrow escape, my man!' 'Och! your honour,' he replied, 'it's nothing at all. It's just this bar as titches his hacks!' And, to show me what he meant, he pulled at the rein with all his strength, till the splinter-bar touched the poor creature's thigh, when instantly this son of Erin, looking as happy as if he had just demonstrated a problem, triumphantly exclaimed, 'There 'tis again!' And away he went, if possible, faster than before. I watched him till the horse galloped with him completely out of my sight; indeed, he vanished like a meteor in the sky, and where he came from, and where he went, I am ignorant to this day."

EAR AND TASTE FOR MUSIC.

Coleridge notes: "An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed."

"THE LAST WAR."

Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons, in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one in which we lost the colonies, called it "the last war." Several members cried out, "The last war but one." He took no notice; and soon after, repeating the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of "The last war but one—the last war but one." "I mean, sir," said Mr. Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember." Whereupon the cry was instantly changed into an universal cheering, long and loud.

ORIGIN OF THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Previous to the entry of the French, the Governor of the city, in September, 1812, Count Rostophchin, and the nobles, in a public assembly, had determined to destroy the city which they could no longer defend: the authorities carried off with them the fire-engines, and every thing which could arrest a conflagration; and the persons selected for the duty of firing the buildings only awaited the departure of their countrymen. A fire speedily broke out in the great market-place; and though it was got under, a fresh one appeared at midnight on the 15th, in the northern and western parts of the city, which was spread in all directions by the violence and frequent change of the wind. The soldiers were incapable of arresting its progress, and by the 18th and 19th the whole city was one ocean of flame. Volumes of fire of various colours, from the vast stores of combustibles in the shops, ascended to the heavens; while the troops, tormented by hunger and thirst, and released from all discipline by the surrounding horrors, rushed in search of wine and booty into the burning edifices, under the ruins of which many perished miserably. Nine-tenths of the city were destroyed, and the remainder, abandoned to pillage, and deserted by the inhabitants, offered no resources to the army. The Emperor had been compelled to leave the Kremlin on the 16th, and with difficulty made his way through the rushing flames to the country palace of Petrowsky, whence he cast a melancholy look on the burning city, and exclaimed, "This event is the presage of a long train of disasters."

REGALITY OF GENIUS.

Gibbon, in speaking of his own genealogy, refers to the fact of Fielding being of the same family as the Earl of Denbigh, who, in common with the imperial family of Austria, is descended from the celebrated Rodolph of Hapsburgh. "While the one branch," he says, "have contented themselves with being sheriffs of Leicestershire and justices of the peace, the others have been Emperors of Germany and Kings of Spain; but the magnificent romance of 'Tom Jones' will be read with pleasure when the palace of the Escorial is in ruins, and the Imperial eagle of Austria is rolling in the dust."

BEAU NASH.

The celebrated Beau Nash, who was long master of the ceremonies, and (by courtesy; "King of Bath," was a sleeping partner in one of the most thriving of the Bath gambling-houses. Connected with his transactions in this line, we give the following curious anecdotes, which will show that whatever were the defects of his head, his heart was always in the right place:—The Earl of T——, when a young man, was inordinately addicted to gambling, and in particular loved to have the King of Bath for his opponent. He was, however, no match for his Majesty, who, after winning several trifling sums from him, resolved to attempt his cure, foreseeing that otherwise he would fall a prey to adventurers who might not be so forbearing as himself. Accordingly he engaged his Lordship one evening in play to a very serious amount, and won from him first all his ready money, then the title-deeds of his estates, and finally the very watch in his pocket, and the rings on his fingers. When he had thus sufficiently punished the young nobleman for his infatuation, Nash read him a lecture on the flagrant impropriety of attempting to make money by gambling, when poverty cannot be pleaded in justification of such conduct: after which he returned him all his winnings, merely exacting from him a promise that he would never play again! Not less generously did he behave to an Oxford student, who had come to spend the Long Vacation at Bath. The greenhorn, who also affected to be a gamester, was lucky enough to win a large sum of money from our beau, and, after the game was ended, was invited by him to supper. "Perhaps," said Nash, "you think I have asked you for the purpose of securing my revenge; but I can assure you that my sole motive in requesting your company is to set you on your guard, and to entreat you to be warned by my experience, and to shun play as you would the devil. This is strange advice for one like me to give; but I feel for your youth and inexperience, and am convinced that if you do not stop where you now are you will infallibly be ruined." A few nights afterwards, having lost his entire fortune at the gambling-table, the young man blew his brains out.

SELF-DEVOTION AND COOKERY.

Vatel was the *maître d'hôtel* of the great Condé: the closing scene of his life is one of the most extraordinary instances of self-devotion recorded in history. It appears that Louis XIV. was on a visit to Condé, at Chantilly: The collation was served in a room hung with jonquils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected; this affected Vatel: he said several times, "I am dishonoured; this is a disgrace that I cannot endure." He said to Gourville, "My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights. Assist me in giving orders." Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast, which had been wanting, not at the table of the King, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the Prince: the Prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him: "Vatel, all is going on well; nothing could equal the supper of the King." He replied: "Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables." "Nothing of the sort," said the Prince; "do not distress yourself; all is going on well." Night came; the fire-works failed: they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to everything in person. He found everybody asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of sea-fish: he asks, "Is that all?" "Yes, sir." The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports. Vatel waits some time; the other purveyors did not arrive: his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he said to him, "Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes up-stairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish, however, arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room—they knock—they force open the door: he is found bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the Prince, who is in despair. The Duke wept; it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The Prince related what had passed to the King, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The King said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause.

COUGHING DOWN.

One evening when Mr. Hunt was speaking in the House of Commons, an honourable member was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured

the honourable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons pocket, and, after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honourable member, who seemed to be so distressed with a cough, but he could assure him he would provide some for him by next night. Never did doctor prescribe more effectually: not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.

IRISH SKILL.

Droll, though not very logical or conclusive, was the reply of the tipsy Irishman, who, as he supported himself by the iron railings of Merrion-square, was advised by a passenger to betake himself home. "Ah, now, be aisy; I live in the square; isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffy?"

CALAMY AND CROMWELL.

Calamy, the celebrated Presbyterian minister, on one occasion objected to Cromwell assuming the supreme power as Protector, as being, in his opinion, both unlawful and impracticable. Cromwell observed, he cared little about the lawfulness; but why, may I ask you," he replied, "is it impracticable?" "Oh!" observed the divine, "it is impracticable, inasmuch as it is against the voice of the people: you will have nine in ten against you." "Very well, sir," replied Cromwell; "but what if I should disarm the nine, and put the sword into the tenth man's hand: would that not do the business, think you?" The events which succeeded proved that Cromwell not only entertained the opinion he thus expressed, but that he also acted upon it.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Louis XVIII. was a gastronome of the first water, and had the Duc d'Escars for his *grand maître d'hôtel*, a man whose fortunes were hardly on a par with his deserts. He died inconsolable at not having given his name to a single dish, after devoting his whole life to the culinary art. When his best friends wished to wound him mortally, they had only to mention the *Veau à la Béchamel*. "Gentlemen," he would exclaim, "say no more about it, or fancy me the author and inventor of the dish. This French Revolution was necessary, that, in the general break-up, poor Béchamel should be decorated with his glory. *Entre nous*, he was wholly innocent of any invention whatever. But such is the way of the world! He goes straight to posterity, and your most humble servant will end by leaving no token of remembrance behind him."

LUDICROUS SCENE.

The following scene, which took place at Desseins's Hotel, at Calais, is related in the diary of Reynolds the dramatist:—"Wanting to walk on the Pier," says Mr. Reynolds, 'I asked the *garçon*, who spoke English very tolerably, the French for it. He, thinking *Milord Anglais* could mean nothing but *peer*, a lord, replied *pair*. Away I then went, and passing over the market-place and drawbridge, stumbled on the pier, without having had occasion to inquire my way to it by the *garçon's* novel appellation. There I remained, strutting my half-hour, till dinner-time. At the *table d'hôte*, the Commandant of the troops of the town sat next to me; and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the President of the Council at Ratisbon, a Russian Count, and several Prussians—in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom, as it appeared to me, spoke a word of English. I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town:—"Monsieur," I said, condescendingly, to the Commandant, 'J'ai vu votre pair,' meaning, 'I have seen your pier;' but which he naturally understood, 'I have seen your father.' This address from a perfect stranger surprised him. 'Il est beau et grand, monsieur,' I continued. The Commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain, by pronouncing very articulately, 'Oui, monsieur, j'ai vu votre pair—votre pair, sur le havre.' 'Eh bien, monsieur,' replied the Commandant, 'et que vous a-t-il dit?' (What did he say to you?) I was astounded, and looking round the room for the keeper of the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole of the company were upon me. 'Monsieur,' I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French as I could command—"Monsieur, est-il possible que vous résidiez ici et que vous ne connaissiez pas votre pair—votre pair—si long!" This speech only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the Commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bas* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards, when driven into a corner, I became desperate. 'Messieurs,' I cried, somewhat boisterously, 'il faut que vous connaissiez votre pair! le pair de votre ville, qui est fait de pierre, et a la tête de bois.' This was the *coup de grace* to all decorum; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts, and even the Commandant himself could not help joining them. 'Allow me, sir,' said a gentleman whom I had not previously observed—"My dear sir," interrupted I, 'you are an Englishman, pray, pray explain.' 'Sir,' he replied, 'you have just told this gentleman,' pointing to the Commandant, 'that his father is the father of the whole town, that he is made of stone, and has a wooden

head!" I was paralyzed. 'Tell me,' I cried, as if my life depended on an answer, 'what is the French for *pier*?' 'Jetée,' he replied. I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced in French an explanation to the officers. At this moment the waiter informed me that the St. Omer diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle just as the termination of the Englishman's recital exploded an additional *éclat de rire* at my expense."

SUETT'S LANDLADY.

Suett had at one time a landlady who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid gin, a beverage which Suett himself by no means held in abhorrence. She would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion: "Betty, go and get a quatern loaf, and half a quatern of gin. Off started Betty. She was speedily recalled: "Betty make it *half* a quatern loaf, and a quatern of gin." But Betty had never fairly got across the threshold on the mission ere the voice was again heard: "Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it all gin."

A RED-POST SQUIRE.

Some years since, there resided in Devonshire a certain old gentleman, named Red-post Fynes, from his having painted all the gates of his fields a bright vermillion. The squire was remarkable for never having been able to learn to spell even the commonest words in his own language; so that, on the birth of his daughter, he wrote to a friend that his wife was brought to bed of a fine *gull*. Near his house was a very old and grotesque tree, cut and clipped into the form of a punch-bowl; whilst a table and seats were literally affixed within the green enclosure, to which was an ascent by a little ladder, like the companion-ladder of a ship.

NEWSPAPER STAMP.

The following account of the origin of the newspaper stamp is given by Mr. Cooke, in his "Life of Bolingbroke:"—"Queen Anne, in one of her messages to Parliament, declared, that, by seditious papers and factious rumours, designing men had been able to sink credit, and that the innocent had suffered; and she recommended the House to find a remedy equal to the mischief. In obedience to the Queen's desire, and at the instance of her Secretary, the Parliament passed a bill, in 1712, imposing a stamp duty upon pamphlets and publications. At its origin, the amount of this stamp was a halfpenny; and it is curious to observe what an effect this trifling impost had upon the circulation of the most favourite papers. Many were entirely discontinued, and several of those which survived were generally united into one publication."

WHIST.

Mrs. Bray relates the following of a Devonshire physician, happily named Vial, who was a desperate lover of whist. One evening, in the midst of a deal, the Doctor fell off his chair in a fit! Consternation seized on the company. Was he alive or dead? What was to be done? All help was given hartshorn was almost poured down his throat by one kind female friend, whilst another feelingly singed the end of his nose with burning feathers: all were in the breathless agony of suspense for his safety. At length, he showed signs of life, and, retaining the last fond idea which had possessed him at the moment he fell into the fit, to the joy of the whole company, exclaimed, "What is trumps?"

A LESSON FOR A GOVERNOR.

"Within a week after my arrival at Toronto," says Sir Francis Head, "I had to receive an address from the Speaker and Commons' House of Assembly; and on inquiring in what manner I was to perform my part in the ceremony allotted to me, I was informed that I was to sit very still on a large scarlet chair with my hat on. The first half was evidently an easy job; but the latter part was really revolting to my habits and feelings, and as I thought I ought to try and govern by my head and not by my hat, I felt convinced that the former would risk nothing by being for a few minutes divorced from the latter, and accordingly I determined with white gloves to hold the thing in my hands; and several of my English party quite agreed with me in thinking my project not only an innocent but a virtuous act of common courtesy: however, I happened to mention my intention to an Upper Canadian, and never shall I forget the look of silent scorn with which he listened to me. I really quite quailed beneath the reproof, which, without the utterance of a word, and after scanning me from head to foot, his mild intelligent faithful countenance read to me, and which but too clearly expressed—'What! to purchase five minutes' loathsome popularity, will you barter one of the few remaining prerogatives of the British Crown? Will you, for the vain hope of conciliating insatiable Democracy, meanly sell to it one of the distinctions of your station? Miserable man! beware, before it be too late, of surrendering piecemeal that which it is your duty to maintain, and for which, after all, you will only receive in exchange contumely and contempt!' I remained for a few seconds as mute as my Canadian Mentor, and then, without taking any notice of the look with which he had been chastising me, I spoke to him on some other subjects; but I did not forget the picture I had seen, and accordingly my hat was tight enough on my head when the Speaker bowed to it, and I shall ever feel indebted to that man for the sound political lesson which he taught me."

SOUND.

Pepys notes in his Diary, 1666, "Discoursed with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, who told me, that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note that it answers to in music, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse, in general, of sound, was mighty fine."

BLACK PREACHING.

Daddy, or Uncle Dickey, of Sierra Leone, ascended the pulpit, a large, heavy-headed Negro, in a blue coat, with bright metal buttons. Every tongue was silenced, every look fixed, whilst his sharp eye searched each countenance previous to the delivery of his text. The precise subject which the sermon was designed to enforce, it would be difficult to define; even the text being unintelligible, with exception of the words "Sasas, Meesas, and Bennygo," whom he stated to have been "three men walking in an oven." He spake of "Nebuchadnezzas" as "Daddy King, who done make big feast, with plenty banana, plenty yam, plenty kuskusoo, plenty beef-steak and rice, plenty rum and palm-oil, plenty too much." From the zests of the table he plunged into a fervid description of the burning abyss, where "worm no die," and where unfortunates might pray for the rainy season, "but stop a bit, he no done come yet;" and where he assured his friends most of them would inevitably live in endless pain and "troublio."

At the moment of his speaking the thermometer was standing at 96° in the shade, and the oppressed sense felt this eloquence. "Oh!" he exclaimed, dashing himself forward, "you! all bad! bad! fader in he'm, moder in he'm; you soul in hell, hissing hot in fire and bintomy! Den soul have big palaver with God: soul him say, God! what matter for me no inglorio!" The discourse was prolonged over many a weary half-hour. At length, when every terrific denunciation and withering curse, which depended upon fire, and red-hot iron, and brimstone, and involved maddening thirst and burnt members, had been introduced with small regard to any specific plan, utterance became impeded by hoarseness, the dry tongue cleaved to the roof of the mouth, and the sermon faded and fell, not from a logical conclusion having been attained, but from sheer inability to talk longer.

One of the black preachers in Freetown preached from the text, "Melchizedec without father, without mother, without descent," which he proceeded to explain to his audience: "Dat mean far say—without father, him have no daddy; without mother, him have no mammy; without dee-cent,* dat mean for say, without any genteel behaviour at all."

* Accenting the first syllable.

CARD-PLAYING.

The Queen of Louis XV. was immoderately fond of cards, and was never, perhaps, more delighted than when M. de Maurepas, on the occasion of the death of a Monarch in alliance with France declared to her Majesty that "Piquet was not obliged to go into mourning."

THE RESTORATION.

There is a tradition in Scotland, that a dram of brandy produced the restoration of Charles II. The messenger from the Parliament of England had brought letters to Monk whilst he remained at Edinburgh. This messenger was at length entrusted with despatches to the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, a circumstance which he mentioned to one of Monk's servants while on his journey. The man (a sergeant) saw something unusual in this, and prevailed upon his fellow-traveller to drink a dram of brandy with him at a neighbouring alehouse, where the messenger became ultimately so drunk, that the sergeant was enabled to take the papers from his custody without detection. This done, he posted to his General with the packet, who, on perusing its contents, found an order for his arrest and detention at the Castle. Policy and resentment at once directed the eyes of Monk to Charles Stuart, and his restoration succeeded.

INTENSE COLD IN CANADA.

Sir Francis Head relates the following instances of the loss of limbs by the intensity of the cold in Canada:—"I one day inquired of a fine, ruddy, honest-looking man, who called upon me, and whose toes and insteps of each foot had been truncated, how the accident happened? He told me that the first winter he came from England he lost his way in the forest, and that after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet, he took off his boots, and from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again. His stockings, which were very old ones, soon wore into holes, and as rising on his insteps he was hurriedly proceeding he knew not where, he saw with alarm, but without feeling the slightest pain, first one toe and then another break off as if they had been pieces of brittle stick, and in this mutilated state he continued to advance till he reached a path which led him to an inhabited log-house, where he remained suffering great pain till his cure was effected. On another occasion, while an Englishman was driving, one bright beautiful day, in a sleigh on the ice, his horse suddenly ran away, and fancying he could stop him better without his cumbersome fur gloves than with them, he unfortunately took them off. As the infuriated animal at his utmost speed proceeded, the man, who was facing a keen north-west wind, felt himself gradually, as it were, turning into marble; and, by the time he stopped, both his hands were so completely and so irrecoverably frozen, that he was obliged to have them amputated."

GAINSBOROUGH'S PIGS.

A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of "The Pigs." "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs, but there is one fault; nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

The following description of the person of Napoleon is given by Captain Maitland, in his "Narrative of the Surrender of Bonaparte," in 1815:—"He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and a very small foot, of which he seemed very vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes were light grey, his teeth good; and, when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing: when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark and gloomy cast. His hair was a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black; and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow colour, different from any other I ever met with. From his being corpulent, he had lost much of his activity."

MOZART AND THE ORCHESTRA.

Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went to the opera incognito, to hear the performance of his "Villanella Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied, till, in the midst of the principal aria, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a common-place character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and, from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?" The sensation produced in the theatre may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamour suddenly subsided into a silence of respectful awe, and which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

THE GALLIPOT.

"I remember," says Theodore Hook, "when I was at school, two of the boys proceeded to a pond for the purpose of swimming a gallipot, which was the property of the bigger boy of the two. It chanced that, in the eagerness incidental to this exciting amusement, the smaller boy tipped into the water, and, after a good deal of struggling, sank, and was drowned. After the melancholy catastrophe, the bigger boy was questioned as to what efforts he had made to rescue his companion, and his answers made it evident that he had by no means exerted himself to the utmost. This conviction produced a severe rebuke from the tutor; upon which Master Simpson burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'I *do* think that I could have saved Green—but, if I had tried, I should have lost my gallipot.'"

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

The following singular instance of presentiment is related in Cadell's "Campaigns in Egypt:"—"When the inlying picquets turned out in the morning, a soldier of my company (the Grenadiers), named M'Kinlay, came up to me, handing a paper, and said, 'Captain, here is my will; I am to be killed to-day; and I will all my arrears and everything I have to my comrade, Hugh Swift.' 'What nonsense, M'Kinlay,' I replied to him; 'go into action, and do what you have always done: behave like a brave soldier.' He answered, 'I will do that, sir; but I am certain I am to be killed to-day, and I request you to take my will.' To satisfy him, I took it, and the man fought with the picquets during the whole day with great coolness and gallantry. In the afternoon, a little before the action was over, we rejoined the regiment; we had suffered much but M'Kinlay was standing unhurt, close to me; upon which I observed to him, 'So, M'Kinlay, I suspect you are wrong this time.' The right of the regiment being posted on the round of a hill cut into steps for the vines, a body of the enemy's sharpshooters came close under us, and opened a fire to cover their retiring columns. M'Kinlay, seeing one of them taking aim over the arm of a fig-tree in our direction, exclaimed, 'Look at that rascal going to shoot our captain!' And, advancing one step down the hill, he presented at the Frenchman, who, however, was unfortunately too quick for him, for in an instant afterwards poor M'Kinlay was shot through the neck, and killed on the spot. The same ball gave me a severe contusion on the breast, and I fell with the unfortunate man, and was actually covered with his blood. He was one of the best soldiers in the Grenadier company, and was much regretted; indeed, but for him, it is probable I should not have lived to tell this tale. The will was duly forwarded to the War-Office, whence an order was issued for his comrade Swift to receive all that was due to him."

CARTER FOOTE.

There was some years ago a character (of Tavistock) in humble life, whose name was Carter Foote. On returning from Oakhampton, whither he had journeyed on business, he re-mounted his horse, after having enjoyed himself at the public-house, and attempted to pass the river below the bridge, by fording it over. The day had been stormy, and one of those sudden swells of the river (that sometimes happen in hilly countries, where the currents rush rapidly from the moors) taking place, he found himself in extreme danger. After long endeavouring to struggle with the current, he leapt from his horse upon a large portion of rock, which still kept its head above water; and there the unfortunate man stood calling aloud for help, though his cries were scarcely audible, from the roaring of the wind and the water.

Some person going by ran and procured a rope, which he endeavoured to throw towards the rock; but finding it impossible to do so without further assistance, he begged two men, belonging to Oakhampton, who drew near the spot, to give him help and save the stranger, whose life was in so much peril. One of them, however, very leisurely looked at the sufferer, and only saying, "'Tis a Tav'stoek man, let un go," walked off with his companion, and poor Carter Foote was drowned.

MATHEWS IN AMERICA.

In 1834, Mr. Mathews revisited the United States, though it had been affirmed that he dared not cross the Atlantic after his vivid sketches of the Americans; but he had formed a just estimate of his hold over their risible faculties, as well as of their common sense. He met with slight opposition, which he put down at once in a very able and manly address; and henceforth his reception was as enthusiastic as on his first visit. Writing from New York, soon after his arrival there, he says: "Briefly, I am well, and successful to the extent of my hopes—expectations—wishes; my wife is well also. There has been an attempt at opposition, but a very trifling one. There is an opposition theatre, from whence, it is supposed, emanated a handbill, industriously circulated, to prevent my being heard at all on my first appearance. I was, however, to the discomfiture of my enemies, received with huzzas and waving of hats. The house was crammed. The bill gave me a *grievance*—an opportunity to address them, and I did, I flatter myself, speak so boldly and independently on the subject that I silenced for ever (which means during my engagement) the attempts to injure me. I pledged myself to perform the 'Trip,' as I had in London, and on that rest my hopes of refuting the charges brought against me. In short, I triumphed, and the Yankees have evinced their good sense in bearing with good humour the jokes against them. The (Militia Muster Folk,' and 'Uncle Ben' (ditto Judge), went as well as in England."

THE FUCHSIA.

Mr. Shepherd, the respectable and well-informed conservator of the Botanic Gardens at Liverpool, gives the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the Fuchsia, into our English green-houses and parlour windows:—Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him and declared, "Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping." "No! and pray what was this phoenix like?" "Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendent branches, their colour the richest crimson; in the centre a fold of deep purple," and so forth. Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said, "My good woman, this is a nice plant; I should like to buy it." "Ah, sir, I could not sell it for no money; for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake." "But I must have it." "No, sir." "Here (emptying his pocket); here are gold, silver, copper" (his stock was something more than eight guineas). "Well-a-day, but this is a power of money, sure and sure." "'Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake." "Alack, alack!" "You shall, I say, by Jove." A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced in bark-beds and hot-beds, were re-divided and sub-divided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season. Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of 300 fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came: "Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?" "Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady: pretty, is it not?" "Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price?" "A guinea; thank your ladyship:" and one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship's *boudoir*. "My dear Charlotte, where did you get" &c. "Oh, 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's. Pretty, is it not?" "Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?" "A guinea. There was another left." The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawingroom of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new-comers saw, and

were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery-ground. Two Fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository.

He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower season closed, three hundred golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the widow of Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

A SAPIENT LORD MAYOR.

A curious instance of misapprehension of the motives that guide the Royal Academy in issuing the invitations to their annual dinner occurred some years since. A certain Lord Mayor, who, as Lord Mayor only, had been one of the guests, found himself, of course, on the recurrence of the next year's dinner, unincluded in the list of invitations. Accordingly, he wrote an angry letter of remonstrance to the Royal Academy, desiring to know the reason of his exclusion. For some time everybody was puzzled to discover who Alderman——— was, and how he could possibly have attended the last year's dinner. At length, one of the council suggested that their quondam guest might be the deposed Lord Mayor. His hypothesis was discovered to be correct, and the secretary was charged with the disagreeable duty of informing the reclaimant that he had only been asked as first representative of the City of London, and that now that he had relapsed into plain *Alderman*, the invitation had necessarily been forwarded to his successor in the civic throne.—*Life of J. Collins, R.A.*

BREVITY.

Colonel S——, of the Royal Marines, was always distinguished for the perspicuity and brevity of his speeches, of which the following, which was delivered on going into the battle of the Nile, is a specimen:—Sir James Saumarez, who commanded the man-of-war to which he belonged, had, in a lengthened speech, wound up the feelings of his hearers to the highest pitch of ardour for the fight, by reminding them of the duty they owed to their King and country; and, though last, not least, he desired them to call to mind their families, their parents, and sweethearts, and to fight as if the battle solely depended on their individual exertions. He was answered by looks and gestures highly expressive of their determination; then, turning to our hero, he said, "Now, S——, I leave you to speak to the marines." Colonel S—— immediately directed their attention to the land beyond the French fleet. "Do you see that land there?" he asked. They all shouted "Ay, ay, sir!" "Now, my lads, that's the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like devils, you'll soon be in the house of bondage." He was answered by a real British yell, fore and aft.

GEORGE BIDDER.

Precocious talent rarely ripens. The case of "George Bidder," known many years since as "the calculating boy," is, however a brilliant exception. The young calculator was highly educated at a Scotch university, and next placed with an eminent civil engineer. He was then associated with Mr. Robert Stephenson in the construction of the London and Blackwall Railway; and in the present day Mr. Bidder deservedly ranks as a first-class engineer, having completed some of the most important railway works in the kingdom.

LORD NORTH ASLEEP.

His Lordship was accustomed to sleep during the Parliamentary harangues of his adversaries, leaving Sir Grey Cooper to note down anything remarkable. During a debate on ship-building, some tedious speaker entered on a historical detail, in which, commencing with Noah's ark, he traced the progress of the art regularly downwards. When he came to build the Spanish Armada, Sir Grey inadvertently awoke the slumbering premier, who inquired at what era the honourable gentleman had arrived. Being answered, "We are now in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," "Dear Sir Grey," said he, "why not let me sleep a century or two more?"

HOOD AND GRIMALDI.

Mr. Hood relates the following anecdote of Grimaldi, who, at the close of his theatrical career, called upon the humourist—but a total wreck: the lustre of his bright eye was gone; his eloquent face was passive, and looked thrown out of work, and his frame was bowed down by no feigned decrepitude. "His melancholy errand to me," says Hood, "related to a farewell address, which, at the invitation of his staunch friend, Miss Kelly—for it did not require a request—I had undertaken to indite. He pleaded earnestly that it might be brief, being, he said, 'a bad study,' as well as distrustful of his bodily strength. Of his sufferings he spoke with a sad but resigned tone—expressed deep regret at quitting a profession he delighted in—and partly attributed the sudden breaking down of his health to the superior size of one particular stage, which required of him a jump extra in getting off. That additional bound, like the bittock at the end of a Scotch mile, had, he thought, overtaken his strength. His whole deportment and conversation impressed me with the opinion that he was a simple, sensible, warm-hearted being—such, indeed, as he appears in his 'Memoirs'—a Joseph after Parson Adams's own heart. We shook hands heartily, parted, and I never saw him again! He was a rare practical humourist; and I never look into 'Rabelais,' with its hugh-mouthed Garagantua, and his enormous appetite for plenty of links, chitterlings, and puddings, in their season, without thinking that, in Grimaldi and his pantomime, I have lost my best set of illustrations of that literary extravaganza."

BUFFON'S SON.

The son of Buffon was a very dolt. Rivarol said of him, "He is the worst chapter of his father's 'Natural History.'"

WINE.

Some people are very proud of their wine, and court your approbation by incessant fishing. One of a party being invited by Sir Thomas Grouts to a second glass of his "Old East India," he said that one was a dose—had rather not double the *Cape*; and at the first glass of champagne, he inquired whether there had been a plentiful supply of gooseberries that year.

QUICK, THE ACTOR.

The celebrated comedian, John Quick, resided in Hornsey-row, subsequently Well's-row, Islington. He was born in 1748, and left his father, a brewer, in Whitechapel, when only fourteen years of age, to become an actor. He commenced his career at Fulham, where he performed the character of *Altamont*, in the "Fair Penitent," which he personified so much to the satisfaction of the manager, that he desired his wife to set young Quick down a whole share, which, at the close of the farce, amounted to three shillings. In the counties of Kent and Surrey he acted with great success; and, before he was eighteen, performed *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Richard*, *George Barnwell*, *Jaffier*, *Tancred*, and many other characters in the higher walks of tragedy. In a few years he sufficiently distinguished himself as an actor of such versatile talents, that he was engaged by Foote, at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1769, where he became a great favourite with George III., who, when visiting the theatre, always expected Quick to appear in a prominent character. He was the original *Tony Lumpkin*, *Acres*, and *Isaac Mendoza*; and, after his appearance in these characters, he stood before the public as the Liston of the day. Mr. Quick may be considered one of the last of the Garrick school. In 1798 he quitted the stage, after thirty-six years of its toils, and, with the exception of a few nights at the Lyceum, after the destruction of Covent-Garden Theatre, did not act afterwards. He retired with ten thousand pounds, which served him, and left something for his son and daughter. Up to the last day of his life he was in the habit of joining a respectable company, which frequented the King's Head, opposite Islington church, by whom he was recognised as president. Forty years before his death, he was told by his physician that drinking punch would be the death of him; but he had then drunk it twenty years, and continued the practice till the day of his death, which took place at Islington, April 4, 1831, aged eighty-three. By his will, which, from constant wear in his pocket, was in a very tattered condition, he divided his personal property, sworn under six thousand pounds, between his son, William Quick, and his daughter, Mrs. Davenport.

WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

People would be astonished if they were aware of the cart-loads of trash which are annually offered to the director of a London theatre. The very first manuscript (says George Colman) which was proposed to me for representation, on my undertaking theatrical management, was from a nautical gentleman, on a nautical subject; the piece was of a tragic description, and in five acts; during the principal scenes of which the hero of the drama declaimed from the mainmast of a man-of-war, without once descending from his position!

A QUESTION SETTLED.

One morning, a very philosophical gentleman, a great inquirer into right and wrong, causes and effects, and in mind akin to the sage in "Rasselas," who wished to arrange the world after his own ideas of order and equity, came down to breakfast, and beheld, from a window looking into a back court, a cat playing with a mouse. Hereupon, our philosopher began thus to muse within himself: "Is it just that one poor, weak, defenceless creature should become the sport and prey of another, large, strong, and rapacious? Is it right, that suddenly, in its prime of life and enjoyment, it should thus barbarously be cut off from both? Shall I drive its enemy away, and deliver it? Yet if I do, *cui bono?*" My cat and millions of other people's cats would still catch mice: I may preserve the existence of one mouse for a space (alas! it cannot be for long!), but not of the species: yet grant that I could save the whole race—what then? Why, then the genus *Mus* would so increase and multiply, that, overrunning the earth, they would become the pests and destroyers of man? Besides, would it be kind and just towards the cat, made by nature a beast of prey, to deprive her of this mouse? For Providence has assuredly not less formed mice to be eaten, than cats to devour them? What right have I then to deprive Puss of her lawful prey? And what shall I do? I am, I confess, fairly puzzled; for here are two principles very opposite, but both, it seems to me, equally rational. It is unjust that the weaker should become the prey of the stronger; but it is equally unjust to deprive that stronger of its appointed sustenance, be it obtained as it may. How shall I reconcile these differences? How proceed, in so delicate a case?" &c. Whilst our philosopher perplexed himself with these truly edifying thoughts (they passed through his mind much quicker than we can detail them), forgetting that he had no business to interfere with the original laws laid down by the Creator of all things, or to attempt to remodel them—a housemaid with her broom stepped into the yard, and in a summary manner ended his deliberations, by sending the cat flying from a bang with her staff of office, and laying the mouse dead on the spot with a sturdy and well-directed blow.

A "QUASI."

In an account of an accident in a daily newspaper, a short time since, it was stated that the sufferer was attended by *three surgeons*; nevertheless, he was likely to recover; so that the chance of recovery seems lessened as the medical attendants increase.

FATTENING A QUEEN.

Mr. Holman, in his "Voyage round the World," says:—"The favourite Queen of Duke Ephraim, of Old Calabar, was so large, that she could scarcely walk, or even move; indeed, they were all prodigiously large, their beauty consisting more in the mass of *physique* than in the symmetry of face or figure. This uniform tendency to *embonpoint*, on an unusual scale, was accounted for by the singular fact, that the female on whom his Majesty fixes his regard is regularly fattened up to a certain standard, previously to the nuptial ceremony, it appearing to be essential to the queenly dignity that the lady should be fat. We saw a very fine young woman undergoing this ordeal. She was sitting at a table with a large bowl of farinaceous food, which she was swallowing as fast as she could pass the spoon to and from the bowl and her mouth."

SLEEP-WALKING.

A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines, and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall notices a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual avocations at the mill, then returning to bed: on awaking in the morning, he recollected nothing of what passed during night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well-authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

The Duke of Rutland, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in a drunken frolic knighted the landlord of an inn in a country town. Being told the next morning what he had done, the Duke sent for *mine host*, and begged of him to consider the ceremonial as merely a drunken frolic. "For my own part, my Lord Duke, I should readily comply with your Excellency's wish; but Lady O'Shaunessy!"

BAD HABIT.

Sir Frederick Flood had a droll habit, of which he could never effectually break himself (at least in Ireland). Whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested anything to him whilst he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection, he always repeated the suggestion *literatim*. Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish Parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration by declaring "that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord-Lieutenant's favour," John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "and be whipped at the cart's tail." "And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of uncontrollable laughter.

ADMIRAL HOBSON.

The gallant Admiral Hobson, having been left an orphan at a very early age, was apprenticed to a tailor; but disliking his situation, and inspired by the sight of a squadron of men-of-war coming round the Dun-nose, he suddenly quitted his work, ran to the beach, jumped into the first boat he saw, and plied his oars so skilfully, that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a sea-boy. Within a day or two afterwards, they met a French squadron, and during the action that ensued, while the admiral and his antagonist were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, young Hobson contrived to get on board the enemy's ship unperceived, and struck and carried off the French flag: at the moment when he regained his own vessel, the British tars shouted "Victory!" without any other cause than that the enemy's colours had disappeared. The French crew, thrown into confusion by this event, ran from their guns; and while the officers were ineffectually endeavouring to rally them, the British seamen boarded their ship, and forced them to surrender. At this juncture, Hobson descended from the shrouds with the French flag wrapped round his arm; and after triumphantly exhibiting his prize to the seamen upon the main-deck, he was ordered to the quarter-deck, where the admiral complimented him on his bravery, and assured him of his protection.

THE BLOOD.

Two gentlemen were discussing, in James Smith's company, the colour of the blood. "You say," cried one, "that our blood is at first quite white: I will credit it, if you can also tell me in what stage (of circulation) it becomes red?" "Tell him," whispered Smith, "in the Reading stage, of course."

SNORING.

Old Hicks was an awful snorer. He could be heard farther than a blacksmith's forge; but his wife became so accustomed to it that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple—never slept apart for many years. At length, the old man was required to attend assizes at some distance. The first night after his departure, his wife never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same manner, without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant-girl. She took the *coffee-mill into her mistress' chamber, and ground her to sleep at once!*

CHEAP LIVING.

Mathews, in his Adelphi entertainments, used to tell an excellent story of what would be called, in the workhouse phrase, the dietary system of two Frenchmen who rambled their way to live on their wits in London. The Frenchmen, on finding the finances on which they expected to live for a year running to the dregs within a week in the expenses of London, determined to separate, for the purpose of greater economy. At the end of a month, they met by accident; Monsieur Jean stared at the sight of Monsieur Pierre, as if he were an apparition. Monsieur Pierre gazed on Monsieur Jean with a mixture of envy and astonishment, for Monsieur Jean had become as corpulent as an Alderman, while Monsieur Pierre was reduced to skin and bone.

"Ma foi," said the starving Pierre, "how is all this? I am half starved. For the last fortnight I have lived on bread and water; while you look as round as a burgomaster."

"The matter is easily explained," said Monsieur Jean; "I live on a delightful thing that costs me only four sous a day."

"Ma foi," said the starving Pierre, "tell me what it is. What do they call it?"

"What it is, I don't know," was the answer; "but they called it cat's-meat."

But we think the following expedient for cheap living nearly equal to the discovery of Monsieur Jean. The recipe is given as the substance of a book written by Dr. Alcott, a physician, of Salem:—"For breakfast, take two cents' worth (a halfpenny) of dried apples, without drink; for dinner, drink a quart of water, to swell the apples, take tea with a friend." This, we have no doubt, is a capital recipe to bring patients to the doctor, though we think some other word than substance should be used in its description.

SONNET ON STEAM—(HOOD.)

I wish I livd a Thowsen year Ago
 Wurking for Sober six and seven milers
 And duble Stages runnen safe and slo
 The Orsis cum in them days to the bilers
 But Now by means of powers of Steem forces
 A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettles
 The Bilers seem a Cumming to the Orses
 And Hells and naggs Will sune be out of
 Vittels

Poor Bruits I wonder How we bee to Liv
 When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
 No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
 May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their
 Grates
 And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and
 Giv
 Their Blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits

MISS BURDETT COUTTS'S FORTUNE.

The late Duchess of St. Albans left this excellent lady the sum of £1,800,000. The weight of this enormous sum in gold, reckoning 60 sovereigns to the pound, is 13 tons 7 cwt. 3 qr. 12lb. and would require 107 men to carry it, supposing that each of them carried 298 lb. (equivalent to the weight of a sack of flour). This large sum may be partially guessed, by knowing also, that, counting at the rate of 60 sovereigns a minute for eight hours a day, and six days, of course, in the week, it would take ten weeks, two days, and four hours to accomplish the task. In sovereigns, by the most exact computation (each measuring in diameter 17-20th of an inch, and placed to touch each other), it would extend to the length of 24 miles and 260 yards, or about the distance between Merthyr and Cardiff; and in crown-pieces, to 113½ miles and 280 yards. £1,800,000 was the exact sum also left by old Jemmy Wood, of Gloucester.

RECOLLECTION OF MILTON.

Mrs. Foster, grand-daughter of Milton, the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," kept a chandler's shop at Lower Holloway for some years, and died at Islington, May 9, 1754, in the 66th year of her age, when the poet's family became extinct: she had lived many years in a low way, and was at last depressed with poverty and the infirmities of age. It does not appear that her grandfather's admirers took any notice of her till 1750, when, on the 5th of April in that year, "Comus" was represented at Drury-Lane Theatre, with a new prologue, written by Johnson, and spoken by Garrick, for her benefit, which produced her one hundred and thirty pounds. Dr. Johnson says, that "she had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. . . . She knew little of her grandfather, and that little was not good. She told of his harshness to his daughters, and his refusal to have them taught to write; but, in opposition to other accounts, represented him as delicate, though temperate in his diet."

UNLUCKY TEXT.

Poor Dr. Sheridan, in an unguarded moment, but in as guiltless a spirit as characterized the Vicar of Wakefield, chose for his text, upon the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hanover, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Although the sermon did not contain a single political allusion that could have caused uneasiness, or should have given offence, yet it was recorded in judgment against him, and obstructed his preferment ever after.

SUGGESTION.

"Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" said a celebrated vocal performer of awkward manners to Charles Bannister. "No," replied the other. "Why, then, I'll tell you: when I was about fifteen, I swallowed, by accident, some train oil." "I don't think," rejoined Bannister, "it would have done you any harm if, at the same time, you had swallowed a dancing-master!"

EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

On the morning of Raleigh's execution, his keeper brought a cup of sack to him, and inquired how he was pleased with it? "As well as he who drank of St. Giles's bowl as he rode to Tyburn," answered the knight, and said, it was good drink, if a man might but tarry by it. "Prithee, never fear, Cees-ton," cried he to his old friend Sir Hugh, who was repulsed from the scaffold by the sheriff, "I shall have a place!" A man bald from extreme age pressed forward "to see him," he said, "and pray God for him." Raleigh took a richly-embroidered cap from his own head, and placing it on that of the old man, said, "Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need on it than I." "Farewell, my Lords," was his cheerful parting to a courtly group who affectionately took their leave of him, "I have a long journey before me, and I must e'en say good bye." "Now I am going to God," said that heroic spirit, as he trod the scaffold; and, gently touching the axe, added, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The very headsman shrank from beheading one so illustrious and brave, until the unquailing soldier addressed him, "What does thou fear? Strike, man!" In another moment the mighty soul had fled from its mangled tenement. Cayley, after describing Sir Walter's execution, adds: "The head, after being shown on either side of the scaffold, was put into a leather bag, over which Sir Walter's gown was thrown, and the whole conveyed away in a mourning coach by Lady Raleigh. It was preserved by her in a case during the twenty-nine years which she survived her husband, and afterwards with no less piety by their affectionate son Carew, with whom it is supposed to have been buried at West Horsley, in Surrey. The body was interred in the chancel near the altar of St. Margaret's, Westminster."

BLACK LETTER.

An old friend of Charles Lamb having been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, laid down the precious volume, and with an erudite look told Lamb that "in those old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling;" and the anti-bibliomaniac seemed to console himself in the conclusion.

DEGREES OF BEAUTY.

On a certain occasion, a friend was conversing with Talleyrand on the subject of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, the French actress, and another lady, neither of them remarkable for beauty; and the first happening to have peculiarly bad teeth, the latter none at all. "If Madame S.," said Talleyrand, "only had teeth, she would be as ugly as Mademoiselle Duchesnois."

TOAST OF A SCOTCH PEER.

Lord K——, dining at Provost S——'s, and being the only Peer present, one of the company gave a toast, "The Duke of Buccleuch." So the Peerage went round till it came to Lord K——, who said he would give them a Peer, which, although not toasted, was of more use than the whole. His Lordship gave "the Pier of Leith."

INQUISITIVENESS.

Talleyrand had a confidential servant, excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day entrusted him with a letter, the Prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and, with some surprise, observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant; and to the second letter was added a postscript couched in the following terms:—"You may send a verbal answer by the bearer; he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery." Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproaches.

SAILOR AND BULL.

As a party of seamen were walking up Point-street, Portsmouth, rather elated with liquor, a bull, which had escaped from the King's slaughter-house, came running towards the jolly tars, with his tail erect in the air, when all the men jumped out of his way, except one, and he, being an immense, sturdy fellow, stood in the street directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words: "Bull ahoy! bull ahoy! I cry. Drop your peak, and put your helm a-starboard, or you'll run aboard of me." The bull continuing his course, came in contact with Jack, and capsized him; but the sailor, nowise intimidated, sprang from the ground, and, shaking his clothes, very good-naturedly observed to the bull, "Oh, you lubberly beast, I told you how it would be."

GOOSEBERRIES.—(HOOD.)

Extract from a letter from a market-gardener to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society:—"My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell, and a Grate faverit, he had Him berrid in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould, I had the carkis deposeted under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. The Frute being up till then of a smoothe kind. But the nex Seson's Frute after the Cat was berrid, the Gosberris was all hairy—and more Remarkable, the Capilers of the same bush was All of the same hairy description.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,
"THOMAS FROST."

ROUGE.

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," says he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on *one* cheek."

SWIFT AND THE BISHOP OF KILMORE.

Josiah Hort, Bishop of Kilmore, and afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, was the author of "A New Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille," for the publication of which Faulkner, the bookseller, was imprisoned. His not having indemnified the publisher excited the ire of Dean Swift in the following satire, published anonymously some years ago, but since found in M.S., and acknowledged by Dean Swift, in his own hand:—

"An Epigram on seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the time of Divine Service to wait on his Grace the Duke of Dorset, on his coming to Town:—

"Lord Pain in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down,
When told that the Duke was just come to town—

His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion."

Wilde's "Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life," 1849.

DUMENIL AT ACRE.

During the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, while Napoleon was in the trenches, a shell fell at his feet, and one of the corps of guides threw himself between him and the shell, and shielded the General with his body. Luckily, the shell did not explode. At the moment, forgetful of the danger, Napoleon started up, exclaiming, "What a soldier!" This brave man was afterwards General Dumenil, who lost a leg at Wagram, and who was Governor of Vincennes to 1814; whose laconic reply to the Russian summons to surrender was, "Give me my leg, and I will give you the place."

TALLEYRAND'S WIT.

Talleyrand being asked, if a certain authoress, whom he had long since known, but who belonged rather to the last age, was not "a little tiresome?" "Not at all," said he, "she was perfectly tiresome."

A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled-for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. "It was your father, then, apparently, who may not have been very well favoured," was Talleyrand's remark, which at once released the circle from the subject.

When Madame de Staël published her celebrated novel of "Delphine," she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters. "They tell me," said he, the first time he met her, "that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of women."

Rulhières, the celebrated author of the work on the Polish revolution, having said, "I never did but one mischievous work in my life." "And when will it be ended?" was Talleyrand's reply.

"Is not Geneva dull?" asked a friend of Talleyrand. "Especially when they amuse themselves," was the reply.

"She is insupportable," said Talleyrand, with marked emphasis, of one well known; but, as if he had gone too far, and to take something off what he had said, he added, "It is her only defect."

"Ah! I feel the torments of hell," said a person, whose life had been supposed to be somewhat of the loosest. "Already?" was the inquiry suggested to M. Talleyrand. Certainly, it came naturally to him. It is, however, not original; the Cardinal de Retz's physician is said to have made a similar exclamation on a like occasion.

Nor ought we to pass over the only *mot* that will ever be recorded of Charles X., uttered on his return to France in 1814, on seeing, like our second Charles on a similar reception, that the adversaries of his family had disappeared—"There is only one Frenchman the more." This was the suggestion of M. Talleyrand. He afterwards proposed, in like manner, to Charles's successor, that the foolish freaks of the Duchess de Berri should be visited with this rescript to her and her faction: "Madame, no hope remains for you. You will be tried, condemned, and pardoned."

HOW TO STOP A RUNAWAY HORSE.

"I was one day riding," says Sir Francis Head, "with a snaffle-bridle, on the glare ice of the great Bay of Toronto, on a horse I had just purchased, without having been made aware of his vice, which I afterwards learned had been the cause of a serious accident to his late master, when he suddenly, unasked, explained it to me by running away. On one side of me was the open

water of the lake, into which if I had ridden, I should almost instantly have been covered with a coating of ice as white as that on a candle that has just received its first dip; while on every other side I was surrounded by jagged rocks of ice, through the narrow passes of which I was going much too fast to be able to investigate them. My only course, therefore, was to force my horse round and round within the circumference of the little trouble that environed me, and this I managed to do, every time diminishing the circle, until before I was what Sydney Smith termed 'squirrel-minded,' the animal became sufficiently tired to stop."

MR. TIERNEY'S HUMOUR.

Mr. Tierney, one evening, in the House of Commons, spoke of Mr. Pitt's motion as "smelling of a contract;" and even called him "the right hon. shipwright"—in allusion to his proposal to build men-of-war in the merchants' yards. On one occasion he fell by a less illustrious hand, but yet the hand of a wit. When alluding to the difficulty the Foxites and Pittites had in passing over to join each other in attacking the Addington Ministry, Mr. Tierney (forgetting at the moment how easily he had himself overcome a like difficulty in joining that Ministry) alluded to the puzzle of the Fox and the Goose, and did not clearly expound his idea. Whereupon, Mr. Dudley North said, "It's himself he means—who left the Fox to go over to the Goose, and put the bag of oats in his pocket."

WINE AND WATER.

A water-drinking squire would fain have persuaded some of his brother squires to adopt his specific, as the only certain preventive of gout; but in this he met with poor success. He reduced one of them by degrees to half a pint of sherry, and he began to flatter himself the victory was gained. But, approaching him one morning with a very hypochondriac countenance, his refractory patient thus addressed him: "I really think, my good friend, I am too far gone for all this." And so he was; for that very evening he returned to his bottle, the next to two bottles, and in a very years to the dust from whence he sprang.

RATS STEALING EGGS.

The captain of a merchantman, trading to the port of Boston, in Lincolnshire, had constantly missed eggs from his sea-stock; he suspected that he was robbed by his crew; but, not being able to discover the thief, he was determined to watch his store-room: accordingly (having laid in a fresh stock of eggs), he secreted himself at night in a situation that commanded a view of his eggs. To his great astonishment, he saw a number of rats approach; they formed a line from his egg-baskets to their hole, and landed the eggs from one to the other in their fore-paws. Almost every farmer's wife knows that eggs are removed by rats from a hen-house without breaking them.

PICKPOCKETING.

The Baron de Béranger relates, that, having secured a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honour of being singled out for such an attempt:—"Why, sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a *flut*."

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

A mature spinster of an illustrious house having desired her attendant to read the Scriptures to her, the latter stumbled on a passage in Genesis, in which the word *giants* was rather defaced, and read, "There were *Grants* on the earth in those days." "Ah!" exclaimed the lady, with rapture, "there is a convincing proof that my family yields to none in antiquity!"

In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duc de C—— is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the C—— family."

LORD NORTH'S DROLLERY.

A few only of Lord North's sayings have reached us, and these, as might be expected, are rather things which he had chanced to coat over with some sarcasm or epigram that tended to preserve them; they consequently are far from giving an idea of his habitual pleasantry and the gaiety of thought which generally pervaded his speeches. Thus, when a vehement declaimer, calling aloud for his head, turned round and perceived his victim unconsciously indulging in a soft slumber, and, becoming still more exasperated, denounced the Minister as capable of sleeping while he ruined his country, the latter only complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed, that of having a night's rest before their fate. When surprised in a like indulgence during the performance of a very inferior artist, who, however, showed equal indignation at so ill-timed a recreation, he contented himself with observing how hard it was that he should be grudging so very natural a release from considerable suffering; but, as if recollecting himself, added, that it was somewhat unjust in the gentleman to complain of him for taking the remedy which he had himself been considerate enough to administer. The same good-humour and drollery quitted him not when in opposition. On Mr. Martin's proposal to have a starling placed near the chair, and taught to repeat the cry of "Infamous coalition!" Lord North coolly suggested, that, as long as the worthy member was preserved to them, it would be a needless waste of the public money, since the starling might well perform his office by deputy.

DIALOGUE IN THE WESTERN I-LANDS OF SCOTLAND.

"How long is this loch?"

"It will be about twantv mile."

"Twenty miles! surely it cannot be so much?"

"May be, it will be twelve."

"It does not really seem more than four."

"Indeed, I'm thining you're right."

"Really, you seem to know nothing about the matter."

"Troth, I canna say I do."

FOOTE'S WOODEN LEG.

There is no Shakspeare nor Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years by his own acting, in his own writings, and for ten years of the time upon a wooden leg! This prop to his person was once seen standing by his bedside, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and a gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up; it had a kind of tragic-comical appearance, but we leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed, and a leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His undressed supporter was the common wooden stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. George Colman once followed him, after a shower of rain, upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stumped a deep round hole at every other step he took, till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble, preparing, against all horticultural practice, to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel walk.

CURRAN'S LAW LIBRARY.

Who could ever have supposed a judge capable of sneering at a barrister's poverty, by telling him he suspected "his law library was rather contracted." Yet this was the brutal remark to Curran, by Judge Robinson, the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets, and by his demerits raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced. Curran replied: "It is very true, my Lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library: my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and, should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible."

CLEARING EMIGRANTS.

An Irish gentleman, resident in Canada, was desirous to persuade his sons to work as backwoodsmen, instead of frittering away their constitutions and money in luxuries and pleasure; and as champagne costs in America something more than a dollar a bottle, whenever this old gentleman saw his sons raise the bright sparkling mixture to their lips, he used humorously to exclaim to them, "Ah, my boys! there goes an acre of land, trees and all."

SLEEPY GOVERNMENT.

The Abbé Siéyes is known to have proposed for France a form of government which, for its absurdity, may fairly challenge the pre-eminence with any not the produce of Dean Swift's satirical humour. Napoleon should, according to this strange scheme, have been invested with the supreme magistracy, but without any power, executive or legislative; enriched with an enormous salary, and suffered to exercise the whole patronage, civil and military, of the state, while others were named by the people to make the laws, and conduct, in union with his executive nominees, the government of the country. Napoleon's remark was, that he had no wish to "be a fattened hog, on a salary of some millions, after the life which he had led and in the position to which it had carried him."

MARAT, THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONIST.

Marat, in recommending the massacre of all aristocrats, scrupled not to proclaim through his paper, the "*Ami de Peuple*," that 270,000 heads must fall by the guillotine; and he published lists of persons whom he consigned to popular vengeance and destruction, by their names, descriptions, and places of residence. He was remarkable for the hideous features of a countenance at once horrible and ridiculous, and for the figure of a dwarf, not above five feet high. He was, on his first appearance in the mob meetings of his district, the constant butt of the company, and maltreated by all, even to gross personal rudeness. The mob, however, always took his part, because of the violence of his horrid language. Thus, long before he preached wholesale massacre in his journal, he had denounced 800 deputies as fit for execution, and demanded that they should be hanged on as many trees. His constant topic was assassination, not only in his journal, but in private society. Barbaroux describes him, in his "*Mémoires*," as recommending that all aristocrats should be obliged to wear a badge, in order that they might be recognised and killed. "But," he used to add, "you have only to wait at the playhouse door, and mark those who come out, and to observe who have servants, carriages, and silk clothes; and if you kill them all, you are pretty sure you have killed so many aristocrats. Or if ten in a hundred should be patriots, it don't signify—you have killed ninety aristocrats."

A MOSQUITO STORY.

An American living near the Grand River, Michigan, being in the woods, was one day so annoyed by mosquitoes, that he took refuge under an inverted potash-kettle. His first emotions of joy at his happy deliverance and secure asylum were hardly over, when the mosquitoes, having found him, began to drive their probosces through the kettle. Fortunately he had a hammer in his pocket, and he clinched them down as fast as they came through, until at last such a host of them were fastened to the poor man's domicile, that they rose and flew away with it, leaving him shelterless!

PATRIOTISM IMPROMPTU.

Charles Carrol, the last survivor of the patriarchs of the American revolution, was among the foremost to sign the celebrated Declaration of Independence. All who did so were believed to have devoted themselves and their families to the furies. As he set his hand to the instrument, the whisper ran round the Hall of Congress, "There go some millions of property!" And there being many of the same name, he heard it said, "Nobody will know what Carrol it is," as no one signed more than his name; and one at his elbow, addressing him, remarked, "You'll get clear—there are several of the name—they will never know which to take." "Not so," he replied, and instantly added his residence, "of Carrolton."

WILKES'S WIT.

Of Wilkes's convivial wit no doubt can remain. Gibbon, who passed an evening with him in 1762, when both were militia officers, says, "I scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge." He adds, "A thorough profligate in principle as in practice; his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and indecency. These morals he glories in, for shame is a weakness he has long since surmounted." This, no doubt, is greatly exaggerated, and the historian, believing him really to confess his political profligacy, is perhaps in error also; "he told us that in this time of public dissension he was resolved to make his fortune." Possibly this was little more than a variety of his well-known saying to some one who was fawning on him with extreme doctrines, "I hope you don't take me for a Wilkite?" His exclamation, powerfully humorous certainly, on Lord Thurlow's solemn hypocrisy in the House of Lords, is well known. When that consummate piece of cant was performed with all the solemnity which the actor's incredible air, eyebrows, voice, could lend the imprecation, "If I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me!" Wilkes, seated on the steps of the throne, eyeing him askance with his inhuman squint and demoniac grin, muttered, "Forget you! He'll see you d--d first."

KEMBLE AND LISTON.

When Liston was in the Newcastle company, he had a strong bias in favour of tragedy, and, having been in the scholastic profession, it suited his notions of the dignity of the drama. In some case of emergency he was sent on for *David* in the "Rivals." C. Kemble, who was in Newcastle for practice and improvement, saw him play this one part, and advised Liston to stick to the country boys, and recommended him to the London managers, but the advice was not listened to until five years afterwards.

Liston, during his tragedizing, applied to Stephen Kemble, the manager, for an increase of salary. "Pooh! pooh!" said Stephen, "such actors as you are to be found in every hedge." The insult struck deep, but Liston's mode of revenging it was peculiar. Some days afterwards, as the manager was driving from Newcastle to Sunderland, to his horror, he saw his perpetrator of Kings and courtiers stuck up to his middle in a quickset hedge. "Good heavens!" Mr. Liston, he exclaimed, "what is the matter? What are you doing there?"

"Looking for some of the actors you told me of the other day," replied the comedian.

THE BRITISH FLAG IN CANADA.

"What animals are those?" said a man through his nose, on St. George's Day, as he pointed to the congregation of Lions with fists clenched ready to box, and of Unicorns quite as eager to butt, that were waving over his head. "Is it animals you're after spaking?" sharply replied a young Irishman, who like the querist had been standing in the crowd, waiting to see the procession of Englishmen arrive: "one of thim animals I tell ye is the Irish harp; and so get out o' that, ye — Yankee, or I'll bate the sowl out o' ye!" Now it so happened that by the time the last words were ejaculated, the young Irishman's white teeth had almost reached the middle-aged querist's eye-brows; and as they were evidently advancing, and as the surgical operation proposed strongly resembled that of taking the kernel out of a nut, or an oyster out of its shell, the republican naturalist deemed it prudent instantly to decamp, or, as it is termed by his fellow-countrymen, to "*absquantilate*."

A TELEGRAPHIC BLUNDER.

During the mania for the dethronement of Kings, subsequent to the French Revolution of 1848, when, for a time, almost every post brought tidings of "change perplexing nations," it was related in the papers of the day that the King of Prussia had abdicated. The news not being confirmed, it was speedily discovered to be erroneous. An ingenious provincial editor thus accounts for the mistake:—the magnetic interpreter at the office of the electric telegraph is a politician, and considerably interested in foreign affairs.

Late events have considerably excited him, and news from France has been so extraordinary, that there is not anything which his excited mind does not anticipate on the first word of communication. The telegraph, after due warning, the other day, said "The—King—of—Prussia" (the reader turned pale, and thought of the morning paper that had offered the highest price for early and exclusive intelligence) the dial proceeded—"The—King—of—Prussia—has gone—to—Pot—" In another minute the communication was on its way to the newspaper-office. Not long after, however, the dial was again agitated, and then came "s—dam." Making it read thus—"The King of Prussia has gone to Potsdam."

A NIGGER'S IDEA OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

At the railway *dépôt* in Lowell, not long since, "Look a hea, Jake," said Sambo, his eyes dilating, and his rows of shining teeth protruding like a regiment of pearls, "Look a hea, Jake; what you call dem ar?" "What ar?" rejoined Jake. "Dem ar I is pint in to?" "Dem ar is postes," said Jake. "What!" said Sambo, scratching his head; "dem are postes wid de glass?" "Yes, de same identical," returned Jake. "Ah, but you sees dem are horizontal wires." "Well," observed Jake, "de posts supports de wires." "Gosh! I takes you nigger," ejaculated Sambo, clapping his sides, and both setting up a loud yah yah. "But what's de wires for?" said Sambo, after a pause. "De wires," replied Jake, completely staggered for a moment, and at a nonplus for a reply to the philosophic curiosity of brother Sambo; but, suddenly lighting up with more than nigger fire, he said "*De wires is for to keep de postes up!*"

LUCKY ESCAPES.

In the siege of Rouen, in 1652, there is a curious incident of an officer named François Civil, who owed his life to the fidelity of his servant, who, searching for his body, in order to inter it, was quitting the ground in despair, when he observed, by the light of the moon, a diamond ring on a hand not covered with earth; approaching nearer, he knew it to be the hand of his master by the ring. Great was his joy; but greater, when, taking the body to inter it, he found it warm. He took it to the hospital to be examined by the surgeons, who were so occupied by the number of the wounded, that they paid no attention to a *dead man*, as they thought him. On this, the valet took on himself the sole care of his master, who soon began to recover. Shortly after, the city was taken, and the house in which Civil lay was broken into, and he, in a weak state, was thrown out of the window. He fortunately fell on a heap of dung, unhurt by the fall, but was obliged to remain there till he was conveyed, privately, by his relations out of the city, where, with great care, he recovered.

THE SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

"Now (said Mr. Abernethy, in a lecture upon the muscles of the scalp), I will tell you a perfectly ridiculous story about this, with a view to impress this part of the subject on your minds. It happened, in the early part of my time, to become quite the fashion to put half a pound of grease, and another half-pound of flour, on a man's head—what they called hair-dressing; it was the fashion, too, to bind this round with a piece of tape or riband, and make a tail of it, and it was the mode to wear those tails very thick and rather short. Now, a gentleman who possessed great power in the motion of his *frons occipitalis*, used to go to the boxes of the theatre when Mrs. Siddons first appeared; and I don't believe there ever will be such an actress again as she was, nor do I believe there ever was her equal before her. However, when people were affected beyond all description, and when they were all drowned in tears at her performance, this chap wagged his tail enormously, and all the people burst out into a roar of laughter. In vain did they cry 'Turn him out!' in vain did they cry 'Throw him over!' When he had produced this effect upon the audience, then he kept his tail quiet; but again no sooner was their attention engaged, than wag went his tail, and again were the bursts of laughter re-echoed."

DEAR MEAL.

A sailor seating himself in a summer-house, espied a couple of onions (as he thought) in a remote corner. Wishing to enjoy so savoury a meal, he took from his homely pocket his bread, cheese, and knife, and then commenced a broadside upon the bulbs, which he devoured with a hearty relish. The gardener entering, and finding the remains of his bulbs scattered on the ground, and their precious contents the contents of the sailor, exclaimed, in the agony of grief, "Oh! oh! I am a ruined man and undone; you have destroyed all my hopes, you have devoured my *Alexander the Great* and my *Duke of Marlborough*—worth fifty guineas each!"

READING THE NEWSPAPER IN THE OLDEN TIME.

During the time that Sidney Godolphin occupied the office of Lord High Treasurer of England, between the year 1701 and 1710, he visited more than once his seat in Cornwall. No regular conveyances then proceeded onwards further west than Exeter; but when certain masses of letters had accumulated, the whole were forwarded together by what was called "the post." The Lord High Treasurer engaged a weekly messenger from Exeter to bring his letters, despatches, and a newspaper, and on the fixed day of his arrival all the gentlemen assembled at Godolphin-house from many miles round, to hear the newspaper read in the Great Hall.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

A snuff-box has been called "an introduction," and other metaphorical names; but it frequently leads to unpleasant familiarity, extremely difficult to repress. Brummell, many years ago, gave an admirable rebuke, at a party in Portman-square. On the removal of the cloth, the snuff-boxes made their appearance, and Brummell's was particularly admired: it was handed round, and a gentleman, finding it rather difficult to open, incantiously applied a dessert-knife to the lid. Poor Brummell was on thorns; at last he could not contain himself any longer, and, addressing the host, said, with his characteristic quaintness, "Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster."

RUM AND WATER.

A certain Scotsman, who is not a member of any temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica, drily answered, "To tell you the truth, Mr. —, I canna' say I'm very fond of rum; for if I tak' mair than six tum'lers, it's very apt to gi'e me a head-ache."

THE MAID OF ROUEN.

Many years ago, there lived a maiden lady at Rouen, who went every day, whether fair or foul, to sit on a little bench by the garden-gate, where her lover, a young officer, took leave of her twenty years before, and was never heard of afterwards. This remarkable instance of constancy furnished the subject of an entertainment that has had great success, under the title of "Nina." The poet supposes her melancholy mad, but the lady in question was in her perfect senses, and, upon making her daily visit, sprightly. After a short ejaculation, she always concluded with these words, "He will certainly come back; he promised me he would."

BENSLEY'S WIG.

One evening at the Dublin Theatre, when Bensley came on for his first soliloquy as *Richard III.*, a nail at the wing caught the tail of his majestic wig, and, dismounting his hat, suspended the former in the air. An Irish gallery know how to laugh, even in tragedy. Bensley caught his hat as it fell by a feather, and replacing it on his head, "shorn of its beams," advanced to the front, and commenced his soliloquy amidst a volley of importunities to resume his wig. "Mr. Bensley, my darling, put on your jasey! Bad luck to your politics—will you suffer a wig (Whig) to be hung?" &c. The tragedian, however, considering that such an act would have compromised, in some measure, his dukely dignity, continued his meditations in despite of their advice, and stalked off at the conclusion as he had stalked on. An underling then made his appearance, and released his captured hair, with which he exited in pursuit of *Richard*, to as loud a demonstration of approval as *Richard* himself.

CHARITY AND INCONVENIENCE.

It is objected, and we admit often with truth, that the wealthy are ready to bestow their money, but not to endure personal inconvenience. The following anecdote is told in illustration:—The late Duke of D—— was walking in St. James's-street, in a hard frost, when he met an agent, who began to importune his Grace in behalf of some charity which had enjoyed his support. "Put me down for what you please," peevishly exclaimed the Duke; "but, for God's sake, don't keep me in the cold."

A COOL HAND.

An old deaf beggar, whom Collins the painter was once engaged in sketching at Hendon, exhibited great self-possession. Finding, from certain indications that the body and garments of this English Edie Ochiltree afforded a sort of pasture-ground to a herd of many animals of minute size but of magnificent propagating and feeding powers, he hinted his fears—in a loud bawl—to the old man, that he might leave some of his small pensioners, or body-guard, behind him. "No fear, sir; no fear!" replied this deaf and venerable vagrant, contemplating the artist with serious serenity—"I don't think they are any of them likely to leave *me* for *you*."—*Life of Collins*.

GEORGE MORLAND AT ISLINGTON.

On the west side of Frog-lane, Islington, is the Barley Mow public-house, deserving of notice from having been the temporary residence of the celebrated painter of rustic scenery and low life, George Morland, who, having casually called at the house, about the year 1800, remained in it for several months. While here, he frequently applied to a farm-yard opposite for portions of old cart-harness, which were copied into his sketch-book; and he would send after any rustic character that chanced to pass the house, in order to obtain a sitting, for which the party was remunerated with a piece of money and some beer. The landlord (Tate), who had himself been an artist in the early part of his life, bore testimony to the masterly manner in which Morland sketched some of his subjects, and the facility of execution with which he finished others: his palette-knife, his knuckles, and his finger ends were not unfrequently made subservient to his great skill in rapidly producing the most happy effects. During the time he lived here, which was for the most part devoted to the bottle and the company of his low associates, he painted a few of his best pictures; some of which came into the hands of his attorney, to whom he was continually indebted, for extricating him from the difficulties into which his indiscretions led him; while others fell to the lot of mercenary individuals, who were ever calling upon and teasing him for some specimens of his art, which he would often dispose of for a very trifling consideration.

MARVEL.

In Long Orton churchyard, Huntingdon, is a monument, which, according to a tradition of the inhabitants, recorded by Bishop Kennet, was intended to commemorate "a Lord Longueville, who, in fighting with the Danes near this place, received a wound in his belly so that his entrails fell out; but wrapping them round the wrist of his left arm, he continued the combat with his right hand till he had killed the Danish king, and soon after fell himself."

LAMB AND ERSKINE.

Counseller Lamb, an old man when Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was of timid manners and nervous disposition, usually prefacing his pleadings with an apology to that effect; and on one occasion, when opposed, in some cause, to Erskine, he happened to remark that "he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the witty, but relentless barrister; "every one knows the older a *lamb* grows, the more *sheepish* he becomes."

HOAXING AN AUDIENCE.

Cooke was announced one evening to play the *Stranger* at the Dublin Theatre. When he made his appearance, evident marks of agitation were visible in his countenance and gestures; this, by the generality of the audience, was called fine acting; but those who were acquainted with his failing, classed it very properly under the head of intoxication. When the applause had ceased, with difficulty he pronounced "Yonder hut—yonder hut," pointing to the cottage; then beating his breast, and striking his forehead, he paced the stage in much apparent agitation of mind. Still this was taken as the *chef d'œuvre* of fine acting, and was followed by loud plaudits, and "Bravo! bravo!" At length, having cast many a menacing look at the prompter, who repeatedly, though in vain, gave him the word, he came forward, and, with overacted feeling, thus addressed the audience:—"You are a mercantile people—you know the value of money—a thousand pounds, my all, lent to serve a friend, is lost for ever. My son, too—pardon the feelings of a parent—my only son—as brave a youth as ever fought his country's battles, is slain—not many hours ago I received the intelligence; but, thank God, he died in the defence of his King!" Here his feelings became so powerful that they choked his utterance, and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, he staggered off the stage, amidst the applause of those who, not knowing the man, pitied his situation. Now, the fact is, Cooke never possessed £1000 in his life, nor had he ever the honour of being a father; but too much intoxicated to recollect his part, he invented this story, as the only way by which he could decently retire; and the sequel of the business was, that he was sent home in a chair, whilst another actor played the part.

TOPHAM, THE STRONG MAN OF ISLINGTON.

In Upper-street, Islington, was formerly a public-house with the sign of the Duke's Head, at the south-east corner of Gadd's-row (now St. Alban's-place), which was remarkable, towards the middle of the last century, on account of its landlord, Thomas Topham, "the strong man of Islington." He was brought up to the trade of a carpenter, but abandoned it soon after the term of his apprenticeship had expired; and about the age of twenty-four, became the host of the Red Lion, near the old Hospital of St. Luke, in which house he failed. When he had attained his full growth, his stature was about five feet ten inches, and he soon began to give proof of his superior strength and muscular power. The first public exhibition of his extraordinary strength was that of pulling against a horse, lying upon his back, and placing his feet against the dwarf wall that divided Upper and Lower Moorfields. He afterwards pulled against two horses, but, his legs being placed horizontally instead of rising parallel to the traces of the horses, he was jerked from his position; it was, nevertheless, the opinion of Dr. Desaguliers, the eminent mechanic and experimental philosopher, that, had Topham been in a proper position, he might have kept his situation against the pulling of four horses, without inconvenience. The following are among the feats which Dr. Desaguliers says he himself saw Topham perform:—By the strength of his fingers, he rolled up a very strong and large pewter dish. Among the curiosities of the British Museum, some years ago, was a pewter dish, marked near the edge, "April 3, 1737, Thomas Topham, of London, carpenter, rolled up this dish (made of the hardest pewter), by the strength of his hands, in the presence of Dr. John Desaguliers, &c." He broke seven or eight pieces of a tobacco-pipe by the force of his middle finger, having laid them on his first and third fingers. Having thrust the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hams, without altering the position of his legs. Another bowl of this kind he broke between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. He took an iron kitchen poker, about a yard long, and three inches round, and bent it nearly to a right angle, by striking upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist. Holding the ends of a poker of like size in his hands, and the middle of it against the back of his neck, he brought both extremities of it together before him; and, what was yet more difficult, pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope of two inches in circumference; though, from his awkward manner, he was obliged to exert four times more strength than was necessary. He lifted a rolling stone of eight hundred pounds' weight with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a chain fastened thereto.

It is probable that Topham kept the Duke's Head at the time he exhibited the exploit of lifting three hogsheads of water, weighing one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one pounds, in Coldbath-fields, May 28, 1741, in commemoration of the taking of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon; and which he performed in the presence of the Admiral and thousands of spectators. After Topham had left Islington, and taken another public-house, situated in Hog-lane, Shoreditch, the infidelity of his wife had such an effect upon him, that, in a fit of frenzy, after beating her most unmercifully, and stabbing her in the breast, he inflicted several wounds upon himself; and, having lingered several days, died in the flower of his age, August 10, 1749.

AMERICAN SHERIFF.

In America, a sheriff is often obliged to be his own thieftaker and executioner. A sheriff related to Captain Alexander the pursuits he had made after horse-stealers; their desperate resistance with their knives before they would allow themselves to be taken; the satisfaction he had in flogging with a cowskin a fellow who weighed two hundred, who had long eluded him, and who had often "broken away from him, like a quarter-horse;" how he administered the thirty-nine scientifically, sinking the instrument into the skin, and jerking it towards him till the culprit roared like a buffalo, with pain; how he handled negroes, strapped them over a log, and punished them with a board full of gimlet-holes, so that every stroke raised blisters which it took a month to heal!

QUID PRO QUO.

Between James Smith and Collins the painter a good-humoured reciprocation of jests of all sorts was the unfailing accompaniment of most of their meetings. The latter, however, in some instances, gained the advantage of his friend, by calling in the resources of his art to the aid of his fancy; as an example of which may be quoted his painting on the boarded floor of his study, while Smith was waiting in the next room, a new pen, lying exactly in the way of any one entering the apartment. As soon as the sketch was finished, the author was shown in, and stopping short at the counterfeit resemblance, with an exclamation at his friend's careless extravagance, endeavoured to pick it up. A few days afterwards, with the recollection of this deception strong in his memory, Smith called again on the painter, and found him working on a picture with unusual languor and want of progress. Anxious to take the first opportunity to return the jest of which he had been the victim, Smith inquired, in tones of great interest, how his friend was getting on? The other replied that he was suffering under so severe a headache as to be almost incapable of working at all. "Ah," said Smith, "I see why you have not got on; you are using a new material to-day—painting in *distemper*."

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE, AT CORUNNA,
IN 1809.

The following account of the last moments of Moore, at Corunna, is related by his brother, James Carrick Moore:—

“Captain (now Viscount) Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when he said with soldierly feeling, ‘It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.’

“His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal: he expressed this opinion, and said, that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

“Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, ‘No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear.’ He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.

“The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, ‘You can be of no service to me: go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful;’ and he ordered the bearers to move on. But, as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

“Before he reached Corunna it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him; who, seeing his general borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone, ‘Anderson, don’t leave me.’ As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant François came out, and stood aghast with horror; but his master, to console him, said, smiling, ‘My friend, this is nothing.’

“He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia: and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said at intervals, ‘Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!’

“‘Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them——everything. Say to my mother——.’ Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and

not being able to proceed, changed the subject.

“‘Hope!* Hope! I have much to say to him; but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham† and all my aides-de camp safe?’ (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard‡ was mortally wounded.) He then continued:

“‘I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne§ has my will and all my papers.’ As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, ‘Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon||, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Major Colborne; he has been long with me, and I know him to be most worthy of it.’

“He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, ‘Have the French been beaten?’ He assured him they had on every point. ‘It’s a great satisfaction,’ he said, ‘for me to know that we have beaten the French. Is Paget¶ in the room?’ On being told he was not, he resumed, ‘Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow.’

“Though visibly sinking, he then said, ‘I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying. It’s great uneasiness; it’s great pain. Every thing François says is right. I have great confidence in him.’ He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then, seeing Captain Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, ‘If all his aides-de-camp were safe;’ and was pleased on being told they were.

“After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, ‘Stanhope, remember me to your sister.’** He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed, leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country.”

RATTLESNAKE.

A man and his wife were passing through a forest in North America; the woman, in stepping over a log, was bitten in the foot by a rattlesnake. They were many miles from any assistance, but the husband killed the snake, cut it open, tied its entrails round his wife’s foot, and she walked home and suffered little from the wound.

* Sir John Hope, who succeeded to the command; afterwards the Earl of Hopetown

† Of Balgowan; afterwards Lord Lynedoch.

‡ Son of Sir Harry Burrard.

§ Afterwards Sir John Colborne.

|| Sir Willoughby Gordon, Secretary to the Duke of York.

¶ The Honourable Brigadier Paget, who commanded the reserve; afterwards Sir Edward Paget.

** The Lady Hester Stanhope, niece to William Pitt.

LAWFUL EJECTMENT.

Two brothers of the name of Lawes creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre, were called to order by the celebrated Felix McCarthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said, "You shall hear from one of us; our name is *Lawes*."—"Lawes, is it?" quoth Felix; "then I'll give you an addition to your name;" and, exerting his well-known strength, handed them out of the box, exclaiming, "Now, by the powers, you're both *out-laws*."

WILKIE'S PICTURES.

Mr. Collins, R.A., relates the following:—"When Lord Mulgrave's pictures were sold at Christie's, Wilkie waited in the neighbourhood, whilst I attended the sale. It was quite refreshing to see his joy when I returned with a list of the prices. 'The sketches produced more than five hundred per cent.—the pictures three hundred. I recollect one—a small, early picture, called 'Sunday Morning'—I asked Wilkie what he thought of its fetching, as it did, a hundred and ten pounds, and whether Lord Mulgrave had not got it cheap enough? 'Why, he gave me fifteen pounds for it!' When I expressed my surprise that he should have given so small a sum for so clever a work, Wilkie, defending him, said, 'Ah, but consider, as I was not known at that time, it was a great risk!'"

GEORGE IV. AND HIS ARCHITECT.

The constant anxiety of George IV. to profit, on matters connected with literature and the arts, by the advice and opinions of professors of each science, was an interesting and remarkable trait in his character. On some occasions his patience was put to the test, in this manner of acquiring knowledge; and on none more frequently than when consulting on matters of art with his architect, Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, whose odd bluntness and hastiness contrasted amusingly with the polish and temper of his Royal master. At the time when alterations were being made in the Tower at Windsor, the King gave some directions not at all in harmony with Sir Jeffrey's taste; accordingly, he put the King's plan on paper, but coolly followed his own in reducing it to execution. When the work was completed his Majesty saw it, and immediately expressed his pleasure at seeing that his directions had been so well followed. Most men would have let the matter rest here; but Sir Jeffrey was determined not to hide his light under a bushel, and taking up the Royal plan that he had rejected, observed triumphantly as he showed it to the King—"If I had done as your Majesty desired, this would have been the effect!" The King smiled at his architect's determination to keep his own opinions and to gain all the credit for them; and quietly replied, as he laid down his despised plan, "Well, Wyatville, I suppose I must acknowledge that you know best!"

BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON."

Sir John Malcolm once asked Warren Hastings, who was a contemporary and a companion of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, what was his real estimation of Boswell's "Life of Johnson?" "Sir," replied Hastings, "it is the *dirtiest* book in my library." Then proceeding, he added, "I knew Boswell intimately; and I well remember, when his book first made its appearance, Boswell was so full of it that he could neither think nor talk of anything else: so much so, that meeting Lord Thurlow hurrying through Parliament-street to get to the House of Lords, where an important debate was expected, for which he was already too late, Boswell had the temerity to stop and accost him with 'Have you read my book?' 'Yes, d—m you!' replied Lord Thurlow, 'every word of it; I could not help myself.'"

MORLAND'S SECRET.

During Morland's abode in the rules of the King's Bench, he was in the habit of meeting at the tavern, where he spent his evenings, a very discreet, reputable man, turned of fifty at least. This personage had frequently assumed the office of censor-general to the company, and his manners, added to a very correct demeanour, induced them to submit with a tolerably obedient grace. George used now and then, however, to 'kick,' as he said, and then the old gentleman was always too *hard-mouthed* for him. This inequality at length produced an open rupture between the two, and one night our painter, finding the voice of the company rather against him, rose up in a seemingly dreadful passion, and appearing as if nearly choked with rage, muttered out at last, that he knew what would hang the old rascal, notwithstanding all his cant about morality. This assertion, uttered with so much vehemence, very much surprised the company, and seriously alarmed the old man, who called upon George sternly to know what he dared to say against him. The painter answered with a repetition of the offensive words: 'I know what would hang him.' After a very violent altercation, some of the company now taking part with Morland, it was agreed upon all hands, and at the particular request of the old gentleman, that the painter should declare the worst. With great apparent reluctance, George at length got up, and addressing the company said: 'I have declared twice that I knew what would hang Mr.——; and now, gentlemen, since I am called upon before you all, I'll expose it.' He then very deliberately drew from his pocket a piece of lay-cord, and handing it across the table, desired Mr.—— to try the experiment; and if it failed, that would prove him a liar before the whole company, if he dared but to try. The manual and verbal joke was more than the old man was prepared for, and the whole company for the first time (perhaps not very fairly) laughed at his expense.

THISTLEWOOD, THE TRAITOR.

When Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow criminals, he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance; no spark of grace appeared. Yet (it is a fact which, whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known) on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard continually calling upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins! All men and women are verily as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players, when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen anywhere except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life.

BOYHOOD OF EDMUND KEAN.

(By a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*.)

"I saw young Edmund Carey (Kean) first in April, 1796. I am particularly positive both to month and year, because I met Mrs. Carey and the boys (*Darnley* was the other reputed son by another father; this actor was for many years at Astley's Amphitheatre, and is now living) on the morning of the day on which Ireland's pretended Shakspearian drama was performed. Edmund was always little, slight, but not young-looking; I should say he was then *ten years of age!* The following September he played *Tom Thumb* at Bartholomew Fair at a public-house; his mother played *Queen Dollalolla*; he had a good voice, and was a pretty boy, but unquestionably more like a *Jew* than a Christian child. Old Richardson, the showman, engaged him then and subsequently, and is living to vouch for the fact, as far as eyesight goes, that in 1796 Kean looked more like a child of *ten* or *twelve* than of *six* years. This of course puts an end to the *possibility* of his having been born in the year 1790. I cannot vouch as to the truth of the oft-repeated story of the dance of devils in 'Macbeth,' and his rejoinder to John Kemble, who found fault with him, that 'he (Kean) had never appeared in tragedy before;' but if it did occur, it must have been in 1794; for Garrick's Drury was pulled down to be rebuilt in 1791, and the new theatre commenced dramatic performances with 'Macbeth.' Many novelties of arrangement were attempted, the dance in question among the rest. Charles Kemble made his first appearance as *Malcolm* that very night, and the audience laughed very heartily when he exclaimed '*Oh! by whom?*' on hearing the account of his father's murder. Charles Kemble was then said to be eighteen, I think

he was more. If Kean was one of the dancing devils, he could have been only *three years and five months old*; that is, taking his own account of being born in November, 1790.

"Kean broke his leg when a boy, riding an act of horsemanship at Bartholomew Fair; and he was often, towards the years 1802, 3, 4, and 5, about different parts of the country, spouting, riding, or rope-dancing. The last time I saw him, previous to his 'great hit,' was at Sadler's Wells; he was in front to see Belzoni (afterwards known as the great traveller), who gave a pantomimic performance (such as Ducrow since attempted) illustrative of the passions of Lebrun; Belzoni was superior to anything I ever beheld, and I am not solitary in that opinion. Ella, the harlequin, and Belzoni were together at the old Royalty Theatre; and Belzoni's brother was also there. The great and enterprising traveller was retained as a *posturer* at £2 per week!"

MATHEMATICIAN'S HAT.

Emerson the mathematician, who was otherwise singular in his dress, had but one hat, which he made last him the best part of his lifetime, gradually lessening the flaps, bit by bit, as it lost its elasticity and hung down, till nothing but the crown remained.

CHATEAUBRIAND A SOLDIER.

With his knapsack on his back, and his musket on his shoulder, Chateaubriand one day met the King of Prussia, Frederick William, on horseback. "Where are you going?" said the monarch. "I am going to fight," replied young Chateaubriand. "I see the French nobleman in that answer," said Frederick, and, saluting him, passed on. Monsieur Chateaubriand had a similar conversation at Bruxelles with Champfort, a man once of celebrity, but whose name is now almost forgotten. "From whence do you come?" asked Champfort. "From Niagara." "Where are you going to?" "To where battles are fought."

STAGE EFFECT.

One night, at the Dublin theatre, Moss, a good low comedian, but full of the *furor* of extravagance in his acting, played the character of *Lovegold*, in the comedy of "The Miser." To give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming as loud as he could—"You have got my money! you have got my money! and I'll keep your wig till you return it!" The gentlemen of Cecilia's band instantly put their hands on their heads to secure their wigs, and immediately quitted the orchestra. The poor man whose bald head had been exposed, and the sight of which got the ridiculous player a thunder of applause, could get no satisfaction from Moss for the insult, for he called it a theatrical joke.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

In 1842, Prince Adalbert, of Prussia, accompanied by the Counts Oriolla and Bismark, made the voyage of the Amazon River, in the course of which the Prince and his companions had the following desperate encounter with a Boa-constrictor:—

"I was just loading my fowling-piece," relates the Prince, "when I observed an object on the white mud of the river, which gleamed in the sun's rays like a coil of silver: it was a serpent, basking in the sun. We rowed towards the spot, and Count Oriolla fired at it from a distance of thirty to forty paces: he missed it with the first barrel, but wounded it in the tail with the second, which was charged with large shot No. 2. This seemed to rouse the creature: our boat grounded almost at the same moment a little higher up than where the serpent lay, but some intervening bushes prevented our keeping it in sight. We all eagerly jumped into the river, followed by most of the crew: Counts Oriolla and Bismark were overboard in a minute; but as the real depth of the water seemed to me very problematical, I leaped quickly on to a withered branch of an enormous prostrate tree, which served as a bridge to the shore. Although I had little hope of coming up with the serpent, I advanced as fast as I could along the slippery trunk—a thing by no means easy, on account of my large India-rubber shoes, which the swollen state of my feet had obliged me to wear for some weeks past. Just then I heard the report of a gun on my left, and instantly jumping into the morass, warm from the sun's heat, sinking into it up to my knee at every step, and leaving one of my shoes in the mud, I hastened in the direction of the sound. Count Oriolla, who was the first to leap out of the boat, ran to the spot where he had wounded the serpent, and caught sight of the reptile as it was trying to escape into the forest. Suddenly it glided into the mud under the trunk of a prostrate tree, and at that instant the Count struck it with a cutlass, which, however, merely raised the skin: he then threw himself at full length upon the creature, as it was sliding away, and thrust the steel into its back, a few feet from the tail. The Count vainly tried to stop the monstrous reptile, which dragged him along, though the cutlass had pierced its body and entered the ground beneath. It was fortunate that the serpent did not bend backwards, and entwine its bold pursuer in its folds—nor less so that Count Bismark, the only one who was armed with a gun, came up at this critical moment: climbing over the trunk of the tree, he faced the enemy, which hissing lifted its head erect in the air, and with great coolness gave it a shot *à bout portant* through the head, which laid it apparently lifeless on the ground.

"My companions described the creature's strength as wonderful, writhing in immense folds, and flinging its head from one side to

another in its efforts to escape the well-aimed stroke of Count Oriolla; but a few moments after the shot, which carried away its lower jaw and a part of the head, the serpent seemed to arouse from its stupefaction, and Count Bismark hastened back to the boat to fetch Mr. Theremin's gun. All this was the work of a few moments: I had hardly left the boat more than two or three minutes, when I stood beside Count Oriolla, on the trunk of the tree, with the serpent coiled up in an unshapen mass at its roots. I could scarcely wait to hear what had passed, but seized a heavy pole from one of the men who gathered round, to have a thrust at the creature's head. Raising itself up it now seemed to summon its last strength, but it vainly strove to reach us on the tree. I stood ready, armed with a cutlass, to thrust into its jaws, while the Count stirred up the serpent, provoking it to fight; the creature's strength was, however, exhausted. Count Bismark now returned, and shattered its skull with another shot, and it died in strong convulsions. Though I could not share with my valiant companions the honour of the day, I was fortunate enough to arrive in time for the 'Hallali.' Our prey proved to be a large boa-constrictor, measuring sixteen feet two inches in length, and one foot nine inches in circumference; the sailors called it a 'Sucurijú.' In skinning and dissecting it, a dozen membranaceous bags or eggs were found in its body, containing young serpents, some still alive, and from one to two feet long. The Counts kindly presented me with the beautiful skin, which was spotted white, yellow, and black, and covered with small scales: this trophy of their valour now forms the chief ornament of my residence at Monbijou. As soon as the task of skinning was accomplished, which the thickness of the animal's scaly covering rendered very difficult, we again set sail, soon after twelve o'clock, and continued the ascent of the Amazon, carrying off the skin of the Boa in triumph, spread out to dry upon the roof of our boat."—*Journal of Travels, published in 1849.*

KEAN'S IMPROMPTU.

At Birmingham, one of Kean's "benefits" was a total failure: in the last scene of the play ("A New Way to pay Old Debts"), wherein allusion is made to the marriage of a lady, "Take her, sir," Kean suddenly added, "and the Birmingham audience into the bargain."

BAD COMPANY.

At the time that the bubble schemes were flourishing, in 1825, Mr. Abernethy met some friends who had risked large sums of money in one of those fraudulent speculations; they informed him that they were going to partake of a most sumptuous dinner, the expenses of which would be defrayed by the company. "If I am not very much deceived," replied he, "you will have nothing but bubble and squeak in a short time."

GOOD ADVICE.

A young Irishman (placed by his friends as student at a Veterinary College) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" After considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell as soon as possible."

A FOX YARN.—(*From "Jacob Faithful."*)

"I recollect once when I was very near eaten alive by foxes, and that in a very singular manner. I was then mate of a Greenland ship. We had been on the fishing ground for three months, and had twelve fish on board. Finding we were doing well, we fixed our ice-anchors upon a very large iceberg, drifting up and down with it, and taking fish as we fell in with them. One morning, we had just cast loose the carcass of a fish which we had cut up, when the man in the crow's nest, on the look-out for another 'fall,' cried out that a large polar bear and her cub were swimming over to the iceberg, against the side of which, and about half a mile from us, the carcass of the whale was beating. As we had nothing to do, seven of us immediately started in chase: we had intended to have gone after the foxes, which had gathered there also in hundreds, to prey upon the dead whale. It was then quite calm; we soon came up with the bear, who at first was for making off, but as the cub could not get on over the rough ice as well as the old one, she at last turned round to bay. We shot the cub to make sure of her, and it did make sure of the dam not leaving us till either she or we perished in the conflict. I shall never forget her moaning over the cub, as it lay bleeding on the ice, while we fired bullet after bullet into her. At last she turned round, gave a roar and a gnashing snarl, which you might have heard a mile, and, with her eyes flashing fire, darted upon us. We received her in a body, all close together, with our lances to her breast; but she was so large and so strong, that she beat us all back, and two of us fell; fortunately the others held their ground, and she was then an end, three bullets were put into her chest, which brought her down. I never saw so large a beast in my life. I don't wish to make her out larger than she really was, but I have seen many a bullock in Smithfield which would not weigh two-thirds of her. Well, after that, we had some trouble in despatching her; and while we were so employed, the wind blew up in gusts from the northward, and the snow fell heavy. The men were for returning to the ship immediately, which certainly was the wisest thing for us all to do; but I thought that the snow-storm would blow over in a short time, and not wishing to lose so fine a skin, resolved to remain and flay the beast; for I knew, if left there a few hours, as the foxes could not get hold of the carcass of the whale, which had not grounded, that they would soon finish

the bear and cub, and the skins be worth nothing. Well, the other men went back to the ship, and as it was, the snow-storm came on so thick, that they lost their way, and would never have found her, if it was not that the bell was kept tolling for a guide to them. I soon found that I had done a very foolish thing: instead of the storm blowing over, the snow came down thicker and thicker; and before I had taken a quarter of the skin off, I was becoming cold and numbed, and then I was unable to regain the ship, and with every prospect of being frozen to death before the storm was over. At last, I knew what was my only chance. I had flayed all the belly of the bear, but had not cut her open. I ripped her up, tore out all her inside, and contrived to get into her body, where I lay, and, having closed up the entrance hole, was warm and comfortable, for the animal heat had not yet been extinguished. This manoeuvre no doubt saved my life; and I have heard that the French soldiers did the same in their unfortunate Russian campaign, killing their horses, and getting inside to protect themselves from the dreadful weather. Well, Jacob, I had not lain there more than half an hour, when I knew, by sundry jerks and tugs at my new-invented hurricane-house, that the foxes were busy—and so they were, sure enough. There must have been hundreds of them, for they were at work in all directions, and some pushed their sharp noses into the opening where I had crept in; but I contrived to get out my knife and saw their noses across whenever they touched me, otherwise I should have been eaten up in a very short time. There were so many of them, and they were so ravenous, that they soon got through the bear's thick skin, and were tearing away at the flesh. Now I was not so much afraid of their eating me, as I thought that if I jumped up and discovered myself, they would have all fled. No saying, though: two or three hundred ravenous devils take courage when together; but I was afraid that they would devour my covering from the weather, and then I should perish with the cold; and I also was afraid of having pieces nipped out of me, which would, of course, oblige me to quit my retreat. At last daylight was made through the upper part of the carcass, and I was only protected by the ribs of the animal, between which every now and then their noses dived and nipped my seal-skin jacket. I was just thinking of shouting to frighten them away, when I heard the report of half-a-dozen muskets, and some of the bullets struck the carcass, but fortunately did not hit me. I immediately hallooed as loud as I could, and the men, hearing me, ceased firing. They had fired at the foxes, little thinking that I was inside of the bear. I crawled out, the storm was over, and the men of the ship had come back to look for me. My brother, who was also a mate on board of the vessel, who had not been with the first party, had joined

them in search, but with little hopes of finding me alive. He hugged me in his arms, covered as I was with blood, as soon as he saw me. He's dead now, poor fellow!—That's the story, Jacob.”—*Capt. Marryat.*

KITTY CLOVER.

Little Knight wrote a song called “Kitty Clover,” the melody of which Kean played over one day in the presence of his (Knight's) son; it was subsequently brought out as “composed by Mr. Kean.” Knight was attempting to flatter the tragedian by talking at him of the beauty of the melody to Miss Stephens, whom he persuaded to sing a serious song that he had written to the air. Kean then turned away from Knight, and said to a friend, “Don't mind that fellow; the truth is, I was out all night in Glasgow, and heard a soldier, who was as drunk as myself, whistling an air: my ear is quick, and I caught up something like the melody in question; but as no one has claimed it, I suppose it's *bad enough* to be mine.”

“THAT'S THE ALLEGORY.”

A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenues. “Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaïdes? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?” “No,” said Minos, “none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches.”

HIGH KNOWLEDGE.

A Piedmontese Princess has rendered herself famous by a single sentence. There was a famine in that little kingdom. The Princess was astonished. “Do they die of it?” asked she. “In great numbers,” was the answer. “What squeamishness!” said her Highness; “why don't they eat beef and mutton? I'm sure I would do so, rather than starve.”

The world has other instances of this high-life knowlege. The son of an English Duke, a guardsman, is still memorable for a sentiment of equal ease. On his regiment being ordered for Holland, in the first French war, it was observed that he must prepare for some privations. “To be, sure I must,” was his reply. “A bottle of good champagne, and a tolerable haunch, I suppose, are holiday fare among the mynheers. Let me have but a bottle of drinkable claret and a roast fowl, and I can get on anywhere.”

TRADE AGAINST LAND.

When the late Mr. Whitbread's father, the brewer, first opposed the Duke of Bedford's interest at Bedford, the Duke informed him that he would spend £50,000 rather than he should *come in*. Whitbread, with true English spirit, replied, that was nothing; the sale of his grains would pay for that.

COLLINS AND ELLISTON.

Mr. Collins, the painter, and some friends, were one night sitting with Elliston in his box at Drury-lane theatre, when one of the inferior actors attracted their attention by the shabbiness of his costume, and the general poverty of his whole appearance. His stockings, particularly, were in a miserable condition; and the embroidered ornament at the ancle of one, called the “*clock*,” was positively ragged. Elliston first discerned the latter feature in the costume of his humble brother actor; and, in tragic seriousness of tone, directly drew the painter's attention to it, in the following words:—“*Watch his 'clock!*”—he got it upon *tick!*”

RUSTIC IGNORANCE.

An old woman, who had never in the course of her life taken the Sacrament, having become extremely anious to receive it, the pastor of the parish to which she belonged thought it his duty to examine her a little, and unfortunately found her one of the most deplorably ignorant and stupid beings in existence, with few ideas beyond a sort of vague, general notion of a God, and a future state of retribution. Perceiving that she knew nothing of her prayers and creed, he asked her whether she had ever heard that there were any commandments? and if she had, how many? She replied yes, and that there were *five*. “*Five!*” exclaimed the minister, “you mistake; however, tell me, if you can, which be they.” “Why, sir,” answered the ancient catechumen, with a curtesy and look of manifest pleasure that at length an opportunity had occurred of displaying her *knowledge*, “they be Christmas Day, Lady Day, Lammas Day, Michaelmas Day, and, let me see, another, but I'm sure I forget what.” “Good Heavens! my poor woman!” exclaimed the horrified clergyman, “I could not have conceived that anybody lived so weak as yourself!” “*Wake!*” quoth the old dame in a huff, “*wake* did you call me, sir? Ay, ay, indeed, I may well be *wake*, and so would you be, I fancy, an you'd been troubled with the *ager-fits* as long as I have.”

An old woman, extremely anxious to be confirmed, was asked by the clergyman of her parish whether it was with a view to receive the Sacrament, and whether she understood the meaning and purport of confirmation? to which she answered, “Ay, why, no, sir; I can't say that I well do. But I've wanted mortal bad to be *confarmed*, because I've a notion 'tis a some'at as 'ill do my *rheumatiz* good!”

NAUTICAL SERMON.

A clergyman preaching in the neighbourhood of Wapping, observing that most part of his audience were in the seafaring way, very naturally embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Amongst other things, he advised them "to be ever on the watch, so that on whatsoever tack the evil one should bear down on them, he might be crippled in action." "Ay, master," said a son of Neptune, "but let me tell you, that will depend upon your having the weather gage of him."

STEALING THE WORD.

When Lord Norbury was presiding in one of the Irish criminal courts, the registrar complained to him that witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. "Never mind," said his Lordship, "if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief. However, if they are not afraid of the cord, hang your book in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." This strange expedient was adopted, and the Testament remained afterwards secure.

SUDDEN DEATHS ON THE STAGE.

It is related that a gentleman of the name of Bond collected a party of his friends, got up the play of "Zara," at the Music-room in Villiers-street, York-buildings, and chose the part of *Lusignan* for himself. His acting was considered as a prodigy; and he yielded himself up so to the force and impetuosity of his imagination, that on the discovery of his daughter he fainted away. The house rang with applause; but, finding that he continued a long time in that situation, the audience began to be uneasy and apprehensive. With some difficulty, the representatives of *Chatillon* and *Nerestan* placed him in his chair; he then faintly spoke, extended his arms to receive his children, raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them for ever.

In October, 1758, Joseph Peterson (an actor long attached to the Norwich company) was performing the *Duke* in "Measure for Measure," which he played in a masterly style, and had just uttered these words—

"Reason thus with life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath
thou art,"

when he dropped into Mr. Moody's arms and never spoke again.

A similar end was that of Mr. John Palmer: on the 2nd of August, 1798, while performing in the play of the "Stranger" at the Liverpool Theatre, after uttering the line,

"There is another and a better world,"

he fell on his back, heaved a convulsive sigh, and instantly expired.

COLLINS'S MARRIAGE.

When Mr. Collins was united to Miss Geddes, in the English Episcopal Church, in York-place, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Dr. Alison, author of the celebrated work on "Taste," the Doctor exhibited his literary enthusiasm in a graceful and pleasing light, declining to take any fees on the conclusion of the ceremony. "You bear the name of a great poet," said he to the painter, "and you are yourself increasing the honours of that name, by your progress in one of the intellectual arts: I could receive no fees from any 'William Collins;' and still less could I take them from *you*."

DEATH OF DR. ADAM CLARKE BY CHOLERA.

In the autumn of 1832, the cholera was spreading death and dismay far and wide throughout the land. Dr. Clarke appears to have had no personal fear of it. On the contrary, he made volunteer excursions into districts where it prevailed. He specially named it, however, in the morning and evening devotions which he offered up in his family, and prayed that "each and all might be saved from its influence, or prepared for sudden death." He was engaged to preach at Bayswater, on Sunday, the 26th of August, and on the Saturday before he was conveyed there in a friend's chaise. He was cheerful on the road, but was tired with his journey and listless in the evening: and when a gentleman asked him to preach a charity sermon for him and fix the day, he made answer, "I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me." He retired to bed early, not without some of those symptoms that indicated the approach of this awful disease, but which do not appear to have excited any suspicions in himself or in his friends. He rose in the morning ill, and wanting to get home; but before arrangements could be made for his removal he had sunk into his chair—that icy coldness, by which the complaint is characterised, had come on, and when the medical men arrived, they pronounced it a clear case of cholera. His wife, and most of his children, short as the summons was, gathered about him—he had ever been the most affectionate of husbands and parents—and his looks indicated great satisfaction when he had them by his side, *nec desideraverunt aliquid oculi*; but he was now nearly speechless. "Am I blue?" however, he said to one of his sons—a question indicating his knowledge of the malady under which he was sinking; and without any effort of nature to rally, he breathed his last with a short sob, about the seventieth year of his age. "The heart," adds the biographer of his latter days, "knoweth his own bitterness, but what can equal the anguish of that emotion which first tells the wife she is a widow, and the children that they are fatherless? They feel its pang once—to forget it no more for ever."

CHATEAUBRIAND'S INTERVIEW WITH
WASHINGTON.

"A little house of the English construction (says Chateaubriand), resembling the houses in its neighbourhood, was the palace of the President of the United States. No guards, no valets. I knocked—a young servant-girl opened to me. I asked her if the General was at home. She asked me my name, which being difficult to pronounce in English, she could not retain. But she said, 'Walk in, sir,' and went before me through one of those long and narrow corridors which serve as a vestibule to English houses. She introduced me into a parlour, and told me the General would attend me. I was not moved; greatness of soul or of fortune never disconcert me. I admire the first, without being humbled by it. The world inspires me with more pity than respect. Never has the face of man troubled me. In a few minutes the General entered. He was a man of large stature, his demeanour calm, rather cold than noble. He resembles his pictures. I presented him my letter in silence; he opened it, turned to the signature, which he read aloud, exclaiming, 'Colonel Armand!' It was thus that the Marquis de la Rouverie had signed. We sat down. I explained to him as well as I could the motive of my voyage. He answered me by monosyllables in French or English. He listened to me with astonishment. I approached him, and said with vivacity, 'But it is less difficult to discover the North-East passage than to create a people as you have done.' 'Well well,' said he, '*young man*,' stretching to me his hand. He invited me to dine with him on the following day, and we parted.

"I was exact at the rendezvous. We were but five or six guests. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French Revolution. The General showed us the key of the Bastille. These keys were silly toys, which were then distributed in the two worlds. If Washington had seen, like me, the vanquishers of the Bastille in the gutters of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relic. The seriousness and the force of this revolution was not in its bloody orgies. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the Faubourg St. Antoine demolished the Protestant temple of Clarenton with as much zeal as they devastated the church of St. Denis in 1793. Such was my meeting with this man, who has emancipated a whole world. Washington had sunk into the tomb before any fame was attached to my name; I passed before him as the most unknown being. He was in all his splendour, and I in all my obscurity. Perhaps, my name did not remain a whole day in his memory. Happy am I, nevertheless, that his regards have fallen upon me. I have felt myself warmed by them during the rest of my life. There is a virtue in the regard of a great man. I have since seen Bonaparte. Thus Providence has shown me two persons, whom it has been pleased to

place at the head of the destinies of their age."

"WHAT A SHOCKING BAD HAT YOU'VE
GOT."

This phrase, which was very popular some eighteen years ago, is said to have originated as follows:—"When Mr. H——, the worthy hat-maker, was canvassing the poorer constituents of the borough of Southwark for their 'sweet voices,' he invariably addressed them in this form: 'I wait upon you, sir, to request the favour of your vote and interest at the ensuing election. To bribery and corruption—I—will—not—have—recourse; but, sir, if—Why, bless me, sir, what a shocking bad hat you've got! really, you must allow me to send you a new one. But, sir, as I was about to say, if you can conscientiously,' &c.

A MATCH FOR ABERNETHY.

A scene of much entertainment once took place between our eminent surgeon and the famous John Philpot Curran. Mr. Curran, it seems, being personally unknown to him, had visited Mr. Abernethy several times without having had an opportunity of fully explaining (as he thought) the nature of his malady; at last, determined to have a hearing, when interrupted in his story, he fixed his dark bright eye on the "doctor," and said—"Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, sir, not to leave this room till you satisfy me by doing so." Struck by his manner, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, and assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed, in a tone of half surprise, half humour, "Oh! very well, sir; I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole—your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on." Upon which Curran, not a whit disconcerted, gravely began:—"My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman, of small fortune, in that neighbourhood, procured my admission into one of the Protestant free-schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a *sizar*;" and so he continued for several minutes, giving his astonished hearer a true, but irresistibly laughable account of his "birth, parentage, and education," as desired, till he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy's attention to his gifted patient was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.

ABERNETHIANA.

Abernethy's mind disqualified him from adopting that affected interest which distinguishes many of the well-bred physicians, and he heartily despised their little arts to acquire popularity. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—"Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad (his favourite word), you may go about your business—I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off." In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First Day.—Lady enters and holds out her finger.—Abernethy: "Cut?"—Lady: "Bite." A.: "Dog?"—L.: "Parrot." A.: "Go home and poultice it." Second day.—Finger held out again.—A.: "Better?"—L.: "Worse." A.: "Go home and poultice it again." Third Day.—Finger held out as before.—A.: "Better?"—L.: "Well." A.: "You're the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good bye. Get out."

Another lady, having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to shew it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First Day—Patient, exposing the arm, says—Burnt."—A.: "I see it," and having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm, and says—"Better."—A.: "I know it." Third Day—again showing the arm.—Patient: "Well."—A.: "Any fool can tell that. What d'ye come again for? Get away."

A patient consulted Mr. Abernethy for a pain in the arm, and holding it up in the air, said "It always gives me pain when I hold it up so." A.: "Then why the devil do you hold it up so?"

In all cases of obesity and repletion Mr. Abernethy was especially impatient, and indisposed to prescribe. A portly gentleman from the country once called on him for advice and received the following answer:—"You nasty beast, you go and fill your g—, and then you come to me to empty them."

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise and after her meals. Perceiving her to be very tightly laced round the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissors, and, without saying a word, ripped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desired her to walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt. "Better," was the reply. The mandate was repeated, and the walk being finished, he asked, "How now?" "Quite well," was the answer. Abernethy: "That will do. Take her away, and don't let her wear tight stays." In such a case a common phy-

sician would probably prescribe to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view. Another young lady was one summer's morning brought to him by her mother in consequence of the former having swallowed a spider. Mr. Abernethy dexterously caught a blue-bottle fly as it fled by him, and told the patient to put it into her mouth, and if she spit it out in a few moments the spider would come out with it.

A lawyer having called to show the state of his leg, proceeded to remove the bandages, which Mr. Abernethy endeavoured to prevent, every now and then repeating, "No, no, that will do: shut it up—shut it up." Accordingly the lawyer yielded at length, but determined on revenge. Mr. Abernethy having simply prescribed for the stomach without regard to the leg, the patient tendered a shilling, and prepared to depart, when the former, missing the expected sovereign, observed that there must be some mistake. "No no," said the lawyer, advancing to the door, "that will do—that will do: shut it up—shut it up."

WILKIE'S SIMPLICITY.

On the birth of Collins's first son, the painter requested Sir David Wilkie to become one of the sponsors for his child. The great artist's first criticism on his future godson is worth recording, from its originality. Sir David, whose studies of human nature extended to everything but infant human nature, had evidently been refreshing his faculties for the occasion, by taxing his boyish recollections of puppies and kittens; for, after looking intently into the child's eyes, as it was held up for his inspection, he exclaimed to the father, with serious astonishment and satisfaction, "He sees!"

LORD KEEPER ELLESMERE.

Lord Ellesmere, who was made keeper of the seals in the 38th of Queen Elizabeth, was son of a servant girl named Sparks, who had lived with his father, Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley. His mother had been so neglected by her seducer, that she was compelled to beg for support; when a neighbouring gentleman, a friend of Sir Richard, saw her asking alms followed by her child. He admired its beauty, and saw in it the evident features of the Knight. He immediately went to Sir Richard, and laid before him the disgrace of suffering his own offspring, illegitimate as he was, to wander from door to door. He was touched with the reproof, adopted the child, and, by a proper education, laid the foundation of its future fortune. Fuller, in his "Worthies," says, that "surely Christendom afforded not a person who carried more gravity in his countenance than Sir Thomas Egerton; insomuch that many who have gone to the Chancery on purpose only to see his venerable aspect and garb, were highly pleased at so acceptable a spectacle."

OLD JESTS.

Persons who gloat over dust and black-letter need scarcely be told that the best of "modern" jests are almost literally from the antique: in short, that what we employ to "set the table in a roar" were employed by the wise men of old to enliven *their* cups, deep and strong; that to jest was a part of the Platonic philosophy; and that the excellent fancies, the flashes of merriment, of our forefathers, are nightly, nay, hourly re-echoed for our amusement. Yet such is the whole art of pleasing: what has pleased will, with certain modifications, continue to please again and again, until the end of time.

But we may displease; and as Hamlet says, "We must speak by the card." Here is from Hierocles, a little batch of jests with antique humour richly dight. The reader will recognise many old acquaintances, but he need not touch his hat, lest his politeness weary him. These old stories are but "pick'd to be new van'd."

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other in a rage said, "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

A speculative gentleman, wishing to teach his horse to do without food, starved him to death. "I had a great loss," said he; "for, just as he learned to live without eating, he died."

A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. "Why then do you sleep without your shoes?" was the reply.

A robustious countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

A gentleman had a cask of Aminean wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no traces of an opening. "Look if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a bystander. "Blockhead!" he replied, "do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom?"

A young man meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he: "you are a notorious liar; but my informant was a person of credit."

A man hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

During a storm, the passengers on board a vessel that appeared in danger seized different implements to aid them in swimming, and one of the number selected for this purpose the anchor.

One of twin brothers died: a fellow meet-

ing the survivor, asked, "Which is it, you or your brother, that's dead?"

A man wrote to his friend in Greece, begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice, he neglected to execute the commission; but fearing that his correspondent might be offended, he exclaimed, when next they met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter that you wrote to me about the books."

A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Loosing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake; rascal! you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

A citizen, seeing some sparrows in a tree, went beneath and shook it, holding out his hat to catch them as they fell.

A foolish fellow having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

A man meeting his friend, said, "I spoke to you last night in a dream." "Pardon me," replied the other, "I did not hear you."

A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would not again go into the water until he had learned to swim.

(To understand the next, we must premise that a horse with his first teeth was called by the Greeks "a first thrower.")

A man selling a horse was asked if it was a first thrower. "By Jove," said he, "he's a second thrower, for he threw both me and my father."

A fellow had to cross a river, and entered a boat on horseback; being asked the cause, he replied, "I must ride, because I am in a hurry."

A student in want of money sold his books, and wrote home, "Father, rejoice, for I now derive my support from literature."

REAL TRAGEDY.

The history of Sweden records a very extraordinary incident, which took place at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, under King John II., in 1513. The actor who performed the part of *Longinus*, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on the cross in the side, was so transported with the spirit of his action, that he really killed the man who personated our Lord; who, falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the Holy Mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so enraged against *Longinus*, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their King, fell upon him in a throng, and killed him

AN INCIDENT ON THE ICE.

The winter was unusually severe, and the ice on the St. Lawrence particularly thick; however, while the river beneath was rushing towards the sea, the ice was waiting in abeyance in the middle of the stream until the narrow pass between Montreal and St. Helens should burst and allow the whole mass to break into pieces, and then in stupendous confusion to hurry downwards towards Quebec. On St. Helens there was quartered a small detachment of troops, and while the breaking up of the ice was momentarily expected, many of the soldiers, muffled in their great-coats, with thick storm-gloves on their hands, and with a piece of fur attached to their caps to protect their ears from being frozen, were on the ice employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal. After a short suspense, which increased rather than allayed their excitement, a deep thundering noise announced to them that the process of breaking up had commenced. The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst, broke into fragments, and the whole mass, excepting a small portion, which remaining rivetted to the shore of St. Helens formed an artificial pier with deep water beneath it, gradually moved downwards. Just at this moment of intense interest a little girl, the daughter of an artilleryman on the island, was seen on the ice in the middle of the river in an attitude of agony and alarm. Imprudently and unobserved, she had attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was hardly half way when the ice both above, below her, and in all directions, gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, and it was exciting various sensations in the minds, and various exclamations from the mouths of the soldiers, when something within the breast of Thomas Neill, a young sergeant in the 24th regiment, who happened to be much nearer to her than the rest, distinctly uttered to him the monosyllables "Quick march!" and in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on a parade bandarole, he steadily proceeded towards her. Sometimes just before him, sometimes just behind him, and sometimes on either side, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up on end, and roll over, so as occasionally to hide him altogether from view. Sometimes he was seen jumping from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then, like a white bear, carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink: however, onwards he proceeded; until reaching the little island of ice on which the poor child stood, with the feelings of calm triumph with which he would have surmounted a breach, he firmly grasped her by the hand. By this time he had been floated down the river nearly out of sight of his comrades. However, some of them, having run to their barracks for spy-glasses, distinctly beheld him about two miles below them, sometimes leading the child in his hand, sometimes carrying her in his arms;

sometimes "halting," sometimes running "double quick;" and in this dangerous predicament he continued for six miles, until, after passing Longueuil, he was given up by his comrades as—lost. He remained with the little girl floating down the middle of the river for a considerable time; at last, towards evening, they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at no small risk, humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued them both from their perilous situation. The Canadians took them to their home. At last, in due time they returned to St. Helens. The child was happily restored to its parents, and Sergeant Neill quietly returned to his barracks.—*Sir Francis Head's "Emigrant."*

HENRY ERSKINE.

It was on a visit to the Parliament-house, that Mr. Henry Erskine (brother of Lord Buchan and Lord Erskine), after being presented to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Boswell, and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his *bear*.

LOUIS XVI.—BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

Louis XVI. was of an advantageous stature; his shoulders were large, and his belly prominent. His walk was ungainly, rolling, as it were, from one leg to the other; his vision was short; his eyes half shut; his mouth large; his voice hollow and vulgar. He was fond of a hearty laugh: his air announced gaiety,—not the gaiety, perhaps, of a superior mind, but the cordial joy of an honest man, coming from a conscience without reproach. He was not without knowledge, especially in geography. For the rest, he had his weaknesses like other men. He loved, for example, to play tricks upon his pages, and to spy, at five o'clock in the morning, from the windows of the palace, the movements of the gentlemen of the Court as they left their apartments. If at a hunt one passed between him and the stag, he was subject to sudden fits of anger, as I have experienced myself. One day, when it was excessively hot, an old gentleman of the stables, who had followed the chase, being fatigued, got down from his horse, and, stretching himself on his back, fell asleep in the shade. Louis passed by, perceived him, and thought it a good joke to wake him up. He got down, then, from his horse, and, without wishing to hurt his ancient servant, he let fall rather a heavy stone on his breast. Awakening up, the old gentleman, in the first moment of pain and anger, called out, "Ah! I know you well in this trick; you were so from your infancy; you are a tyrant, a cruel man, a ferocious animal!" and he continued to overwhelm the King with insults. His Majesty quickly regained his horse, and half laughing, half sorry that he had hurt a man whom he loved much, muttered as he went away, "Ha! ha! he is angry! he is angry! he is angry!"

WILBERFORCE'S EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Wilberforce entered St. John's College, Cambridge, Oct., 1776, at the age of seventeen years; and, becoming master of a handsome fortune, left by his grandfather and uncle, he was at once exposed to a host of temptations. On the first night of his arrival, he was introduced to a licentious set of hard drinkers, whom, however, he shook off after the first year. For the last two years he spent at Cambridge, he was the centre of a higher circle. "There was no one," says the Rev. T. Gisborne, "at all like him for powers of entertainment. Always fond of repartee and discussion, he seemed entirely free from conceit and vanity." He was truly hospitable: "there was always a great Yorkshire pie in his rooms, and all were welcome to partake of it. My rooms and his," says Mr. Gisborne, "were back to back, and often when I was raking out my fire, at ten o'clock, I heard his melodious voice calling aloud to me to come and sit with him before I went to bed. It was a dangerous thing to do, for his amusing conversation was sure to keep me up so late, that I was behind-hand the next morning." Wilberforce was a good classic, and acquitted himself well in the college examinations; but mathematics he almost entirely neglected. Whilst some of his companions were reading hard and attending lectures, card-parties and idle amusements consumed his hours. With all his gaieties, he was not, however, profligate, or what the world calls licentious, and certainly "better than young men in general;" but he neglected opportunities of moral and intellectual profit: he strove in after years to supply these omissions; but, to the end of his life, he deplored a certain want of mental regularity, which he traced to this neglect of early discipline. "That there was even at this time of thoughtlessness, a hidden vein of deeper feeling, was shown by his refusing, when unexpectedly required, to declare his assent to the articles of the Church, though the refusal cost him, for a time, the convenience of an academical degree. Further inquiry removed his hesitation, but he would not, at a mature age, when his education was completed, declare his concurrence in religious dogmas which he had not examined."

Before he quitted college, Mr. Wilberforce had resolved to enter upon public life. He therefore declined business; and, in expectation of a speedy dissolution, he commenced a canvass for the representation of his native town in Parliament. After a successful canvass on the spot, he repaired to London, where about 300 Hull freemen resided in the vicinity of the Thames; these he entertained at suppers in the public-houses at Wapping, and, by his addresses to them, first gained confidence in public speaking. During this year, he lodged in the Adelphi, and constantly frequented the gallery of the House of Commons, where he became intimate with Mr. Pitt, whom he had slightly known at

Cambridge. In the summer he returned to Hull; but his election prospects were almost blighted by the day being fixed before the expiration of his nonage. The session, however, survived his birthday, when the townsmen were regaled with an ox roasted whole in one of his fields. The election opportunely followed, and he numbered singly as many votes as his two opponents had received together, though his return cost him between £8000 and £9000. This great success coloured his entry into public life; and, upon his return to London, he was at once elected a member of all the leading clubs, and immersed in politics and fashion. Fox, Sheridan, and Fitzpatrick frequented these clubs, and the members chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as they pleased. But Mr. Wilberforce's usual resort was Goose-tree's in Pall-mall, where his friendship with Pitt increased. Here he once lost £100 at the Faro table, and, on another night, kept the bank, by which he won £600; but this weaned him from play. About this time, he was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare, at the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

UNREASONABLE HORSE.

A countryman returning home by moonlight, after having taken his full share of ale, his horse, stopping at a pond, proceeded to take his full share of water, and in so doing pitched his rider over his head. The pond not being deep, the man soon recovered himself, and catching hold of the bridle of his nag, exclaimed, "Dom thee! can't thee drink without a sop?"

ORIGIN OF PARSON ADAMS.

It is stated by one of Fielding's biographers, that the Rev. Mr. Young, a learned and much-esteemed friend of the novelist, was the original of the excellent and amusing parson.

It is added that the likeness was very remarkable: Mr. Young had as close an intimacy with the Greek authors, and as passionate a veneration for *Æschylus*, as Adams himself; the overflowings of his benevolence were strong; his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred, too, upon the most interesting occasions.

When he was chaplain, for instance, of a regiment serving in Flanders, he thought proper, one fine summer's evening, to indulge himself in a walk; during which, struck with the charms of the landscape, and, perhaps, with some appropriate passage in his beloved *Æschylus*, he extended his studies till he arrived very quickly within the enemy's lines, and was only brought to a stand by the repeated challenge of "*Qui va là?*"

The officer in command, on hearing the merits of the case, and finding the unpremeditated nature of the visit, with the unaffected simplicity of his prisoner, gave him leave to pursue his classical researches in a walk home again.

PATRICK HENRY, THE AMERICAN ORATOR.

Henry's information was very limited, and he was much disinclined to study. "Take my word for it," was his remark to a friend in advanced life, "we are too old to read books; read men—they are the only volumes we can read to advantage." What he did read was always ready for use. Mr. Lee (the Cicero of the Virginian Assembly) was descanting tediously till a late hour, on the beauties of "Don Quixote." Henry assented, but added, "You have overlooked, in your eulogy, one of the finest things in the book, the divine exclamation of Sancho, 'Blessings on the man who first invented sleep; it covers one all over like a cloak.'" Henry's maiden speech is thus well described:—

"And now came the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks at each other, and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed for the first time developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For, as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuvia* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. . . . They say that the people, whose countenances had fallen as he arose, had heard but a few sentences, before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses: then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charms of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stepping forward from their stands in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and rivetted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant."

Henry's reputation was now established. After this, however, instead of refining his manner or improving his dress, he took a delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a coarse hunting-jacket, greasy leather breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm. He had also contracted or affected the vulgar style of pronunciation, as:—"Naiteral parts is better than all the *larning* upon *yearth*"—though his friends deny the *is*.

A YELLOW COAT.

"There was a man about 40 years old, Dick Harness by name. He had received a wound in the hip, from a grape shot; and his leg having, in consequence, contracted, it occasioned him to limp very much; but he was as strong and hearty, in all other respects, as a man could be. He was a very merry fellow, full of jokes; and if any one told a story which was at all verging on the marvellous, he was sure to tell another which would be still more incredible. He played the fiddle, and sang to his own accompaniments, which were very droll, as he extracted strange noises from his instrument. Sometimes his bow would be on the wrong side of the bridge, sometimes down at the keys; besides which, he produced sounds by thumping the fiddle, as well as by touching its strings, as a guitar: indeed, he could imitate, in a certain way, almost every instrument, and most of the noises made by animals. He had one fault—for which he used to be occasionally punished—which was, he was too fond of the bottle; but he was a great favourite, and therefore screened by the men, and overlooked by the officers as much as possible. The punishment for a pensioner getting drunk was, at that time, being made to wear a yellow, instead of a blue coat, which made a man look very conspicuous. One day Harness had the yellow coat on, when a party of ladies and gentlemen came to see the Hospital. Perceiving that he was dressed so differently from the other pensioners, one of the ladies' curiosity was excited; and at last she called him to her, and said:—

"Pray, my good man, why do you wear a yellow coat, when the other pensioners have blue ones?"

"Bless your handsome face, ma'am!" replied Dick, "don't you really know?"

"No, indeed!" replied she.

"Well, then, ma'am, perhaps you may have heard of the glorious battle of the Nile, in which Nelson gave the French such a drubbing?"

"Oh, yes!" cried all the ladies and gentlemen, who had now crowded about him.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I had the good fortune to be in that great victory; and all we *Nilers*, as we are called, are permitted to wear a yellow coat, as a mark of distinction, while the common pensioners wear nothing but blue."

"Dear me!" said the lady; "and do I really speak to one of those brave fellows who fought at the battle of the Nile?" and she put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out five shillings. "There," said she, "I hope you'll not be affronted, but accept this from me."

"Not at all, ma'am," replied Dick, pocketing the money.

"Then the whole party made a subscription for him, and Dick went off with a handful of silver."—*Capt. Marryat's "Poor Jack."*

SPIRITED REPLY.

"Doctor," said a hard-looking, brandy-faced customer, the other day, to a physician—"Doctor, I'm troubled with an oppression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?" "All very easily accounted for," said the physician; "you have water on the chest." "Water! Come, that'll do well enough for a joke; but how could I get water on my chest, when I haven't touched a drop in fifteen years! If you had said brandy, you might have hit it."

THE AMERICAN NATION.

Fisher Ames reminds his countrymen, that, though America is rising with a giant's strength, its bones are yet but cartilages." Burke, in his speech on American affairs, delivered in 1772, calls the Americans "a nation in the gristle;" and Talleyrand, on his return from the United States, described them as "un géant sans os ni nerfs."

A FAIR COMPLIMENT.

Francis de Harley, Archbishop of Paris under Louis XIV., was remarkably handsome, and affable in his manner. When he was appointed to his diocese, with several Duchesses who waited upon him in a body, to congratulate him, was the Duchess of Mecklenburgh, who addressed him in the following words:—"Though the weakest, we are the most zealous portion of your flock." The Archbishop answered, "I regard you as the fairest portion of it." The Duchess de Bouillon, who understood Latin, and was well read in Virgil, then repeated this line from that poet:—

"Formosa pecoris, custos formosior ipse."
(Fair is the flock, the keeper fairer still.)

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

In 1477, the famous patrician, Martin Kotzel, undertook a pilgrimage to Palestine, for the express purpose of counting the number of footsteps between the house of Pontius Pilate and Mount Golgotha. The idea was singular, no doubt, but turned to the advantage of the arts. It was Kotzel's intention, on his return, to measure an equal distance from his own house to the cemetery of St. John; then, on the road so measured out, to erect seven statues, by the celebrated Adam Kraft, and, at the extremity, a Calvary, crowned with three statues, of Christ and his two executioners. But when he got back to Nuremberg, he found he had forgotten the number of paces. Another man would have given way in despair; but Martin Kotzel, without hesitation, resumed his staff, and recommenced his journey to the Holy Land. On his next return, his memory had retained the number; and he immediately set about the execution of his brilliant project, which still exists, and, with the exception of one or two statues requiring a few repairs, the whole is perfect as on leaving the sculptor's hand.

MELODRAMATIC HIT.

Burke's was a complete failure, where he flung the dagger on the floor of the House of Commons, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan:—"The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?"

CASH PAYMENTS.

Peterson, the comedian, lent a brother actor two shillings, and, when he made a demand for the sum, the debtor, turning peevishly from him, said, "Hang it, I'll pay you to-day in some shape or other." Peterson good-humouredly replied, "I shall be much obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as like two shillings as you can."

A PROUD HEART.

Mathews, whose powers in conversation, and whose flow of anecdote in private life, transcended even his public efforts, told a variety of tales of the Kingswood colliers (Kingswood is near Bristol), in one of which he represented an old collier looking for some of the implements of his trade, exclaiming, "Jan, what's the mother done with the new coal-sacks?" "Made pillows on 'em," replied the son. "Confound her proud heart," rejoins the collier, "why could she not take th' ould ones?"

MOUNTEBANK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The following curious account is extracted from "A Journey through England in 1723:—

"I cannot leave Winchester without telling you of a pleasant incident that happened there. As I was sitting at the George Inn, I saw a coach with six bay horses, a calash and four, and a chaise and four enter the inn, in a yellow livery turned up with red; four gentlemen on horseback, in blue trimmed with silver; and as yellow is the colour given by the dukes in England, I went out to see what duke it was: but there was no coronet on the coach, only a plain coat-of-arms on each, with this motto,

'Argento laborat Faber.'

Upon inquiry, I found this great equipage belonged to a mountebank; and that his name being Smith, the motto was a pun upon his name. The footmen in yellow were his tumblers and trumpeters, and those in blue his merry-andrew, his apothecary, and spokesman. He was dressed in black velvet, and had in his coach a woman that danced on the ropes. He cures all diseases, and sells his packets for sixpence apiece. He erected stages in all the market-towns twenty miles round; and it is a prodigy how so wise a people as the English are gulled by such pickpockets. But his amusements on the stage are worth the sixpence, without the pills. In the morning he is dressed up in a fine brocade night-gown, for his chamber practice, where he gives advice, and gets large fees."

FOOTIANA.

When Foote first opened the theatre in the Haymarket, amongst other projects, he proposed to entertain the public with an imitation of cat music; for this purpose he engaged a man famous for his skill in mimicking the mewling of cats. This person was called "Cat Harris." He not attending the rehearsal of this odd concert, Foote desired Shuter would endeavour to find him out, and bring him with him. Shuter was directed to some court in the Minories, where this extraordinary musician lived, but not knowing the house, Shuter began a cat solo; upon this, the other looked out of the window, and answered him with a cantata of the same sort. "Come along," said Shuter, "I want no better information that you are the man. Mr. Foote stays for us—we cannot begin the cat opera without you."

One night as Macklin was preparing to begin his lecture, and hearing a buzz in the room, he spied Foote in a corner, talking and laughing most immoderately. This he thought a wrong time to rebuke him, as he had not begun his lecture, and consequently could not be subject to any criticism: he, therefore, cried out, with some authority, "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, sir," said Foote, "pray do you?"

Foote walking up and down the rooms at Bath, a gentleman with him asked a third lady's name just then passing by them; to which he replied, "Brown, sir." "Ay," said Foote, staring at the lady, "a lovely *Brown* indeed."

Foote was once asked, why learned men are to be found in rich men's houses, and rich men never to be seen in those of the learned. "Why," said he, "the first know what they want, but the latter do not."

Foote having satirised the Scotch pretty severely, a gentleman asked, "Why he hated that nation so much." "You are mistaken," said Foote, "I don't hate the Scotch, neither do I hate frogs, but I would have everything keep to its native element."

Foote praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at *Cork*. "No, sir," replied Foote; "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

Foote took a house at Hammersmith that was advertised to be completely furnished; but he had not been there long, before the cook complained there was not a rolling-pin. "No!" said he, "then bring me a saw, I will soon make one;" which he accordingly did of one of the mahogany bed-posts. The next day it was discovered that a coal-scuttle was wanted, when he supplied this deficiency with a drawer from a curious japan chest. A carpet being wanted in the parlour, he ordered a new white cotton counterpane to be laid, to save the boards. His landlord paying him a visit, to enquire how he liked his new residence, was greatly as-

tonished to find such disorder, as he considered it: he remonstrated with Foote, and complained of the injury his furniture had sustained; but Foote insisted upon it, all the complaint was on his side, considering the trouble he had been at to supply these necessities, notwithstanding he had advertised his house completely furnished. The landlord now threatened the law, and Foote threatened to take him off, saying an auctioneer was a fruitful character. This last consideration weighed with the landlord, and he quietly put up with his loss.

When Foote heard of Sir Francis Blake Delaval's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days; the third day, Jewel, his treasurer, calling in upon him, he asked him, with swollen eyes, what time would the burial be? "Not till next week, sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his head." This last word recovered the wit's fancy, and, repeating it with some surprise, he asked, "And what will they get there? I am sure," said he, "I have known poor Frank these five-and-twenty years, and I never could find anything in it."

REBUKE.

"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Roche to a talkative person who was constantly suiting the action to the word, as he sat next him at dinner. "Indeed, my Lord," replied the babbler, "we are so crowded at table that I do not know where to put my hand." "Place it upon your mouth," said the Prince.

TIDE TO FORTUNE.

Willan, the great horse-contractor, and late occupier of the Bull and Mouth Inn, in the year 1745 was ostler at the Lion Inn, at Barnet. The then Duke of Cumberland, when on his route to the North, happened to have a horse for his own riding brought to him to look at, at the inn. His Royal Highness had doubts of the horse answering his purpose, and, with his usual good-humour, asked everybody's opinion, among others Jack's; and John immediately pronounced him unfit. He was then requested by his Royal Highness to assign his reasons, which John stated. Upon this, the Duke asked him whether he knew of a horse that he could recommend, when John replied in the affirmative, and brought a horse into the inn-yard, which, upon trial, gave the Duke much satisfaction. On the Duke's return from Scotland, he still found John an ostler, and commending his skill in horseflesh, asked him if he was disposed to take a contract for furnishing a few artillery horses. John bowed, and said he wanted the one thing needful. This want his Royal Highness supplied; and, from this circumstance, Willan, when he died, had accumulated two hundred thousand pounds.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S DESCENT UPON STRASBOURG.

It was in the autumn of 1836, during a visit to the baths of Baden, that the half Swiss adventurer, then in his twenty-ninth year, planned the first of those two mad enterprises that, till the other day, were his sole title to historic notice. France, he conceived, was at that time ripe for a new revolution. Knowing, as Louis Blanc says, that in times of uncertainty revolutions accomplish themselves according to the programme that is laid down for them, and adopt whatever flag is offered, Louis Napoleon did not doubt that a successful rising effected in his favour in some frontier town and the neighbouring district, would be the signal for a general explosion, which would result in the expulsion of the Orleans dynasty, and the restoration of the Bonapartes. It was accordingly resolved to make an attempt on the frontier town of Strasbourg, the situation of which made it more convenient for the purpose than any other. On the 30th October, 1836, at five o'clock, on a cold snowy morning, the men of one of three artillery regiments, which, with three regiments of infantry and one of engineers, constituted the garrison of the town, found themselves drawn up in the barrack-yard, having been summoned from their beds by the trumpet-call. They stood wondering what was to take place, when seven or eight persons, in the costume of French officers, entered the yard, carrying a standard, surmounted by an eagle. One of them came up hastily to the colonel of the regiment, who forthwith presented him to the men as the nephew of the Emperor, come, as he said, to place himself at their head, and effect a great revolution in France. The trick was successful; the speech of their colonel, the eagle, the words and looks of Louis Napoleon, and especially his cocked hat, hurried them away; the old Imperial shiver ran through their veins; and a shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rang through the court-yard. Hastily the regiment was set on march through the town, with the band playing: windows were opened, and heads popped out all along the streets to see what was the matter; and the citizens unbarred their doors, and tumbling out in twos and threes, followed the column. At head-quarters, the general in command of the town was arrested by the insurgents. So far had all gone well; but the tide was soon turned. One of the infantry regiments, occupying a barrack apart, acted more coolly than their brothers the artillerymen—wavered a little at first when Louis Napoleon addressed them, but ultimately stood firm, and prepared to give battle. Seeing the cause lost, the Prince and his companions surrendered, and the town was restored to quiet. The government, on hearing of the affair, lost no time in disposing of the offenders. Louis Napoleon was conveyed as a prisoner to Paris, but, in two hours after his arrival, was sent off under guard to the coast,

to be shipped for America. The persons that had been arrested with him, including the insurgent colonel, were reserved for trial, but were ultimately acquitted by an Alsace jury.

SANG FROID.

At the theatre at Rennes one evening, when an immense crowd had assembled to see Potier, a female fell from the gallery into the pit, in her haste to obtain a front seat. Numbers, of course, hastened to her assistance, and on anxiously inquiring as to her state, were surprised to get for answer—"Ah, mon Dieu! moi qui avais une si bonne place."

PROFITABLE JUGGLING.

Some time ago, a professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village, which was principally composed of colliers. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, &c.—he asked the loan of a halfpenny from any of his admirers. A collier, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a guinea. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the collier. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see 't" said the collier; and turning it round and round in examination, with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and, putting it into his pocket, said, "I'se warn't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

LORD ELDON AND THE PRINCE REGENT.

Lord Chancellor Eldon lived in No. 6, Bedford-square, from 1804 to 1815, and here occurred the memorable interview between his Lordship and the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The Prince came alone to the Chancellor's house, and, upon the servant opening the door, observed, that, as his Lordship had the gout, he knew he must be at home, and therefore desired that he might be shown up to the room where the Chancellor was. The servant said he was too ill to be seen, and that he had also positive orders to show in no one. The Prince then asked to be shown the staircase, which he immediately ascended, and pointed first to one door, then to another, asking, "Is that your master's room?" The servant answered "No," until he came to the right one; upon which he opened the door, seated himself by the Chancellor's bedside, and asked him to appoint his friend Jekyll, the great wit, to the vacant office of Master in Chancery. The Chancellor refused—there could be no more unfit appointment. The Prince, perceiving the humour of the Chancellor, and that he was firm in his determination not to appoint him, threw himself back in the chair, and exclaimed, "How I do pity Lady Eldon!" "Good Heaven!" said the Chancellor, "what is the matter?" "Oh, nothing," answered the Prince, "except that she will never see you again, for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery." Jekyll, of course, obtained the appointment.

ADDISON AND MONTAIGNE.

When Addison lodged in Kensington-square, he read over some of Montaigne's "Essays," and finding little or no information in the chapters of what their titles promised, he closed the book more confused than satisfied. "What think you of this famous French author?" said a gentleman present. "Think?" said he, smiling: "why that a pair of manacles, or a stone doublet, would probably have been of some service to that author's infirmity." "Would you imprison a man for singularity in writing?" "Why, let me tell you," replied Addison, "if he had been a horse he would have been pounded for straying, and why he ought to be more favoured because he is a man, I cannot understand."

READY ANSWER.

During the Irish rebellion, a handsome young woman, the servant of a Mrs. Lett, in Wexford, who was considered as a great patriot (rebel), was sitting one summer's evening at her mistress' window, singing words to certain airs, which were not regarded as orthodox by the opposite party. The Marquis of Ely, with the High Sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were returning, after their wine, from the Grand Jury, and heard the young siren warbling at the window. But as the strain sounded in their ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs. Lett's house-front, without delay; and, accordingly, my Lord, the High Sheriff, and their friends, to preserve the Constitution from all traitorous maid-servants, forthwith commenced proceedings: and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a broadside, which was of great utility to the glazier, and had well nigh put fees into the pockets, not only of the surgeon, but of the sexton and coroner. However, on this occasion, justice was not so far off as the parties had been persuaded; my Lord, the High Sheriff, and others, being indicted and tried. His Lordship's counsel did their best for their noble client, and tried to mystify the singer; but the Marquis, conceiving their delicacy too great in reference to this witness, requested permission to ask her a few questions himself, which was granted. "Now girl," said the Marquis, "by the oath you have taken, did you not say you would *split my skull open*?"

"Why, then, by the virtue of my oath," said the girl, turning to the judge, "it would not be *worth my while* to split his skull open, my Lord."

"Ha, ha!" said the Marquis, "now I have her" (supposing that she made some allusion to a reward for killing him). "And why, girl, would it not be worth your while?"

"Because, my Lord," answered she, "if I had split his skull open, by virtue of my oath, I am sure and certain I should have found *nothing inside of it*." The laugh against the noble Marquis was now too great to admit

of his proceeding with the cross-examination. He was found guilty, and fined.

DEATH OF WILBERFORCE.

On April 20, 1833, Wilberforce left East Farleigh; and after a short visit to the Isle of Wight, on May 17, arrived at Bath, to the waters of which place he, in great measure, owed the prolongation of his life to his seventy-fourth year. But here his strength visibly declined; and all his thoughts and conversation began to savour of the better world to which he was drawing near. On July 6 he was taken ill, suddenly, while sitting at dinner; he partially recovered, and after he had spent two months at Bath, on July 17 left for London, and on the 19th arrived in Cadogan-place, Sloane-street. The Bill for the Abolition of Slavery was read for the second time in the House of Commons on the night of Friday, the 26th, and the last public information that he received was, that his country was willing to redeem itself from the national disgrace at any sacrifice. "Thank God," said he, "that I should live to witness a day in which England is willing to give 20 millions sterling for the abolition of slavery." During an interval on Sunday evening, "I am in a very distressed state," he said, alluding apparently to his bodily condition. "Yes," it was answered, "but you have your feet on the Rock." "I do not venture," he replied, "to speak so positively; but I hope I have." After this expression of his humble trust, with but one groan he entered into that world where pain and doubt are for ever at an end. He died at three o'clock in the morning of Monday, July 29th, aged seventy-three years and eleven months. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, August 5, the procession being joined by the leading members of the two Houses of Parliament. Public business was suspended; the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor, one Prince of the blood, with others of the highest rank, took their place as pall-bearers beside the bier. It was followed by his sons, his relations, and immediate friends. The Prebendary then in residence, one of his few surviving college friends, met it at the Minster Gate with the Church funeral office; and whilst the vaulted roof gave back the anthem, his body was laid in the north transept, close to the tombs of Pitt, Fox, and Canning.

A subscription was immediately opened among Mr. Wilberforce's friends in London; and his statue has been placed in Westminster Abbey. At York, a county asylum for the blind has been founded in honour of him; while his townsmen of Hull have raised a column to his memory. Great part of our coloured population in the West Indies went into mourning at the news of his death; and the same honour was paid him by this class of persons at New York, where also an eulogium was pronounced upon him by a person publicly selected for the task.

JOHN ADAMS.

Prior to his appearance in Congress, Adams had obtained great celebrity at the bar. He defended Captain Preston, prosecuted for firing on the people, in 1770. Indeed, the ablest advocate on the floor was John Adams, "who poured forth his passionate appeals in language which moved his hearers from their seats." He was, as Jefferson called him, "The Colossus of the Congress," and his speech in support of the Declaration is above all praise. This is the way he would commence, with his accustomed directness and earnestness: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence; 'but there is a Divinity which shapes our ends.' Independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration? For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed Commander of the Forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? . . . Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die! die colonists! die slaves! die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold! Be it so—be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country should require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. . . But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears—copious, gushing tears—not of subjection and slavery—not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before heaven, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began—that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration.

It is my living sentiment; and, by the blessing of heaven, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!"

GARTH'S PATIENTS.

Dr. Garth, who was one of the Kit-Kat Club, coming there one night, declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but, some good wine being produced, he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steele reminded him of his appointments, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which amounted to fifteen, and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

INTENSE EFFECT.

Pacchierotti, on one occasion, when playing at Rome the character of *Arbaces*, pronounced the three words "Eppui sono innocente" in so touching a manner, that the very orchestra stopped; a short symphony, which should have immediately succeeded his declaration of innocence, was neglected; and, on his demanding, somewhat angrily, of the leader what he and his subordinates were about, the flattering answer was, "Sir, we are weeping."

LOST AND FOUND

Some gentlemen of a Bible Association calling upon an old woman to see if she had a bible, were severely reprov'd with the spiritual reply, "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you should ask me such a question?" Then, addressing a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them *ocular demonstration*. Accordingly, the bible was brought, nicely covered; and, on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am you have come here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these *three years*, and didn't know where to find 'em."

CHATHAM'S COMMAND OF THE HOUSE.

An extraordinary instance of Lord Chatham's command of the House is the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville the appellation of "the Gentle Shepherd." At the time in question a song of Dr. Howard's, which began with the words,

"Gentle shepherd, tell me where,"

each stanza ending with that line, was in every mouth. In the course of the debate Mr. Grenville exclaimed, "Where is our money? where are our means? I say again, Where are our means? where is our money?" He then sat down, and Lord Chatham passed slowly out of the house, humming the line—

"Gentle shepherd, tell me where."

TALENT NOT HEREDITARY.

The Earl of Cork being under the correction of his schoolmaster, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod:—"One of your ancestors invented an orrery,* and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny; but you, I fear, will never invent anything but mischief, nor translate anything but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

A REASON.

Some one asking Mr. Curran why a countryman of his walked about London with his tongue out of his mouth, he said that he "supposed he did so in hopes to catch the English accent."

ORIGIN OF THE "BEGGAR'S OPERA."

At Schomberg House, Pall-mall, was first concocted the dramatic scheme of the "Beggar's Opera." It was originally proposed to Swift to be named the "Newgate Opera," as the first thought of writing such a gross and immoral drama originated with him. Swift, also, who was an ardent admirer of the poetic talents of Gay, delighted to quote his Devonshire pastorals, they being very characteristic of low, rustic life, and congenial to his taste; for the pen of the Dean revelled in vulgarity. Under the influence of such notions, he proposed to Gay to bestow his thoughts upon the subject, which he felt assured would turn to good account, namely, that of writing a work, to be entitled "A Newgate Pastoral;" adding, "and I will, *sub rosa*, afford you my best assistance." This scheme was talked over at Queensberry House, and Gay commenced it, but it was soon dropped, with something of disgust. It was ultimately determined that he should commence upon the "Beggar's Opera." This scheme was approved, and written forthwith, under the auspices of the Duchess, and performed at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, under the immediate influence of her Grace; who, to induce the manager, Rich, to bring it upon his stage, agreed to indemnify him all the expenses he might incur, provided that the *daring* speculation should fail. The offer had first been proposed to Fleetwood and his partners, at Drury-Lane Theatre; but it was at once rejected by them, as a piece that would not be tolerated by a public audience: indeed, they stoutly refused it a rehearsal. The success of the "Beggar's Opera" mainly depended upon two points—the hatred of one party against the Italian Opera, and the hatred of another party against the Court. The ridicule of sing-song, united with operatical acting, was complete, and the satire levelled in the original against the King, the Queen, and the Court, by Gay,

* The schoolmaster himself deserves correction here; the orrery being named after the Earl of Orrery, and not invented by him, and for whom the first instrument of the kind was made.

who was a disappointed courtier, was too bitter, too witty, not to be felt. It was received with applause.

CONSOLATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Joseph Lancaster carried his enthusiastic and imaginative temperament into everything he did; or, as his biographer says, "carries the same spirit into the world with him, and applies it, without discrimination, to his pecuniary circumstances. He is pressed for money, but he cannot believe that, 'if the Almighty had designed the education of the poor of London, a few poor pitiless creditors can prevent it;' only let the eyes of his friends be opened, and they will see 'the mountain full of horses of fire, and of chariots of fire, round about Elijah.' He is in 'watch and ward,' arrested for debt, and in a sponging-house; he has been there three days, and no one has been to see him; but he is 'as happy as Joseph was in the King's prison in Egypt.' Corston, his friend, visits him, and stays an hour or two with him. 'After his departure, he rang for the sheriff's officer to take him to the Bench, but obtained leave to call at home on their way thither. When he got home, his wife and child, and all his young monitors were assembled, overwhelmed with grief, because he was going to prison. After being with them a little, he opened the parlour door, and said to the man, 'Friend, when I am at home I read the Scriptures to my family; hast thou any objection to come in?' He replied, 'No, sir,' and went in. After he had read a chapter or two, he went to prayer. The man soon became deeply affected, and joined the common grief. After prayer, the man returned into the other room, and Joseph in a few minutes said to him, 'Now, friend, I am ready for thee.' They had not gone many paces from the door, when the man said, 'Sir, have you got no friend to be bound for you for this debt?' Joseph replied, 'No; I have tried them all.' 'Well,' replied the man, 'then I'll be bound for you myself, for you are an honest man, I know.' He surrendered him at the King's Bench, and they took his security for the debt. 'About ten o'clock next morning,' says Mr. Corston, 'he came jumping into my warehouse, at Ludgate-hill, saying, 'Ah, friend William, did I not tell thee that thou wast not to assist me this time?'" This arrest brought matters to a crisis. A friendly docket was struck against him, and his creditors were called together. The result was, that in 1808 his affairs were transferred to trustees, a fixed sum was allowed for his private expenses, a correct account of all receipts and expenditure was for the first time kept; and shortly after an Association was formed, originally entitled 'The Royal Lancasterian Institution for promoting the Education of the Children of the Poor,' and subsequently, for the sake of greater simplicity, comprehension, and brevity, 'The British and Foreign School Society.'"

A COOL HAND.

A young neck-or-nothing Oxonian having prevailed on his uncle to accompany him in his gig to Oxford, in passing through Kensington, the old gentleman observed, he had paid his nephew a great compliment, for that was only the fifth time he had ever been in a gig in his life. The nephew replied, that his horse beat him hollow, for he had never been in one at all before that day.

GUTTING THE FISH.

One evening, a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported from the long-horned kingdom, in all the rough majesty of a creature fresh from the "wilds," to purchase a hundred of oysters on the City-quay. Paddy staid so long away, that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy lest his "body man" might have slipped into the Liffey; however, to his infinite relief, Paddy soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a disabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph. "Well, Pat," cried the master, "what the devil kept you so long?" "Long! ah thin, may be it's what you'd have me to come home with half my *arrant*?" says Pat. "Half the oysters?" says the master. "No; but too much of the *fish*," says Pat. "What fish?" says he. "The oysters, to be sure," says Pat. "What do you mean, blockhead?" says he. "I mean," says Pat, "that there was no use in loading myself with more nor was useful." "Will you explain yourself," says he. "I will," says Pat, laying down his load. "Well, then, you see, please your honour, as I was coming home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shamimus Maginus: 'Good morrow, Shamien,' sis I; 'Good morrow, kindly, Pauden,' sis he; 'What is it you have in the sack?' sis he; 'A hundred of oysters,' sis I; 'Let us look at them,' sis he; 'I will, and welcome,' sis I; 'Orrah! thunder and pratees!' sis he, opening the sack, and examinin them, who *sould* you these?' 'One Tom Kinahan that keeps a small ship there below,' sis I; 'Musha then, bad luck to that same Tom that *sould* the likes to you,' sis he; 'Arrah, why avick?' sis I; 'To make a *bolsour* ov you an give them to you without gutting them,' sis he; 'An arn't they gutted, Jim, aroon,' sis I; 'Oh! bad luck to the one o' them,' sis he; 'Musha then,' says I, 'what the dhoul will I do at all at all? fur the master will be mad;' 'Do!' sis he, 'why I'd rather do the thing for you mysel, nor you should lose your place,' sis he; so wid that he begins to gut them wid his knife, *nate* and *clain*; an afeered ov dirtying the flags, begor, he swallowed the guts himself from beginnin to ind, tal he had thim as dacent as you see thim here"—dashing down at his master's feet his bag of oyster-shells, to the no small amazement of the Connaught worthy, as you may suppose.

TRAVELLING IN FRANCE.

A great deal of rudeness is occasionally experienced at *tables d'hôte* in France. At Bagnères de Bigorre, Lady Chatterton relates: "We laughed a good deal at a scene we witnessed at the *table d'hôte* yesterday, where a Frenchman, after helping himself to all the best pieces of the roast fowl, turned to the lady next him, and said, with a most insinuating smile, 'Madame ne mange pas de volaille.'"

GENERAL GENERALISSIMO.

Bayle tells us of a General of the Jesuits at Rome, once exulting of his greatness and his order, who thus expressed himself to a friend:—"I will tell you, in this very chamber, I govern Rome—what am I talking about? Rome! I govern all Italy—what do I say? Italy! I govern all Europe itself; and not Europe alone, but the whole world."

MR. HUSKISSON AND FREE TRADE.

The following dialogue, in his own handwriting, and bearing various marks of correction in the same, was found among Mr. Huskisson's MS. papers; and as there is every reason to believe it to have been his own composition, it is inserted as a specimen of that easy playfulness which has been mentioned as one of the charms of his private society.

"*Fraternal Dialogue between John Bull and his brother Jonathan.* (Date July, 1825.)—*Jonathan.* You are a very good and constant customer, John, at my shop, for flour, hoops, staves, and many other articles of my trade; you are good pay, and I'm always glad to deal with you.—*John.* I believe all you say. I wish to continue a good customer; but I must say your mode of dealing with me is rather hard. Every time I travel to, or send to your shop (Sunday or not), I am obliged to pay double toll at the turnpike-gate, which is close before it.—*Jon.* You need not take that trouble. I prefer sending my goods to my customers by my own porters; and as they are always ready and punctual in delivering the packages, I do not see why you should complain.—*John.* I complain because my own cart and horses have nothing to do, and my people are upon the poor-rate, whilst I am paying you for portorage. I will not go on in this way.—*Jon.* Well, we will consider of it next Christmas, when the partners in our firm meet to talk over the concern. (John remains patient for another year; when, finding the Sunday toll still continued, he asks what brother Jonathan and his firm have decided? (July, 1826.) *Jon.* We have resolved to grant a new lease of the tolls, without making any alteration in the terms.—*John.* You have! Then I withdraw my custom.—*Jon.* The devil you do! (*Aside.*) We mistook him for a more patient ass than he proves to be. How shall we contrive to bring him back to our shop?"

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S DESCENT UPON BOULOGNE.

On Sunday, the 4th of August, 1840, a small hired steamer, the *City of Edinburgh*, Captain Crow, commander, dropped down the Thames from London, with what seemed a pleasure-party of foreigners on board. There were about sixty passengers in all, including Prince Louis Napoleon, his gentlemen, grooms, lacqueys, &c.; and the place of destination was said to be Hamburg. But when the steamer was out at sea on the 5th, the Prince harangued his companions, told them the object of the voyage, distributed money among them, and caused them all to put on false French uniforms which he had brought with him. Captain Crow received orders to make for Boulogne; and during the rest of the voyage, the cabin was the scene of feasting and uproar. Captain Crow had never seen people drink so much, he afterwards deposed in the witness-box; and poor Hobbs the steward did nothing all night but draw corks. By midnight, the steamer was off the French coast, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 6th the party landed at Vimereux, near Boulogne. Having formed in marching order, they set out for the town, the Prince at their head, after him an officer carrying a gilt eagle, and then the men in uniform. The Prince had with him a sum of 500,000 francs (£20,000) in bank-notes and gold; his companions likewise carried bags of money and bottles of rum. Other parts of the furniture of the expedition were a live eagle, which, however, never made its appearance; and copies of three proclamations privately printed in England, one addressed to the French people, another to the army, and a third to the department of Pas-de-Calais. Passing a custom-house station, where the men would have nothing to do with them, the band, with a crowd of fishermen, children, &c., hallooing in their train, reached Boulogne, the garrison of which consisted of two companies of the 42d line. The soldiers were at breakfast in the barracks when the party entered. Rum was distributed as well as money; the soldiers were ordered to cry "*Vive l'Empereur*;" and Louis Napoleon, addressing them, promised them promotion if they would join him. Totally confused and bewildered, and seeing one of their own lieutenants in the Prince's company, the soldiers offered no resistance; some cried "*Vive l'Empereur*!" uncertain, as afterwards appeared, whether to believe the person before them to be the Emperor himself come back, or his son, or only his nephew. By the presence of mind of a sergeant, however, any decided act of adhesion was prevented; and meanwhile, the alarm having been given, the colonel and other officers rushed to the barracks. The parleying now gave way to vehement altercation; the soldiers gathered round their officers; the Prince fired a pistol at the colonel, missing his aim, but wounding a soldier in the neck; and, at last, totally defeated in their

object, the whole party left the barracks, and took to their heels through the town, showering pieces of money among the crowd that ran after them. The Prince seemed out of his senses; he ran at the head of his little band, brandishing his cocked-hat which he had stuck on the point of his sword, and crying out "*Vive l'Empereur*!" Meanwhile the soldiers had set out in pursuit; and with little difficulty the whole party was captured.

Brought to trial before the Chamber of Peers, the prisoners were found guilty, and condemned as follows: the Prince to perpetual imprisonment; his chief associates, such as Count Montholon, M. de Parquin, and M. de Persigny, to twenty years' detention; and the minor culprits, such as Dr. Conneau, to lesser terms of the same punishment. The Prince escaped from confinement, in the disguise of a labourer, on the 25th of May, 1846.

LOVE AND COOKERY.

The Earl of Peterborough, whilst in Spain, once pointed some artillery against a convent in which a beautiful woman of rank had taken refuge, so that, by terrifying her to come forth, he might obtain a view of her admirable person.

Cookery was quite as much the Earl's hobby as war. It appears to have been far from unusual for him to assist at the preparation of a feast over which he was about to preside; and, when at Bath, he was occasionally seen about the streets, in his blue ribbon and star, carrying a chicken in his hand, and a cabbage, perhaps, under each arm.

BEAUTIFUL BALLAD SINGER.

In Gay's time, there was a young creature among the ballad-singers, known to the world by no other title than Clara, who drew much attention at this time by the sweetness and pathos of her tones. She was the original singer of "*Black-eyed Susan*," and one or two songs which were afterwards introduced into the "*Beggar's Opera*;" but her recommendation to particular notice was the circumstance of her being for many years the object of Bolingbroke's enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his Lordship had not seen her: it was after this interval, that, meeting her, he addressed to her the following tender lines, beginning—

"Dear, thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,

Believe for once the lover and the friend."

And concluding thus:

"To virtue thus, and to thyself restored,
By all admired, by one alone adored:
Be to thy Harry ever kind and true,
And live for him who more than died for you."

A series of calamities totally ruined her vocal powers, and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges at the Court of Requests.

TRAFALGAR.

In the battle of Trafalgar, an officer was wounded by a grape-shot entering the abdomen, and the surgeon candidly assured him that he had but a short time to live. The officer desired that some person would lend him a shirt "to caulk himself with, while he made his will." This was furnished, and he stuffed it into his side, while he thus addressed his friend:—"You know that my poor mother depends solely on my exertions: take notice how many ships have struck before I die, and mind that she shares for them."

DE FOE'S WIT.

Daniel De Foe said there was only this difference between the fates of Charles the First and his son James the Second; that the former was a wet martyrdom, and the other a dry one.

When Sir Richard Steele was made a member of the Commons, it was expected from his ingenious writings that he would have been an admirable orator; but it not proving so, De Foe said, "He had better have continued the *Spectator* than the *Tatler*."

FIRST WAGGON AND POST-CHAISES.

Joseph Brasbridge, writing in 1824, says:—"I recollect the first broad-wheeled waggon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England, except two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running over to say that a frightful monster, with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village. This monster turned out to be a post-chaise with two-lamps."

THEATRICAL WIT.

Hatton, who was a considerable favourite at the Haymarket Theatre, and particularly in the part of *Jack Junk*, was one night at Gosport, performing the character of *Barbarossa*. In the scene when the tyrant makes love to *Zapphira*, and reminds her of his services against the enemies of her kingdom, he was at a loss, and could not catch the word from the prompter. Another moment and a terrific hiss would have driven him from the stage, when, seeing the house crowded with sailors, and regardless of the gross anachronism, he exclaimed, with all the energy of tragedy—

———— "Did not I,
By that brave knight Sir Sidney Smith assisted,
And in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
Drive Bonaparte and his fierce marauders
From Egypt's shores?"

The jolly tars thought that it was all in his part, and cheered the actor with three rounds of applause.

CLASSIC FELONY.

Sir John Hayward was imprisoned by order of Queen Elizabeth, on account of some things advanced in his "Life and Reign of Henry IV." She applied to Bacon to see if he could discover any passages that were treasonable; but his reply was, that "for treason he found none, but for felony very many" which he explained by saying that the author had stolen many sentences from Tacitus, and translated them into English.

INVENTION OF SHOT.

The expedient of throwing shot from a tower, to preserve its globular form, was first hit upon by a Bristol plumber, of the name of Watts, in the year 1782; the experiment being first tried from the Tower of St. Mary, Redcliffe. Watts subsequently sold his patent to the eminent firm of Walker, Maltby, and Co., and with the money commenced making excavations and building walls to form a crescent at Clifton. The foundations were scarcely completed, when his fortune was expended, and the spot, for many years, bore the designation of "Watts's Folly."

SOMERSET HOUSE AND LORD NELSON.

Mr. P. Cunningham, in his "Hand-book for London," relates:—A little above the entrance door to the office of Stamps and Taxes, in Somerset House, is a white watch face, regarding which the popular belief has been, and is, that it was left there by a labouring man who fell from a scaffold at the top of the building, and was only saved from destruction by the ribbon of his watch, which caught in a piece of projecting work. In thankful remembrance (so the story runs) of his wonderful escape, he afterwards desired that his watch might be placed as near as possible to the spot where his life had been saved. Such is the story told fifty times a week to groups of gaping listeners—a story I am sorry to disturb, for the watch of the labouring man is nothing more than a watch face placed by the Royal Society as a meridian mark for a portable transit instrument in one of the windows of their ante-rooms. To this account of Somerset House, I may add a little circumstance of interest which I was told by an old clerk on the establishment of the Audit-office. "When I first came to this building," he said, "I was in the habit of seeing, for many mornings, a thin spare naval officer, with only one arm, enter the vestibule at a smart step, and make direct for the Admiralty, over the rough round stones of the quadrangle, instead of taking what others generally took, and continue to take, the smooth pavement of the sides. His thin frail figure shook at every step, and I often wondered why he chose so rough a footway; but I ceased to wonder when I heard that the thin frail officer was no other than Lord Nelson, who always took," continued my informant, "the nearest way to the place he wanted to go to."

HALL AND KIPPIS.

The Rev. Robert Hall, on being asked if Dr. Kippis was not a clever man, said, "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know; but he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move."

Disgusted, on one occasion, by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon, Mr. Hall, who possessed strong powers of satire, which he early learned to repress, was provoked to say, "Yes, there was one very fine passage in your discourse, sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so—which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the *passage from the pulpit into the vestry.*"

GEORGE III. AND JOSEPH LANCASTER.

In 1805, Joseph Lancaster, the educationist, was admitted to an interview with George III., at Weymouth. On entering the Royal presence, the King said: "Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which I hear has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?" Lancaster replied, "Please thy Majesty, by the same principle thy Majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command." His Majesty replied, "Good, good; it does not require an aged generation to give the command; one of younger years can do it." Lancaster observed that in his schools the teaching branch was performed by youths, who acted as monitors. The King assented, and said "Good." Lancaster then described his system; the King paid great attention, and was highly delighted; and as soon as he had finished, his Majesty said, "Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish to promote this object." "Please thy Majesty," said Lancaster, "if the system meets thy Majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system, and have no doubt, but in a few months I shall be able to give thy Majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them. His Majesty immediately replied, "Lancaster, I will subscribe £100 annually; and," addressing the Queen, "you shall subscribe £50, Charlotte; and the Princesses, £25 each;" and then added, "Lancaster, you may have the money directly." Lancaster observed, "Please thy Majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example." The Royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the Queen observed to his Majesty, "How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to hinder his progress in so good a work." To which the King replied, "Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew.

GAUGING.

On the occasion of Kepler's second marriage, he found it necessary to stock his cellar with a few casks of wine. When the wine-merchant came to measure the casks, Kepler objected to his method, as he made no allowance for the different sizes of the bulging parts of the cask. From this accident, Kepler was led to study the subject of gauging, and to write a treatise on it, published at Linz, in 1615, and which contains the earliest specimens of the modern analysis.

PATRONAGE OF AUTHORS.

In the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement—by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid—at which men who could write well, found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided, patronised literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Smith, though his "Hippolytus and Phædra" failed, would have been consoled with £300 a year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only poet-laureate, but land-surveyor of the Customs in the port of London, Clerk of the Council to the Prince of Wales, and Secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was Secretary to the Commissions of the Peace. Ambrose Philips was Judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals, and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk-merchant, became a Secretary of Legation at five-and-twenty. It was to a poem on the death of Charles II., and to the "City and Country Mouse," that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his Earldom, his Garter, and his Auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the Queen, would have been a bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs, and Auditor of the Imprest. Tickell was Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was Secretary of State.

IRISH DENIAL.

An Irish boy, who was trying hard to get a place, denied that he *was* Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about hiring him; "but *this* I know, you were born in Ireland." Och, your honour, if that's all," said the boy, "small blanie to that. Suppose I had been born in a stable, would I have been a horse?"

TRIAL BY BATTLE.

A remarkable instance presented itself in the year 1818, when the law was fully discussed in the Court of King's Bench, in the case of *Ashford v. Thornton*. Upon that occasion, the defendant had been acquitted upon a prior indictment for the murder of a female. The acquittal of the accused, upon evidence which appeared to many sufficient to establish his guilt, occasioned great dissatisfaction; and the brother and next heir of the deceased was, accordingly, advised to bring the matter again under the consideration of a jury, by the disused practice of an appeal. The defendant waged his battle, and the appellant replied circumstances of such pregnant suspicion as (it was contended) precluded the defendant from asserting his innocence by battle. It was, however, decided by the court that an appeal being, in its origin and nature, a hostile challenge, gave to the appellee a right to insist upon fighting, and that the appellant could not deprive him of that right by a mere allegation of suspicious circumstances. The case had proceeded thus far, when the legal antiquaries were disappointed of the rare spectacle of a judicial duel, by the voluntary abandonment of the prosecution. A writer of the time observed:—"Should the duel take place, it will be indeed a singular sight to behold the present venerable and learned judges of the Court of King's Bench clothed in their full costume, sitting all day long in the open air in Tothill-fields, as the umpires of a match at single-stick. Nor will a less surprising spectacle be furnished by the learned persons who are to appear as the counsel of the combatants, and who, as soon as the ring is formed, will have to accompany their clients within the lists, and to stand, like so many seconds and bottle-holders, beside a pair of bare-legged, bare-armed, and bare-headed cudgellists." The subject, ludicrous as it seemed, was one of considerable seriousness and importance. The reflection that in the nineteenth century a human life might be sacrificed to a practice which might have been conceived too absurd, impious, and cruel, to have outlived the dark ages, could not be entertained without pain. In the following year, however, this barbarous absurdity was nullified by an act (59 Geo. 3, c. 46) abolishing all criminal appeals and trial by battle in all cases, both civil and criminal, and thus purifying the law of England from a blot which time and civilisation had strangely failed to wear away.

THE DESIRED EFFECT.

A young girl from the country being on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the spirit to utter a syllable. When the Quaker left the meeting-house with his young friend, he asked her "How didst thou like the meeting?" to which she pettishly replied, "Like it? why I can see no sense in it—to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word; it is enough to *kill the devil*." "Yea, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

TYROLESE BRAVERY.

One of the most memorable exploits of the Tyrolese during the campaign of 1809 took place near the second bridge, called Pontlatzer Brücke. The fate of a division of 10,000 men belonging to the French and Bavarian army, which entered the Upper Indthal, or Valley of the Inn, will explain in part the means by which the victories of the Tyrolese were obtained. The invading troops advanced in a long column up a road bordered on the one side by the river Inn, then a deep and rapid torrent, where cliffs of immense height overhang both road and river. The vanguard was permitted to advance unopposed as far as Prutz, the object of their expedition. The rest of the army were, therefore, induced to trust themselves still deeper in this tremendous pass, where the precipices becoming more and more narrow as they advanced, seemed about to close above their heads. No sound but of the screaming of the eagles disturbed from their eyries and the roar of the river reached the ears of the soldiers; and on the precipices, partly enveloped in a hazy mist, no human forms showed themselves. At length, the voice of a man was heard, calling across the ravine. "Shall we begin?" "No!" was returned in an authoritative tone of voice, by one who, like the first speaker, seemed the inhabitant of some upper region. The Bavarian detachment halted, and sent to the General for orders, when presently was heard the terrible signal, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!" Huge rocks and trunks of trees, long prepared and laid in heaps for the purpose, now began to descend rapidly in every direction; while the deadly fire of the Tyrolese, who never throw away a shot, opened from every bush, crag, or corner of rock, which would afford the shooter cover. As this dreadful attack was made on the whole line at once, two-thirds of the enemy were instantly destroyed; while the Tyrolese, rushing from their shelter, with swords, spears, axes, scythes, clubs, and all other rustic instruments which could be converted into weapons, beat down and routed the shattered remainder. As the vanguard, which had reached Prutz, was obliged to surrender, very few of the ten thousand invaders are computed to have extricated themselves from the fatal pass.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

It has often been remarked that some circumstance, apparently accidental, has tended to influence the future career of those concerned; and an anecdote is told of Sir Astley, which, if true, seems to bear out this idea. It is said that, when a boy, he saw a lad fall from a cart, and tear his thigh in such a manner as to wound the femoral artery. Our young hero immediately took his handkerchief, applied it round the thigh, and twisted it so tightly as to control the bleeding till further assistance could be procured.

Sir Astley received some very large fees, among which, not the least remarkable was that of a thousand guineas thrown at him in his night-cap, by a patient whom he had cut for the stone: an anecdote which he told with no small degree of animation, on retiring from a patient upon whom he had just performed the same operation, and who had likewise, in his agony, flung his cap at the surgeon, but without its containing, on this occasion, the cheque which gave so much force to the original incident. In 1815, when at the height of his reputation, he removed to Spring-gardens; and he was one of the few with whom the migration from the City to the West-end proved fully successful. A few years afterwards, he was employed professionally by George IV. to remove a small tumor from the scalp: an operation which he performed with all his wonted coolness and dexterity. Probably, no surgeon of ancient or modern times enjoyed a greater share of reputation during his life than fell to the lot of Sir Astley. The Old and New World has alikely run with his fame; and we cannot give a better example of this than the fact of his signature being received as a passport among the mountains of Biscay by the wild followers of Don Carlos. A young English surgeon, seeking for employment, was carried as a prisoner before Zumalacarreque, who demanded what testimonials he had of his calling or his qualifications? Our countrymen presented his diploma of the College of Surgeons; and the name of Astley Paston Cooper, which was attached to it, no sooner struck the eye of the Carlist leader, than he at once received his prisoner with friendship, and appointed him a surgeon in his army. Sir Astley long enjoyed a large share of public patronage; but we believe the actual amount of his fortune, when stated at half a million, is considerably over-rated. His personal expenses were not great; but he was very liberal to his relations, on whom, we have heard, on what we believe to be good authority, that he bestowed between two and three thousand pounds annually. He is also said to have spent £20,000 in bringing his brother into Parliament. Nor was his liberality confined to his own family. When Dr. Baillie and some others made up a purse for Dr. Pemberton, in the difficulties brought upon him by his ill-health, Sir Astley contributed the munificent sum of £500.

BISHOP WATSON.

The Rev. Robert Hall once observed of Bishop Watson, that "he married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife."

AN EMPEROR SAVED.

The Martinswand, in the Tyrol, owes its chief celebrity to an adventure of the Emperor Maximilian. That enthusiastic sportsman, led away, on one occasion, in pursuit of a chamois among the rocks above, by ill-luck missed his footing, and, rolling headlong to the verge of the precipice, was just able to arrest himself, when on the brink of destruction, by clinging with his head downwards to a ledge of rock, in a spot where he could move neither up nor down, and where, to all appearance, no one could approach him. He was perceived from below in this perilous position; and, as his death was deemed inevitable, prayers were offered up at the foot of the rock by the Abbot of Wilten, as though for a person *in articulo mortis*. The Emperor, finding his strength failing him, had given himself up for lost, and recommended his soul to heaven, when a loud halloo near at hand arrested his attention. A bold and intrepid hunter, named Zips, who had been driven to the mountains to avoid imprisonment for poaching, had, without knowing what had happened, also been drawn to the spot, in clambering after a chamois. Surprised to find a human being thus suspended between earth and sky, he uttered the cry which attracted Maximilian's attention. Finding the perilous nature of the case, he was in a few minutes at the Emperor's side, and binding on his feet his own crampons, and extending to him his sinewy arm, he succeeded, with difficulty, in guiding him up the face of the precipice along ledges where, to appearance, even the chamois could not have found footing; and thus rescued him from a situation of such hopeless peril, that the common people even now attribute his escape to the miraculous interposition of an angel. The spot where this occurred, now hollowed out into a cave in the face of the rock, is marked by a crucifix, which, though eighteen feet high, is so far above the post road, that it is barely visible from thence. It is now rendered accessible by a steep and rather difficult path, and may be reached in about half an hour's walk from Zirl. The cave is 750 feet above the river, and the precipice is so vertical that a plumb-line might be dropped from it into the high-road below. It is traditionally stated that Maximilian rewarded the huntsman with the title of Count Hollauer von Hohenfelsen, in token of his gratitude, and in reference to the exclamation uttered by him which had sounded so welcome to the Emperor's ears by announcing that relief was at hand. From the Emperor's pension list, still in existence, it appears that a sum of sixteen florins was annually paid to one Zips of Zirl.

TRUE POLITENESS.

The Marquis d'Harcourt, walking arm-in-arm with Voltaire, a person took off his hat to the Marquis, who returned the salute. "Why do you bow to that fellow?" says Voltaire, "he's one of the greatest blackguards of the day." "What of that?" replied the Marquis; "I would not allow a blackguard to outdo me as a gentleman."

LONG STORY.

A loquacious lady, ill of a complaint of forty years' standing, applied to Mr. Abernethy for advice, and had begun to describe its progress from the first, when Mr. A. interrupted her, saying he wanted to go into the next street, to see a patient; he begged the lady to inform him how long it would take her to tell her story. The answer was, twenty minutes. He asked her to proceed, and hoped she would endeavour to finish by the time he returned.

PROPHECY OF SPECTRES.

The tragedian John Palmer died on the stage at Liverpool. At the same hour and minute, a shopman in London, sleeping under a counter, saw distinctly his shade glide through the shop, open the door, and pop into the street. This, an hour or two after, he mentioned very coolly, as if Mr. Palmer himself had been there.

Cardan saw, on the ring finger of his right hand, the mark of a bloody sword, and heard at the same time a voice which bade him go directly to Milan. The redness progressively increased until midnight: the mark then faded gradually and disappeared. At that midnight hour his son was beheaded at Milan.

It was told by Knowles, the tutor of Lord Roscommon, when a boy, that young Wentworth Dillon was one day seized with a mood of the wildest eccentricity, contrary to his usual disposition. On a sudden he exclaimed, "My father is dead!" And soon after missives came from Ireland to announce the fact.

The father of Dr. Blomberg, Clerk of the Closet to George the Fourth, was captain in an army serving in America. We are told by Doctor Rudge, that six officers, three hundred miles from his position, were visited after dinner by this modern Banquo, who sat down in a vacant chair. One said to him, "Blomberg, are you mad?" He rose in silence, and slowly glided out of the door. He was slain on that day and hour.

In the "Diary of a Physician" (an embellished record of facts), we read the story of the spectre-smitten Mr. M——, whose leisure hours were passed in the perusal of legends of diablerie and witchcraft. One evening, when his brain was excited by champagne, he returned to his rooms, and saw a dear friend in his chair; and this friend had died suddenly, and was at that moment *laid out* in his chamber; a combination of horrors so unexpected and intense, that monomania was the result.

FIGHTING BY MEASURE.

The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists is called the Fifteen Acres. An attorney of that city, in penning a challenge, thought most likely he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him at "the place called Fifteen Acres—'be the same more or less.'"

NICKNAMES.

John Magee, formerly the printer of the *Dublin Evening Post*, was full of shrewdness and eccentricity. Several prosecutions were instituted against him by the Government, and many "keen encounters of the tongue" took place on these occasions between him and John Scott, Lord Clonmel, who was at that period Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In addressing the Court in his own defence, Magee had occasion to allude to some public character, who was better known by a familiar designation. The official gravity of Clonmel was disturbed; and he, with bilious asperity, reproved the printer, by saying, "Mr. Magee, we allow no nicknames in this court." "Very well, *John Scott*," was the reply.

SIEGE OF ACRE, IN 1840.

Memorable as is Acre for the sieges it has undergone, there is none more remarkable than that of Nov. 3, 1840, when the place was stormed by the British fleet, under Sir Robert Stopford, and taken after a bombardment of a few hours; the Egyptians losing upwards of 2000 in killed and wounded, and 3000 prisoners; while the British had but 12 killed and 42 wounded.

In the session of Parliament, 1841, the Duke of Wellington remarked, in the House of Lords, that he had no recollection, in all his experience, except the recent instance on the coast of Syria, of any fort being taken by ships; excepting two or three years ago, when the fort of St. Jean d'Ulloa was captured by the French fleet. That was, he added, the single instance that he recollected; though he believed that something of the sort had occurred at the siege of Havannah, in 1763. The above achievement he considered one of the greatest deeds of modern times. It was altogether a most skilful proceeding. On inquiring how it happened that so small a number of men were lost on board the fleet, he discovered that it was because the vessels were moored within one-third of the ordinary distance. The guns of the fortress were intended to strike objects at a greater distance; and the consequence was, that the shot went over the ships that were anchored at one-third of the usual distance. By that means, they sustained not more than one-tenth of the loss which they would otherwise have experienced. Not less than 500 pieces of ordnance were directed against the walls; and the precision with which the fire was kept up, the position of the vessels, and, lastly, the blowing up of the large magazine, all aided in achieving this great victory in so short a time.

ASSASSINATION OF WALLENSTEIN.

At the east end of the market-place of Eger, in Bohemia, is the Burgomaster's house, in which Wallenstein was assassinated, in 1634. It is now, as it was then, the residence of the chief magistrate of the town, who permits his bed-room, the scene of the murder, to be shown to strangers. It is the apartment over the entrance, and it has been somewhat modernised; but the door at the back of the house, by which the assassins, Butler, Devereux, and six dragoons, entered, the wooden stair by which they mounted, the gallery along which they crept, and the low door of his bed-room, which they burst open, after murdering his attendant, are still pointed out. Wallenstein had just retired to bed, after dismissing his astrologer, who, it is said, had warned him that his stars at that moment boded untoward fortune. Awakened by a noise on the outside, he arose from his couch in his shirt, just as Devereux burst open the door, exclaiming "Thou must die." At these words, Wallenstein calmly, and without a groan or any sign of fear, opened his arms and received a blow of the halbert, which, in an instant, stretched him lifeless on the floor. Very little doubt is now entertained that Wallenstein was guiltless of the treason attributed to him, and that he had entered into no agreement with France or Sweden at the time when his death was decided on by the Emperor. No proofs of the existence of a conspiracy or of his guilt were elicited from the numerous persons implicated with him. His accusers were the persons who profited by his downfall, and inherited his estates; and the master whom he had twice saved from the brink of ruin was privy to his murder, and vainly attempted to ease a troubled conscience by ordering three thousand masses to be said for his soul!

In the hall of the Imperial Castle, now reduced to bare walls, the four friends of Wallenstein, who accompanied him to Eger, were murdered previous to the attack made upon him. Here they were invited to sup with Gordon, a Scotchman, the governor of the castle, who, with Butler, the commander of Wallenstein's escort, Leslie, and some others, exclusively Irish and Scotch, had previously sworn on their drawn swords to put them to death. It was agreed that cold steel alone should be employed, lest the report of fire-arms should alarm Wallenstein and the people in the town. As soon as the good cheer and full goblets began to tell upon the unsuspecting guests, Leslie, having previously ordered the drawbridge to be raised, and having received into his custody all the keys, gave the preconcerted signal, and the room was filled with armed men. The doomed victims started up from the table, perceiving the treachery; two of them, Kinsky and Illo, were quickly cut down; Terska seized his sword and made a desperate resistance; the fourth escaped into the kitchen, but was there butchered, after a struggle.

After this bloody deed, the actors received absolution in the chapel. In consequence of the perpetration of this crime within its walls, the castle gained the reputation of being haunted, and for this cause was allowed to fall into decay, and never after inhabited.

LEGAL ADULTERATION.

Several publicans being assembled at Malton, in Yorkshire, in order to renew their licenses to retail beer, the worthy magistrate addressed one of them (an old woman), and said he trusted she did not put any pernicious ingredients into the liquor; to which she immediately replied: "I'll assure your worship there's nought pernicious put into our barrels that I know of, but th' exciseman's stick."

WHO'S THE FOOL?

Some merchants went to an Eastern Sovereign, and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The King admired them, and bought them; he, moreover, gave the merchants a lac of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The King one day, in a sportive humour, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The King asked why. He replied, "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back." "Ay, but suppose they should come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

MERMAID OF 1822.

This impudent hoax upon the good people of London was the work of a Japanese fisherman, who seems to have displayed ingenuity for the mere purpose of making money by his countrymen's passion for everything odd and strange. He contrived to unite the upper half of a monkey to the lower half of a fish so neatly as to defy ordinary inspection. He then gave out that he had caught the creature alive in his net, but that it had died shortly after being taken out of the water; and he derived considerable pecuniary profit from his cunning in more ways than one. The exhibition of the sea-monster to Japanese curiosity paid well; but yet more productive was the assertion that the half-human fish, having spoken during the few minutes it existed out of its native element, had predicted a certain number of years of wonderful fertility, and a fatal epidemic, the only remedy for which would be possession of the marine prophet's likeness. The sale of these pictured mermaids was immense. Either the composite animal, or another, the offspring of the success of the first, was sold to the Dutch factory, and transmitted to Batavia, where it fell into the hands of a speculating American, who brought it to Europe, and here, in the years 1822-23, exhibited his purchase as a real mermaid at every capital, to the admiration of the ignorant, the perplexity of the learned, and the filling of his own purse.

A RESEMBLANCE.

"Colonel W. is a fine-looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours, the other day. "Yes," replied another; "I was taken for him once." "You! why you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that; I was taken for him: I indorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the sheriff."

OLD POBO, THE NEGRO.

The blacks have all, to a certain degree, a taste for music, and soon catch the tune of any song they have heard. The airs of Moore's and Bayly's melodies are many of them familiar to the slaves; and they often substitute words of their own, which, if sung on an English stage, would create roars of laughter. Old Pobo had forged a whole *posse* of these parodies; and they were really many of them ludicrous in the extreme. Take, for instance, the following, to his wife:—

Me own black belle,
Me lazy black belle,
Me neber will roam where buckras dwell;
Me face you view,
Of your own dark hue

Den, ho, neber dout dat me heart's so too.

"No, no, sing dat oder song, daddy Pobo," cries one of the listeners.

"Bery well, bery well; me sing dat oder song," and Pobo strikes up to the tune of "The Soldier's Tear":—

Beside de door he turn,
For take one last sly look,
At de sugar and de boiling-house,
And de still beside de brook;
He see de mill go round,
He hear um—dum—tum—tum,
So he raises de bottle to he mout,
For take one drink of rum.

Beside de mule-house door,
One mule bin on her knees,
She kick de trash upon de ground,
It fly before de breeze;
De man da gib one curse,
De manager da come,
And den de fellow raise him hand,
For put away de rum.

He run for leave de spot,
Oh, do not tink him fool,
For when de buckra come wid whip,
Him temper seldom cool;
Go, watch among de canes,
You see him hiding—mum!—
Be sure he pull him bottle out,
For take one drink of rum.

TRUE VALOUR.

When General O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XVI., soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his Majesty observed that Clare's regiment behaved very well in that engagement. "Sire," said the General, "they behaved very well, it is true—many of them were wounded; but my regiment behaved better, for we were *all killed*."

KNELLER'S PAINTING.

Sir Godfrey Kneller latterly painted more for profit than for praise, and is said to have used some experimental preparations in his colours which made them work fair and smoothly off, but not endure. A friend noticing it to him, said, "What do you think posterity will say, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when they see these pictures some years hence?" "Say!" replied the artist; "why they'll say Sir Godfrey never painted them!"

GENERAL RAPP.

Rapp and Savary were aides-de-camp to Dessaix, adopted by Bonaparte on the field of Marengo. The latter soon made progress by his suppleness; the former was a blunt Alsatian, and became neither duke nor marshal. He once ushered a dark-looking Corsican to the presence of Bonaparte, and took care to hold the door open whilst the interview lasted. When questioned by Bonaparte why he did this, "Because," replied Rapp, "I don't put much trust in your Corsicans." The blunt remark caused much amusement.

FLATTERERS OF NAPOLEON.

After Napoleon's return from Austerlitz, Denon presented him with silver medals illustrative of his victories. The first represented a French eagle tearing an English leopard. "What's this?" asked the Emperor. Denon explained. "Thou rascally flatterer! You say that the French eagle crushes the English leopard; yet I cannot put a fishing-boat to sea that is not taken: I tell you it is the leopard that strangles the eagle. Melt down the medal, and never bring me such another." He found similar fault with the medal of Austerlitz. "Put Battle of Austerlitz on one side, with the date; the French, Russian, and Austrian eagles on the other, without distinction. Posterity will distinguish the vanquished."

BRAVERY.

Unter Sendling (Greber's Inn), a village scarcely beyond the outskirts of Munich, is memorable for the bravery displayed by a band of 5000 Bavarian peasants, who, during the war of the Spanish Succession, in 1705, descended from their native mountains, and attacked the Austrian army, which at that time occupied Bavaria. They were literally cut to pieces, and vanquished, after a stout resistance, with a loss of 3000 slain. A fresco painting outside the church commemorates the event. The principal figure represents Balthasar Meyr, the gigantic blacksmith, of Kochel, who had on the day previous slain nineteen of the enemy with his own hand; and now, seeing that all was lost, collected thirty-seven mountaineers, and, followed by them, and attended by his two sons, devoted himself to certain death. He wields in his hand a spiked club, or morning-star, with which he long kept his foes at bay, until overpowered by two Hungarian horsemen.

THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME, AND LOVE MY DOG.

An excellent story to this moral is told of Merry, of Della Cruscan memory. In tender youth, he loved and courted a modest appanage to the opera, in truth a dancer, who had won him by the artless contrast between her manners and situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hot-bed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this dower. Only for appearance' sake, and for due honour to the bride's relations, she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solemnity. The request was too amiable not to be conceded; and in this solicitude for conciliating the good-will of mere relations, he found a presage of her superior attentions to himself, when the golden shaft should have "killed the flock of all attentions else." The morning came; and at the Star and Garter, Richmond—the place appointed for the breakfasting—accompanied by one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony. A rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches—the whole *corps de ballet*—French and Italian, men and women. Monsieur de B., the famous *pirouetter* of the day, led his fair spouse, but scraggy, from the banks of the Seine. The prima donna had sent her excuse. But the first and second buffa were there; and Signor Sc—, and Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a countless cavalcade besides of chorusers and figurantes, at the sight of whom Merry afterwards declared, that "then for the first time it struck him seriously that he was about to marry—a dancer." But there was no help for it. Besides, it was her day; these were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride—handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest—presented to him as the *father*—the gentleman that was to *give her away*—no less a person than Signor Delpini himself—with a sort of pride, as much as to say, "See what I have brought to do us honour!"—the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him; and, slipping away under some pretence from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back-yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton; relieved from his intended clown father, and a bevy of painted buffas for bride-maids.—*Charles Lamb.*

TYCHO BRAHE'S NOSE.

In the year 1566 an accident occurred to Tycho Brahe, at Wittenberg, which had nearly deprived him of his life. On the 10th of December, he was invited to a wedding-feast; and, among other guests, there was

present a noble countryman of his own, Manderupius Pasbergius. Some difference having arisen between them on this occasion, they parted with feelings of mutual displeasure. On the 27th of the same month they met again at some festive games, and having revived their former quarrel, they agreed to settle their differences by the sword. They accordingly met at seven o'clock in the evening of the 29th, and fought in total darkness. In this blind combat, Manderupius cut off the whole of the front of Tycho's nose; and it was fortunate for astronomy that his more valuable organs were defended by so faithful an outpost. The quarrel, which is said to have originated in a difference of opinion respecting their mathematical attainments, terminated here; and Tycho repaired his loss by cementing upon his face a nose of gold and silver, which is said to have formed a good imitation of the original.

QUEER HERALDRY.

Sir Richard Steele, in his comedy of "The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode," introduces the servant of *Mr. Sable*, the undertaker, thus:—

"Sir, I had come sooner, but I went to the Heralds for a *coat* for Alderman Gathergrease, that died last night. He has promised to invent one against to-morrow."

Sable: "Ah, take some of our *cits*; their first thing after their death is to take care of their birth. Let him bear a *pair of stockings*, for he is the first of his family that ever wore one."

THE TWO FRIENDS.

In 1723, Dr. Friend was confined in the Tower, on suspicion of being concerned in a plot for the restoration of the Stuarts. Dr. Mead was incessant in his endeavours to obtain Friend's liberation, but could only with great difficulty gain access to him. At length, being called to attend Sir Robert Walpole, he absolutely refused to prescribe for him unless Friend was released, and he succeeded in obtaining his liberation. A large party was assembled at Mead's, in the evening, to congratulate Friend; and, upon his retiring with Arbuthnot, Mead took Friend into his closet, and there put into his hands a bag containing all the fees he had received from Friend's patients during his confinement, amounting to no less than 5000 guineas.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

In Nichols's "History of Leicestershire," is inserted the following epitaph to the memory of Theophilus Cave, buried in the chancel of the church of Barrow-on-Soar:—"Here in this Grave there lies a Cave.

We call a Cave a Grave;
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lye in Grave,
Or Grave here lye in Cave:
If Grave in Cave here bury'd lye,
Then Grave, where is thy victory?
Goe, reader, and report here lyes a Cave,
Who conquers death and buryes his own Cave."

NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA IN 1814.

The position of Napoleon at Elba, within sight of Italy, and within a few days' sail of France, was the most favourable that could be imagined for carrying on intrigues with both countries. A constant correspondence was maintained with his relatives and adherents, from many of whom he received visits; and a vast conspiracy was soon formed, with its centre in Paris, and ramified among the whole army and many of the civic functionaries, having for its object his return. The eagles and tricolor cockades were preserved with veneration by the soldiers; and the rumour spread that "*Père la Violette*," the name employed to designate Napoleon, would return in spring to chase away the priests and emigrants. Murat, who began to find his chance of retaining his crown extremely precarious, entered warmly into the plot. Sir Neil Campbell, the British commissioner, had no means of preventing, even if he suspected, an intended escape; and on the night of the 26th February, 1815, after a brilliant *fête* given to the inhabitants of Porto-Ferrao, Napoleon embarked on board the *Inconstant* brig, and sailed, accompanied by six smaller vessels, and 1100 men, for the French coast. Twice on the voyage their course was crossed by French cruisers, but no suspicion was excited; and on the 1st of March the expedition disembarked in the Gulf of St. Juan.

After an unsuccessful attempt to seduce the garrison of Antibes, which was frustrated by the firmness of the governor, General Corsin, Napoleon marched on the mountain road by Gap towards Grenoble, everywhere received with open arms by the inhabitants, who were mostly holders of national domains, and strongly imbued with revolutionary principles. He here expected, according to previous arrangements, to have been joined by Colonel Labedoyère and his regiment, part of the garrison of Grenoble; but on his approach (March 7) he found the way barred by a body of troops not in the secret, sent against him by the commandant-general, Marchand. Instantly advancing to the front, and exposing his breast, he exclaimed to the opposing ranks, "Here is your Emperor; if any one would kill me, let him fire!"—words which, as by an electric shock, awakened old associations in the hearts of the soldiers. They threw themselves at his feet, embracing his knees with tears of joy; the tricolor reappeared on every breast, and the whole detachment ranged itself with fervent devotion on his side. Labedoyère, meanwhile, came over with his regiment; Marchand, finding that all was lost, quitted his post, and Napoleon entered Grenoble in triumph, amid the acclamations of the troops and people. Here he formally resumed the sovereignty, by ordering that all public acts should henceforth run in his name; while his proclamations, couched in the spirit of ancient oratory, thrilled every heart with emotion. "Soldiers,

in my exile I have heard your voice! Come and range yourselves under the standards of your old chief, who was raised to the throne on your bucklers, and has no existence but in yours. Victory will march at the charge-step; the Eagle, with the national colours, will fly from steeple to steeple, till it alights on the towers of *Nôtre Dame*."—*Alison*.

GEORGE COLMAN'S WIT.

Colman and Bannister were dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-Chancellor, who, in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture land nearly a thousand sheep, "I perceive, then," said Colman, "your Lordship has still an eye to the woolsack."

An old lady named Wall had been an actress in a subordinate situation many seasons in the Haymarket Theatre, for whom Colman, from early associations, appears to have had a kind consideration. We must all pay the debt of nature; and, in due time, the old lady died. Somebody from the theatre went to break the intelligence to Colman, who, on hearing it, inquired "whether there had been any bills stuck up!" The messenger replied in the negative, and ventured to ask Mr. Colman why he had put that question? Colman answered, "They generally paste bills on a *dead wall*, don't they?"

Colman, himself no giant, was singularly fond of quizzing persons of short stature. Liston, and pretty little Mrs. Liston, were dining with him, and towards evening, when preparing to leave their host, Liston said, "Come, Mrs. L., let us be going." "Mrs. L. (ELL) indeed," exclaimed Colman: "Mrs. *Inch* you mean."

One day, speaking of authorship as a profession, Colman said, "It is a very good walking-stick, but very bad crutches."

A Mr. Faulkener had been engaged at the Haymarket, from a provincial theatre, and appeared in a comedy, without producing any great sensation; in fact, Colman was disappointed with his new actor, who had to deliver the following line, which he spoke in a nasal tone—

"Ah! where is my honour, now?"

Colman, who was behind the scenes, took a hasty pinch of snuff, and muttered, "I wish *your honour* was back at Newcastle again, with all my heart."

Another aspirant for Thespian honours made his *débüt* at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of *Octavian*, in the "*Mountaineers*." It was discovered very early in the performance, that he had undertaken a task for which he was unqualified. Colman was in the green-room, and growing fidgety, when the new performer came to the line—

"I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better."

"I'll be hung if you will," said Colman, "if you cry your eyes out!"

EFFECT OF MUSIC.

A Scotch bag-piper, traversing the mountains of Ulster, in Ireland, was one evening encountered by a starved *Irish* wolf. In his distress, the poor man could think of nothing better than to open his wallet, and try the effects of his hospitality; he did so, and the savage swallowed all that was thrown to him, with so improving a voracity as if his appetite was but just returning to him. The whole stock of provision was, of course, soon spent, and now his only resource was to the virtues of his bagpipe; which the monster no sooner heard, than he took to the mountains with the same precipitation he had left them. The poor piper could not so perfectly enjoy his deliverance, but that, with an angry look, at parting, he shook his head, saying: "Ay, are these your tricks? Had I known your humour, you should have had your music before supper."

BURKE'S FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN.

Burke was so very partial to children, that he would play at teetotum and push-pin with them; and, apparently, take as much delight in the stories of "Jack the Giant-killer," and "Tom Thumb," as themselves. "Half an hour might pass," says Murphy, "during which he would keep speaking in such a way that you could see no more in him than an ordinary man, good-naturedly amusing his young auditors, when some observation or suggestion calling his attention, a remark of the most profound wisdom would slip out, and he would return to his teetotum." It is related of him, that one day, after dining with Fox, Sheridan, Lord John Townsend, and several other eminent men, at Sheridan's cottage, he amused himself by rapidly wheeling his host's little son round the front garden, in a child's hand-chaise. While thus employed, the great orator, it is added, evinced by his looks and activity that he enjoyed the sport nearly as much as his delighted playfellow.

AGED ACTRESS.

A farce called the "Half-pay Officer," by Charles Molloy, was brought out at Drury-lane Theatre in 1720; and to Mrs. Fryer (an Irishwoman, who had quitted the stage from the reign of Charles II.) was assigned the part of an old grandmother. In the bills it was mentioned—"The part of *Lady Rich-lore* to be performed by Peg Fryer, who has not appeared on the stage these fifty years." The character in the farce was supposed to be a very old woman, and Peg exerted her utmost abilities. The farce being ended, she was brought again upon the stage to dance a jig at the age of 85. She came tottering in, and seemed much fatigued; but on a sudden, the music striking up the Irish trot, she danced and footed it almost as nimbly as any girl of 20. She afterwards kept a public-house in the Tottenham-court-road, where she resided until her decease, which took place in November, 1747, aged 117 years.

PRUDENT CHOICE.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, it was proposed to make some change in the uniform of the Life Guards; and George IV. ordered one of the soldiers to be sent for, who was said to have slain six or seven French officers in single combat. He was asked a variety of questions, to each of which he assented; until the King, perceiving that the soldier's opinion was biassed by the presence of royalty and his own officers, said to him: "Well, if you were going to have such another day's work as at Waterloo, how would you like to be dressed?" "Please your Majesty," he replied, "in that case I had rather be in my shirt sleeves."

EDWARD EVERETT.

Mr. Everett's chief qualifications as an orator, are a clear sweet voice, and a prodigious memory; his addresses are graceful, high-toned, and flowing. Mr. Macaulay has produced many a gorgeous piece of historical painting, but he has produced nothing more impressive than Mr. Everett's description of the landing of the first English settlers on the eastern coast of North America:—"I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth—weak and weary from their voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore—without shelter—without means—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?"

MATHIEWS, A SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

Mathews once personated a Spanish Ambassador; a frolic enacted by him at an inn at Dartford. An account of the freak was written by the late Mr. Hill, who took part in the freak, acting as Mathews's interpreter. He called it his "Recollections of his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador's visit to Captain Selby, on board the *Prince Regent*, one of his Majesty's frigates stationed at the Nore, by the Interpreter."

The party hired a private coach, of large capacity, and extremely showy, to convey them to Gravesend as the *suite* of Mathews, who personated an ambassador from Madrid to the English Government, and four smart lads, who were entrusted with the secret by the payment of a liberal fee. The drivers proved faithful to their promise. When they arrived at the posting-house at Dartford, one of the drivers dismounted, and communicated to the innkeeper the character of the nobleman (Mathews) inside the coach, and that his mission to London had been attended with the happiest result. The report spread through Dartford like wildfire, and in about ten minutes the carriage (having by previous arrangement been detained) was surrounded by at least two hundred people, all with cheers and gratulations anxious to gain a view of the important personage, who, decked out with nearly twenty different stage jewels, representing sham orders, bowed with obsequious dignity to the assembled multitude. It was settled that the party should dine and sleep at the Falcon Tavern, Gravesend, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for his Excellency and *suite*. Previously, however, to dinner-time, and to heighten the joke, they promenaded the town and its environs, followed by a large assemblage of men, women, and children at a respectful distance, all of whom preserved the greatest decorum. The interpreter (Mr. Hill) seemed to communicate and explain to the ambassador whatever was of interest in their perambulation. On their return to the inn, the crowd gradually dispersed. The dinner was served in a sumptuous style, and two or three additional waiters, dressed in their holiday clothes, were hired for the occasion.

The ambassador, by medium of his interpreter, asked for two soups, and a portion of four different dishes of fish, with oil, vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt, and sugar, in the same plate, which, *apparently* to the eyes of the waiters, and to their utter astonishment and surprise, he eagerly devoured. The waiters had been cautioned by one of the *suite* not to notice the manner in which his Excellency ate his dinner, lest it should offend him; and their occasional absence from the room gave Mathews or his companion an opportunity of depositing the incongruous medley in the ashes under the grate—a large fire having been provided. The ambassador continued to mingle the remaining viands, during dinner, in a similar heterogeneous way. The chamber in which his Excellency slept was brilliantly

illuminated with wax-candles, and in one corner of the room a table was fitted up, under the direction of one of the party, to represent an oratory, with such appropriate apparatus as could best be procured. A private sailing-barge was moored at the stairs by the fountain early the next morning, to convey the ambassador and his attendants to the *Prince Regent*, at the Nore. The people again assembled in vast multitudes to witness the embarkation. Carpets were placed on the stairs at the water's edge, for the state and comfort of his Excellency; who, the instant he entered the barge, turned round and bade a grateful farewell to the multitude, at the same time placing his hand upon his bosom, and taking off his huge cocked hat. The captain of the barge, a supremely illiterate good-humoured cockney, was introduced most ceremoniously to the ambassador, and purposely placed on his right hand. It is impossible to describe the variety of absurd and extravagant stratagems practised on the credulity of the captain by Mathews, and with consummate success, until the barge arrived in sight of the King's frigate, which, by a previous understanding, recognised the ambassador by signals. The officers were all dressed in full uniform, and prepared to receive him. When on board, the whole party threw off their disguises, and were entertained by Captain Selby with a splendid dinner, to which the lieutenants of the ship were invited. After the banquet, Mathews, in his own character, kept the company in a high state of merriment by his incomparable mimic powers for more than ten hours, incorporating with admirable effect the entire narrative of the journey to Gravesend, and his "acts and deeds" at the Falcon. Towards the close of the feast, and about half an hour before the party took their departure, in order to give the commander and his officers a "touch of his quality," Mathews assumed his ambassadorial attire, and the captain of the barge, still in ignorance of the joke, was introduced into the cabin, between whom and his Excellency an indescribable scene of rich burlesque was enacted. The party left the ship for Gravesend at four o'clock in the morning—Mathews, in his "habit as he lived," with the addition of a pair of spectacles, which he had a peculiar way of wearing to conceal his identity, even from the most acute observer. Mathews again resumed his station by the side of the captain, as a person who had left the frigate for a temporary purpose. The simple captain recounted to Mathews all that the Spanish ambassador had enacted, both in his transit from Gravesend to the Nore, and whilst he (the captain) was permitted to join the festive board in the cabin, with singular fidelity, and to the great amusement of the original party, who, during the whole of this ambassadorial excursion, never lost their gravity, except when they were left to themselves. They landed at Gravesend, and from thence departed to London, luxuriating upon the hoax.

BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN 1803.

In 1802, Great Britain was tasting the blessings and tranquillity of peace. Her industry and finances prospered to an extraordinary degree: the cessation of the income-tax conferred comparative affluence on the middle classes; and the extinction of the debt was confidently anticipated from the operation of the sinking fund, now relieved from the counteracting operation of annual loans. But these flattering prospects were of short duration. Independent of the jealousy felt in England at the continental encroachments of Napoleon, several causes of irritation soon grew up to impair the good understanding of the two governments. The first of these was the asperity with which the First Consul was attacked in the English newspapers, particularly the French journals published in London; and so deeply was Napoleon stung by these lampoons, that his minister in London was instructed to make a formal demand for their suppression; and at the same time to require that the Bourbon princes resident in England, as well as Georges Cadouhal and his Chouan associates, should be sent out of the country. These extravagant demands, involving the abandonment of the *habeas corpus* and the liberty of the press, were of course refused; and the fact of their having been advanced, only shows Napoleon's utter ignorance of the action of a free government; but, to remove all grounds for complaint, an action for a libel on the First Consul was brought against Peltier, the editor of the most obnoxious of the French journals. He was found guilty, notwithstanding a splendid display of eloquence in his defence by Sir James Mackintosh; but the breaking out of the war prevented his being brought up for judgment.

But more important grounds of quarrel were soon found to widen the breach. The French insisted on the evacuation of Malta, Egypt, and the Cape, to which the English refused to accede till the stipulations of the peace of Luneville had been fulfilled by France: while the mission of Colonel Sebastiani to the Levant, to inquire into the state of Egypt and Syria, proved that the First Consul was far from having abandoned his schemes of Oriental conquest. An angry diplomatic correspondence ensued; and in an interview with the British Ambassador, Lord Witworth (Feb. 21, 1803), the wrath of Napoleon broke out with unrestrained violence. Without denying his designs on Egypt, which, he said, "*must sooner or later belong to France*," he insisted on the instant evacuation of Malta as the only means of preserving peace, and held out vehement menaces of invading England in case of a renewal of war. "I know," he exclaimed, "that myself and great part of the expedition will probably go to the bottom, but I am determined to make the attempt. . . . France, with an army of 480,000 men, and England, with a fleet which is mistress of

the seas, might, if they understood each other, govern the world, but by their strife they will overturn it." Hostile preparations were now commenced on both sides; and a message of the King to Parliament, in which the probability of war was alluded to, produced a second ebullition of Napoleon against Lord Witworth, in which the vehemence of his temper lost sight of all restraints of courtesy or decency. The negotiations, however, were still kept open for nearly two months; but Malta on the one hand, and Holland and Switzerland on the other, proved insuperable obstacles to an arrangement; and on the 12th May Lord Witworth demanded his passports. The declaration of war was followed, on the part of Napoleon, by the arrest of all the English travelling in France, to the number of above 10,000, mostly of the higher ranks—an act of unnecessary barbarity, which he attempted to justify by alleging the seizure of some French merchant-vessels previous to the formal declaration of war, but which more than anything else excited the subsequent inveterate hostility against him in the public mind of England.—*Alison*.

BOOKSELLER'S BLUNDER.

One day, a physician alighted from his carriage, and entering the shop of a medical bookseller, inquired of its sleek-faced master, "Whether he had a copy of 'Heberden's Commentaries?'" "No, sir," replied the man of letters, "but we have 'Cæsar's Commentaries,' and they are by far the best."

GILLRAY, THE CARICATURIST.

The facility with which Gillray composed his subjects, and the rapidity with which he etched them, astonished these who were eye-witnesses of his powers. This faculty was early developed; he seemed to perform all his graphic operations without an effort. Many years ago, he had an apartment in a court in Holborn. A commercial agent for a print-seller had received a commission to get a satirical design etched by Gillray, but he had repeatedly called in his absence. He lived at the west end of the town, and on his way to the City waited on him again, when he happened to be at home.

"You have lost a good job and an useful patron, Gillray," said he, "but you are always out." "How? What—what is your object?" said the artist. "I want this subject drawn and etched," said the agent; "but now it is too late." "When is it wanted?" "Why, to-morrow." "It shall be done." "Impossible, Gillray!" "Where are you going?" "Onward to the Bank." "When do you return?" "At four o'clock." It was now eleven. "I'll bet you a bowl of punch it shall be completed, etched, and bitten in, and a proof before that time." "Done!" The plate was finished; it contained many figures; the parties were mutually delighted; and the affair ended with a tipsy bout at the employer's expense.

HARLOW'S PICTURE OF THE "TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE."

This picture originated with Mr. T. Welsh, the meritorious professor of music, who commissioned Harlow to paint for him a kit-cat size portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of *Queen Katherine*, in Shakspeare's play of "Henry VIII.," introducing a few of the scenic accessories in the distance. For this portrait Harlow was to receive twenty-five guineas; but the idea of representing the whole scene occurred to the artist, who, with Mr. Welsh, prevailed upon most of the actors to sit for their portraits: in addition to these are introduced portraits of the friends of both parties, including the artist himself. The sum ultimately paid by Mr. Welsh was one hundred guineas; and a like sum was paid by Mr. Cribb, for Harlow's permission to engrave the well-known print. The panel upon which the picture is painted is stated to have cost the artist £15.

Concerning this picture, we find the following notice, by Knowles, in his "Life of Fuseli:"—"In the performance of this work, he (Harlow) owed many obligations to Fuseli for his critical remarks; for, when he first saw the picture, chiefly in dead-colouring, he said, 'I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shadow; but you have here a composition of more than twenty figures, or, I should rather say, parts of figures, because you have not shown one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. Now, if you do not know how to draw legs and feet, I will show you'—and, taking up a crayon, he drew two on the wainscot of the room. Harlow profited by these remarks; and the next time we saw the picture, the whole arrangement in the foreground was changed. Fuseli then said, 'So far you have done well; but now you have not introduced a back figure, to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture.' And then pointed out by what means he might improve it in this particular. Accordingly, Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion."

It has been stated that the majority of the actors in the scene sat for their portraits in this picture. Mr. Kemble, however, refused, when asked to do so by Mr. Welsh, strengthening his refusal with emphasis profane. Harlow was not to be defeated, and he actually drew Mr. Kemble's portrait in one of the stage-boxes of Covent-Garden Theatre, while the great actor was playing his part on the stage. The vexation of such a *ruse* to a man of Mr. Kemble's temperament can better be imagined than described; how it succeeded, must be left to the judgment of the reader. Egerton, Pope, and Stephen Kemble were successively painted for Henry VIII., the artist retaining the latter. The head of Mr. Charles Kemble was likewise twice painted: the first, which cost Mr. C. Kemble many sittings, was considered by himself and others very successful. The artist thought otherwise; and, contrary to Mr. Kemble's wish

and remonstrance, he one morning painted out the approved head: in a day or two, however, entirely from recollection, Harlow re-painted the portrait with increased fidelity. Mrs. Siddons held her uplifted arm frequently till she could hold it raised no longer, and the majestic limb was finished from the arm of Mrs. Welsh.

A CLOSER.

"As somebody was saying yesterday at White's," observed a man at the capital table of the late Lord S——, and was about to relate some thrice-told tale, when Lord —— interrupted him with, "If I wanted to know what any one said at White's I would go there and hear it. I prefer something which you both think and say yourself, or, at all events, something new and original."

TYCHO BRAHE'S LOVE OF THE MARVELLOUS.

The same disposition of mind which made Tycho an astrologer and an alchemist, inspired him with a singular love of the marvellous. He had various automata with which he delighted to astonish the peasants; and by means of invisible bells, which communicated with every part of his establishment, and which rung with the gentlest touch, he had great pleasure in bringing any of his pupils suddenly before strangers, muttering at a particular time the words "Come hither, Peter," as if he had commanded their presence by some supernatural agency. If, on leaving home, he met with an old woman or a hare, he returned immediately to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed. When he lived at Uraniburg he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand. Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capable of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully marked everything he said. Lest it should be supposed that this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die. It is stated also in the letters of Wormius, both to Gassendi and Peyter, that when Tycho was absent, and his pupils became very noisy and merry in consequence of not expecting him soon home, the idiot, who was present, exclaimed, *Juncher xaa laudit* ("Your master has arrived"). On another occasion, when Tycho had sent two of his pupils to Copenhagen on business, and had fixed the day of their return, Lep surprised him on that day while he was at dinner, by exclaiming, "Behold, your pupils are bathing in the sea." Tycho, suspecting that they were shipwrecked, sent some person to the observatory to look for their boat. The messenger brought back word that he saw some persons wet on the shore, and in distress, with a boat upset at a great distance. These stories have been given by Gassendi, and may be viewed as specimens of the superstition of the age.

TOM HILL.

A few days ere the year 1840 was consigned to the grave of time, the town lost one of its choicest spirits, and humanity one of her kindest-hearted sons—in the death of Thomas Hill, Esq; “Tom Hill,” as he was called by all who loved and knew him. His life exemplified one venerable proverb, and disproved another: he was born in May, 1760, and was, consequently, in his 81st year, and “as old as the hills;” having led a long life and a merry one. How he attained this longevity is hard to tell; but we are informed that his hospitality was well-regulated; that he did not, like Bannister, sit up at nights to watch his constitution; but that he was a remarkably early riser; “and, perhaps, to this cause may be attributed the cheerful and green old age that he enjoyed.” So speculates his biographer in *Bentley’s Miscellany*; but we incline rather to attribute this rare instance of convivial long life to Hill’s *gaieté de cœur*, to his healthy mind, and to the current of benevolence that constituted his life-blood, and the genial warmth of sentiment that shone round his very heart. He enjoyed the appellation of “the Merry Bachelor;” but he was merry and wise. Yet his life was chequered with adversity: it had its cares and crosses: he was, for many years, extensively engaged in business; but, about the year 1810, having sustained a severe loss by a speculation in indigo, he retired upon the remains of his property to his chambers in the Adelphi, where he died on December 20, it is stated, from a severe cold taken in a damp bed at Rouen, during the autumn, from which he never rallied. “He expired without a struggle, breathing his last as if falling into a tranquil slumber. His death was but the quiet repose of exhausted nature; but her works were worn out, and ceased to act. His physician’s remark to him was, ‘I can do no more for you—I have done all I can. I cannot cure age.’”

We need scarcely remind the reader that Mr. Hill was the *Hull* of his friend, Mr. Theodore Hook’s clever novel of “Gilbert Gurney,” beyond comparison the best book of its class produced in our time. It is also related that Hill furnished Mr. Poole with the original of his humorous character of *Paul Pry*; but this statement is very doubtful, for *Paul Pry*, if we mistake not, is of French extraction. It is, however, more certain that “Pooh, pooh!” and other habitual expressions of Mr. Hill’s, may have been introduced by Mr. Poole into the character. “Mr. Hill,” it may here be added, “had the *entrée* to both Houses of Parliament, the theatres, and almost all places of public resort. He was to be met with at the private view of the Royal Academy, and every kind of exhibition. So especially was he favoured, that it was recorded by a wag, that, when asked whether he had seen the new comet, he replied, “Pooh, pooh! I was present at the private view!” Mr. Hill, to borrow from Mr. Hook’s portrait, “happened to

know everything that was going forward in all circles—mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art, and science—everything came alike to him.” Such a man was, of course, sure of success as a “collector” of literary curiosities. Even while in business as a drysalter at the unlettered Queenhithe, he found leisure to accumulate a fine collection of old books, chiefly old poetry, which afterwards, when misfortunes overtook him, was valued at six thousand pounds! Hill was likewise a Macænas: he patronised two friendless poets—Bloomfield and Kirke White. The “Farmer’s Boy” of the former was read and admired by him in manuscript, and was recommended to a publisher; after which, Hill rendered very essential service to its success by talking in society of its merits. Mr. Hill established, also, *The Monthly Mirror*, which brought him much into connexion with dramatic poets, actors, and managers. To this periodical work, Kirke White became a contributor; and this encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to commit a little volume of poetry to the press. Mr. Southey, in his “Life of Kirke White,” refers to Mr. Hill as possessing one of the most copious collections of English poetry in existence.

THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN.

On the first appearance of Colman at Court, as Lieutenant of the Yeoman of the Guard, George IV. turned to the Duke of Wellington, gold stick in waiting, and remarked, “George Colman puts me in mind of Pam.” “If that is the case,” exclaimed Colman, “the only difference between the Duke of Wellington and me is, that I am the hero of Loo—he of Water-loo.”

A DUTCHMAN’S TESTIMONY.

“I will tell you, such is the powers of de Shakspeer, that I vunce saw de plays arcted in Anglish languish, in Holland, where der was not vun persons in all de house but myself could understond it; yet dare was not a persons in all dat house but vat vas in tears, dat is, all crying, blowing de nose, and veep very mouch—couldn’t understond vun vurd of the play, yet all weeping. Such was de powers of de Shakspeer.”

ROYAL MATCH-MAKING.

When the present King of the Belgians, after an absence of some years, paid a visit to his former friend, the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe), his Majesty of the French said to him, “Well, now, you will want a wife. I have three charming girls. My Louisa is fair and flaxen; my Marie is brown, and black-haired; my Clementine is, perhaps, too young for you: but you shall see them all, and it is a hard thing indeed if *one* will not please you.” He was not long before he made his choice, and the fair and sweet Louisa soon became Queen of the Belgians.

WOOL-GATHERING.

A very patriotic landlord, Squire Henry, of Straffan, county of Kildare, had hit on an expedient to benefit the wool-growers in general, and his numerous tenantry in particular. Knowing that market value is in the direct ratio of demand and scarcity, he annually buried the wool shorn from his own sheep, lest it might interfere with the profitable sale of his tenants' fleeces. But, alas! this generous system of self-sacrifice did not work well. The result was—though Squire Henry never suspected the existence of such turpitude in the human heart—the ungrateful tenantry dug up by night what he buried by day; wool never rose in price, and they never were able to pay up their arrears of rent.

FOOTE'S ENVY.

Foote could not bear to see anybody or anything succeed in the Haymarket but himself and his own writings, and forgot that a failure of the new scheme might possibly endanger the regular payment of his annuity. His pique broke out sometimes in downright rudeness. One morning he came hopping upon the stage during the rehearsal of the "Spanish Barber," then about to be produced; the performers were busy in that scene of the piece when one servant is under the influence of a sleeping draught, and another of a sneezing powder. "Well," said Foote drily to the manager, "how do you go on?" "Pretty well," was the answer; "but I cannot teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do." "Can't you?" replied Foote, "then read him your last comedy of 'The Man of Business,' and he'll yawn for a month."

On another occasion, he was not less coarse though more laughable, to an actor, than he had been to the manager. This happened when Digges, of much celebrity out of London, and who had come to town from Edinburgh, covered with Scottish laurels, made his first appearance in the Haymarket. He had studied the antiquated style of acting; in short, he was a fine bit of old stage-buckram, and *Cato* was therefore selected for his first essay. He "discharged the character" in the same costume as it is to be supposed was adopted by Booth, when the play was originally acted; that is, in a shape, as it was technically termed, of the stiffest order, decorated with gilt leather upon a black ground, with black stockings, black gloves, and a powdered periwig. Foote had planted himself in the pit, when Digges stalked on before the public thus formidably accoutred. The malicious wag waited till the customary round of applause had subsided, and then ejaculated, in a pretended under-tone, loud enough to be heard by all around him, "A Roman chimney-sweeper on May-day!" The laughter which this produced in the pit was enough to knock up a *débutant*, and it startled the old stager personating the stoic of Utica: the sarcasm was irresistibly funny, but Foote deserved to be kicked out of the

house for his cruelty, and his insolence in mingling with the audience for the purpose of disconcerting a brother actor.

COLONEL MELLISH.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, "*nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*" He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot-race over Newmarket Heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trousers, white silk stockings, ay, and we may add, his white, but handsome, face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two outriders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training, seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we heard that he would play to the extent of £40,000 at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. "The bowl of pleasure (says Johnson) is poisoned by reflection on the cost," and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself; and, as an owner of race-horses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.—*Nimrod.*

CITY TOASTING.

In the *Attic Miscellany* for October, 1790, is the following anecdote; viz. "After a splendid dinner, one day last year, at the London Tavern, the chairman gave the usual toast of 'The Adelphi,' in allusion to the Royal brothers; when a certain knight, who was present, when it came to his turn to give a toast, said with great gravity, 'Mr. Chairman, as we are giving public buildings, I'll give you my house at Taunton!'"

OLD SQUIBS.

Richard Bentley and Charles Boyle (Earl of Orrery) had a warm dispute relative to the genuineness of the Greek Epistles of Phalaris, an edition of which was published by the latter. Bentley was victorious, though he was kept in hot water by the critics and wits of the age. Dr. Garth assailed him thus:—

"So diamonds owe a lustre to their foil,
And to a *Bentley* 'tis we owe a *Boyle*."

Conyers Middleton was a sad thorn in Bentley's side, from the latter having called the former, when a young student in the University, *fiddling* Conyers, because he played on the violin. A punning caricature represented Bentley about to be thrust into the *brazen bull* of Phalaris, and exclaiming, "I had rather be roasted than *Boyled*."

HANDEL'S MUSIC.

During the latter part of Handel's life, about the year 1753, in the Lent season, a minor canon from the cathedral of Gloucester proffered his services to Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this department, he requested leave to sing a solo air, that his voice might be heard to more advantage. This request was also granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience, that he was, to his great mortification, violently hissed. When the performance was over, by way of consolation, Handel made him the following speech:—"I am very sorry, very sorry for you, indeed, my dear sir; but go back to your church in de country. God vill forgive you for your bad singing; dese wicked people in London, dey vill not forgive you."

While Marylebone Gardens were flourishing (says Mr. Smith), the enchanting music of Handel, and probably of Arne, was often heard from the orchestra there. One evening, as my grandfather and Handel were walking together and alone, a new piece was struck up by the band. "Come, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "let us sit down and listen to this piece; I want to know your opinion of it." Down they sat, and, after some time, Mr. Fountayne, the old parson, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to; it is very poor stuff." "You are right, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "it is very poor stuff; I thought so myself, when I had finished it." The old

gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologise, but Handel assured him there was no necessity; that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and his time for the production being limited; and that the opinion was as correct as it was honest.

NOBLES OF JOHANNA.

We had long been aware that the potentates of the Guinea coast not only assume English titles, but wear under, or in place of, diadems, the cast-off wigs of our Lord Chancellors; but we were not prepared for what follows in the latitude of the Mozambique Channel, as related by Capt. Basil Hall:—

"We proceeded to our guide's house, where he introduced us, not indeed to his wives, for all those ladies were stowed away behind a screen of mats, but to some of the males of his family, and, amongst others, to a queer, copper-coloured gentleman, who styled himself, in his communications with us, 'the Duke of Devonshire,' and begged very hard to be allowed the honour of having our linen to wash. His Grace was a little dumpy fellow, who stooped considerably, wore neither shoes nor stockings, and exhibited so little of a nose, that when you caught his countenance in profile, the facial line, as the physiognomists call it, suffered no interruption when drawn from the brow to the lips. The poor Duke little knew the cause of the laughter which his occupation, title, and the contrast of looks, excited in those of our party who had seen his Grace's noble namesake in the opposite hemisphere.

"Most of the natives of Johanna, even the negro slaves, talk a little English; but the best examples of such acquirements were found, where they ought to be, amongst the grandees of the island. The following is a fair specimen of the conversation of the dukes and earls at the capital of the Comoros:—"How do you do, sir? Very glad see you, d—n your eyes! Johanna man like English very much. God d—n! That very good? Eh? Devilish hot, sir! What news? Hope your ship stay too long while, very. D—n my eye! Very fine day.' After which, in a sort of whisper, accompanied by a most insinuating smile, his lordship or his grace (as the rank of the party might be) would add, 'You want orange? You want goat—cheap? I got good, very. You send me you clothes; I wash with my own hand—clean! fine! very. I got everything—plenty, great, much! God d—n!' And then, as if to clench the favourable opinion which these eloquent appeals had made, the speaker was sure to produce a handful of certificates from mates of Indiamen, masters of Yankee brigs, and middies of men-of-war; some written in solemn earnest, some quizzically, but all declaring his lordship, the bearer, to be a pretty good washerman, but the sort of person not to be trusted far out of sight, as he would certainly walk off with your clothes-bag if he could safely do so."

"HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE."

Dr. Walcot and Madame Mara were on terms of the greatest intimacy. He wrote the song of "Hope Told a Flattering Tale" expressly for her, and she sang it for the first time at one of her own benefits. The next day she sold the manuscript. The Dr. had already done the same, and the two purchasers, after a long dispute, which neither had the power to settle, agreed to wait on Mara, and solicit her interference. She consented, and, as she was going in search of Dr. Walcot, he happened to cross her path in the Haymarket. He had already heard of the circumstance, and, like the *prima donna*, was not disposed to refund the money he had received. "What is to be done?" said Mara. "Cannot you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?" "Cannot you say the same of yourself?" replied the satirist; "one story would be believed as soon as the other."

CURRAN AND THE FARMER.

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public-house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally, to the honour of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice. "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me." We must imagine and not commit to paper the vociferations of the honest dupe at such advice. However, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it, and returned to his legal friend. "And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again: but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Ay, sir; but asking won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness, at any rate." Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel: "do as I bid you and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred, glad, at any rate, to find that safe again in his possession. "Now sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I'm much better off." "Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." We need not add, that the wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.

HIP, HIP, HURRA!

During the stirring times of the Crusades, the chivalry of Europe was excited to arms by the inflammatory appeals of the well-known Peter the Hermit. While preaching the crusade, this furious zealot was accustomed to exhibit a banner, emblazoned with the following letters, H.E.P., the initials of the Latin words "*Hierosylma est perdita*" (Jerusalem is destroyed). The people in some of the countries which he visited not being acquainted with the Latin, read and pronounced the inscription as if one word—HEP. The followers of the Hermit were accustomed (whenever an unfortunate Jew appeared in the streets) to raise the cry, "Hep hep, hurra!" to hunt him down, and flesh upon the defenceless Israelite their maiden swords, before they essayed their temper with the scimeter of the Saracen.

THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1792.

At two in the morning of 2nd September, the city drums were beat ostensibly for the march of the Parisian battalions to reinforce the armies of the frontier. It was the concerted signal of massacre; and the chosen assassins, liberally supplied with money and spirits, and harangued by Robespierre, Billaud Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois, were speedily ready for every atrocity. The Abbaye was the prison first attacked, the victims, seized separately, were dragged before an inexorable tribunal, and turned out among the murderers in the court, through whose repeated blows they were compelled to run the gauntlet till they expired—while the multitude, among whom were a vast number of women, danced like cannibals round their mangled corpses. Similar massacres took place in all the other prisons: in that of the Carmes, the venerable Archbishop of Arles was slaughtered, with more than 200 clergy. The Princess de Lambelle, who was a prisoner in La Petite Force, was torn to pieces, and her head with the fragments of her body, paraded before the window of the Duke of Orleans, who rose from dinner to enjoy the ghastly spectacle. Above 5000 persons perished in the various prisons during this dreadful scene of carnage, which continued uninterrupted from the 2nd to the 6th of September. Even the felons in the Bicêtre, whose offences had no political character, were massacred in the indiscriminate thirst for blood, which only ceased when no more victims could be found. The confiscation of the whole effects of the slaughtered captives, and of the property of the emigrants, which was sold at the same time, became the source of immense wealth to the municipality; but no account could ever be obtained either of the amount or disposal of this enormous plunder. The jewel-office in the Tuilleries was also pillaged one night, and the costly ornaments of the crown disappeared for ever; but it was never known into whose hands most of the jewels fell.—*Alison*.

PORT WINE AND PARALYSIS.

From Mr. Savory, formerly of Bond-street, we remember to have heard an account, several years ago, of a friend of his, a Baronet, well known in the gay world, having been seized with paralysis, and finding himself, on his return from a convivial party, suddenly deprived of speech and power of moving one side of his body. Either from feelings of desperation, or an impulse of mental aberration, the gentleman had a bottle of port-wine brought to his bed-side, and having finished it, he turned with great composure on his side and went to sleep. That gentleman lived long after, his intellect wholly unimpaired, his speech restored, and his general health as good as it ever was; and he long discussed his bottle or two of port wine with apparent impunity.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

Dr. Franklin relates the following amusing illustration of the common cunning of men turning their fellows to account:—"When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder: 'My pretty boy,' said he, 'has your father a grindstone?' 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'You are a fine little fellow,' said he, 'will you let me grind my axe on it?' Pleased with his compliment of 'fine little fellow,' 'O yes, sir,' I answered, 'it is down in the shop.' 'And will you, my man,' said he, patting me on the head, 'get a little hot water?' How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle-ful. 'How old are you, and what's your name?' continued he, without waiting for a reply; 'I am sure you are one of the finest fellows that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?' Tickled with the flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away: my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with 'Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud to school, or you'll rue it.' Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging of them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

A COMMON CASE.

"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning: she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

LOVE AND MADNESS.

About the year 1780, a young East Indian, whose name was Dupree, left his Fatherland to visit a distant relation, a merchant, on Fish-street Hill. During the young man's stay, he was waited on by the servant of the house, a country-girl, Rebecca Griffiths, chiefly remarkable for the plainness of her person, and the quiet meekness of her manners. The circuit of pleasure run, and yearning again for home, the visitor at length prepared for his departure: the chaise came to the door, and shaking of hands, with tenderer salutations, adieus, and farewells, followed in the usual abundance. Rebecca, in whom an extraordinary depression had for some days previously been perceived, was in attendance, to help to pack the luggage. The leave-taking of friends and relations at length completed, with a guinea squeezed into his humble attendant's hand, and a brief "God bless you, Rebecca!" the young man sprang into the chaise, the driver smacked his whip, and the vehicle was rolling rapidly out of sight, when a piercing shriek from Rebecca, who had stood to all appearance vacantly gazing on what had passed, alarmed the family, then retiring into the house. They hastily turned round: to their infinite surprise, Rebecca was seen wildly following the chaise. She was rushing with the velocity of lightning along the middle of the road, her hair streaming in the wind, and her whole appearance that of a desperate maniac! Proper persons were immediately dispatched after her, but she was not secured till she had gained the Borough; when she was taken in a state of incurable madness to Bethlem Hospital, where she some years after died. The guinea he had given her—her richest treasure—her only wealth—she never suffered, during life, to quit her hand: she grasped it still more firmly in her dying moments, and at her request, in the last gleam of returning reason—the lightning before death—it was buried with her. There was a tradition in Bedlam, that through the heartless cupidity of the keeper, it was sacrilegiously wrenched from her, and that her ghost might be seen every night, gliding through the dreary cells of that melancholy building, in search of her lover's gift, and mournfully asking the glaring maniacs for her lost guinea.

It was Mr. Dupree's only consolation, after her death, that the excessive homeliness of her person, and her retiring air and manners, had never even suffered him to indulge in the most trifling freedom with her. She had loved hopelessly, and paid the forfeiture with sense and life.

MARMONTEL'S FRIENDS.

Of his editorship of *Le Mercure*, Marmontel has preserved some very amusing reminiscences. In his undertaking, which he considered arduous, he was sometimes assisted by a few friends, of two of whom he speaks nearly in the following terms:—"At a jeweller's who lived in the Place Dauphiné, I often dined with two poets of the old Opéra Comique, whose talent was mirth, and who were never so well in tune as when under a vine at a *guingette* (tea gardens). Their happiest state was in being intoxicated; but, before getting so, they had moments of inspiration which made me think of what Horace says of wine. One, whose name was Galet, passed for a *vaurien* (worthless fellow); I never saw him but at table, and I only speak of him from his being connected with Panard, who was a good man, and whom I loved. However, this *vaurien* was an original worth knowing; he was a grocer of the Rue des Lombardes, more attentive to the theatre than to his shop, and was ruined when I knew him. He was dropsical, but did not drink the less, and was as jovial as ever; he cared as little about death as he did about life, and even in poverty, in prison, upon a bed of sickness, and almost at the point of death, he laughed at everything. After his failure, he took shelter in the Temple, at that time a place of refuge for debtors. When he was near dying, the Vicaire du Temple came to administer the extreme unction to him. 'Ah! Monsieur l'Abbé,' said Galet, 'you are come to grease my boots; that is of no use to me, I am going by water.' he was then in the last stage of the dropsy. The same day he wrote to his friend Collé, a copy of verses to the tune of '*Accompagné de plusieurs autres,*' his last flash of wit.

"Panard was as careless as his friend, as forgetful of the past, and as negligent of the future. How he should procure food, lodging, or clothing, did not trouble him; that was his friends' concern, and he had good friends. In manners, as in mind, he had a great deal of the simplicity of La Fontaine. Never exterior showed less genius; he, however, had it in his thoughts and expressions. More than once, when at table, I have heard this huge mass *entre deux vins* (half drunk) repeat impromptu verses, full of ease, elegance, and grace. If at any time, in composing the *Mercure*, I wanted a few verses to fill up a page, I went to see my friend Panard. 'Ruinimage the wig-box,' said he. In this wig-box were heaped up *pêle-mêle*, scraps of paper on which were scrawled the verses of this charming poet. Seeing almost all these manuscripts stained with wine, I reproached him for it. 'Never mind that,' said he, 'that is the seal of genius.' He had such a tender affection for wine, that he always spoke of it as the friend of his heart; and, with the glass in his hand, admiring the object of his worship and delight, he was often moved even to tears. After

the death of his friend Galet, on meeting him one day, I wished to show him the part I took in his affliction, 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'my sorrow is very great! A friend of thirty years, with whom I passed my life! Always together, *à la promenade, au spectacle, au cabaret*. I have lost him. I shall never sing any more; I shall never drink again with him. He is dead. I am alone in the world. I do not know what will become of me.' In thus bewailing his misfortune, the poor man burst into tears, and nothing could be more natural. 'But,' added he, 'you know he died at the Temple! I have been to weep over his grave. Such a grave! Ah! sir, they have put him under a gutter—he who, since the age of reason, never drank a glass of water.'"

A PARADISE.

When the Persian Ambassador and his suite left England a few years since, many of them shed tears. One of the suite, who had been struck with the quiet of an Englishman's life, compared with that of a Persian, exclaimed, that he could not wish for a better paradise than Chelsea Hospital, where, for the remainder of his days, he could sit under the trees, do nothing, and drink as much porter as he liked.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Joe Spiller, the comedian, having to give out a play on a Saturday evening, addressed the audience in the following manner:—"Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow"—but was interrupted by a person in the pit, who told him to-morrow was Sunday. "I know it, sir," replied the droll, and gravely proceeded: "To-morrow will be preached, at the parish church, St. Andrew's, Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor boys and girls; and on Monday will be presented in this place, a comedy, &c., for the benefit" &c.

LORD BATH.

Walpole relates: "Lord Bath owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him. The man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, 'Fellow, what do you want with me?' 'My money,' said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come next morning—and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, 'My money; give me my money.' My Lord went to the end of the pew; the man too; 'Give me my money.' The sermon was on avarice, and the text, 'Cursed are they that heap up riches.' The man groaned out, 'O Lord!' and pointed to my Lord Bath—in short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out and paid him directly."

MIS-DEAL.

Mr. Thom, of Glasgow, had just risen up in the pulpit, to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out a handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards were wrapped up in it, and the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. T. could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage, "Oh! man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill bun' (bound)!"

POPE ON ROYALTY.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, once honoured Pope with a visit at Twickenham, who, expressing the most dutiful professions of attachment, gave his Royal Highness an opportunity of observing very shrewdly, that Pope's love for Princes was inconsistent with his dislike of Kings, since Princes may in time be Kings. "Sir," replied Pope, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorized type of a lion. Whilst he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

NATIONAL ABSURDITIES.

Captain Basil Hall writes:—"A long while ago, when I was preparing for a voyage to China, I asked an old gentleman, well acquainted with that country, to give me some hints for my guidance amongst a people so different in manners from those I had been accustomed to. The old boy, who seldom said anything without a spice of sarcasm, reflected a moment, and then replied—'Whenever you kill a Chinese, throw him as quietly and quickly as you can into the river!' This satire was directed against the absurd laws of China, which hold the person who is found nearest to a dead body responsible for the death. The effect of this is to drive away all assistance from a person who either is or may be thought to be dying: in short, to deprive him of help exactly at the time when it might be most useful to him, or when, if it could not be useful in saving his life, it might soothe him in his last moments. We laugh at the perverse folly of the Chinese; but in civilised Europe it is sometimes not much better. At Naples, for instance, a similar law prevails with that in the Celestial Empire; and I remember hearing of an English lady, who was driving in her open carriage in the most public street of Naples, when the coachman was seized with a fit, and fell back into the carriage. The people stopped the horses: but as not a Neapolitan would come to the lady's assistance, the man might have died of suffocation, from the position he was in, had not an English gentleman, who happened to be passing, rescued him from his awkward predicament. The coachman recovered, and nothing was said; but had he died on the spot, the gentleman would have been had up as a culprit at the police-office, just as if he had been in Canton!"

"DI TANTI PALPITI."

This air is called in Venice, "l'Aria dei Rizi," and for the following reason. In this country, all dinners, whether of the rich or poor, commence with a dish of rice, which is eaten little dressed, after being put down to the fire a few minutes before serving. Rossini had entered his inn for the purpose of dining. He had taxed his genius in vain—nothing pleased him—all his efforts proved abortive. "Bisogna mettere i rizi" (Shall I put down the rice?), said the cook; who wished to know by the question, whether he was ready for dinner. "Do so," said Rossini; and in the meanwhile he sat down to the piano. The fortunate moment arrived; the rice had not been brought up before the aria "Di tanti palpiti" was set to music.

PIT AND DUNDAS.

Dundas was Pitt's companion, with whom he passed, not merely his convivial hours, but to whom he confided his cares and embarrassments. Dundas possessed a villa near London, at Wimbledon, where he was accustomed to repair occasionally, for the purpose of sleeping out of town. Pitt, on quitting the Treasury bench, used to throw himself into Dundas's post-chariot, and to accompany him. At whatever hour they arrived, they sat down to supper; never failed to drink each his bottle; and the Minister found his sleep more sound, as well as more refreshing, at Wimbledon, than in Downing-street. However violent might have been the previous agitation of his mind, yet, in a very few minutes after he had laid his head on the pillow, he never failed to sink into profound repose. So difficult, indeed, was it to awaken him, that his valet usually shook him before he could be roused from sleep. One of his private secretaries used to affirm, that no intelligence, however distressing, had sufficient power to break his rest. On that account, he never locked or bolted the door of his bed-chamber. A circumstance took place in 1796 strongly corroborative of the above facts:—Pitt, having been much disturbed by a variety of painful political occurrences, drove out to pass the night with Dundas, at Wimbledon. After supper, the Minister withdrew to his chamber, having given his servant directions to call him at seven on the ensuing morning. No sooner had he retired, than Dundas, conscious how much his mind stood in need of repose, repaired to his apartment, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket; at the same time enjoining the valet on no consideration to disturb his master, but to allow him to sleep as long as nature required. It is a truth that Pitt neither awoke, nor called any person, till half-past four in the afternoon of the following day, when Dundas, entering his room, together with his servant, found him still in so deep a sleep, that it became necessary to shake, in order to awaken him. He had slept uninterruptedly for more than sixteen hours.

THE DUN TRICKED.

Colonel Allen, before he succeeded to the Viscounty, was in embarrassed circumstances, and was often reduced to the disagreeable necessity of denying himself. The poor tradesman was always too late; the Colonel was on guard, had just gone out, or would be home in an hour, by which time he was dressed and really out. One morning Mr. ——— took his station at the door of the gallant officer's lodging in Mount-street, at seven o'clock, and intimated to the servant, about ten, that he had watched his master home the previous night, knew he had not yet gone out, and should therefore wait and see him. His pertinacity was so great, that the Colonel was obliged to admit him; and as soon as he was dressed all but his coat, he slipped on his dressing-gown, and placing himself at a table, with a very difficult piece of music before him, he seized his flute, upon which instrument his lordship was a proficient, and desiring that Mr. ——— might be admitted, he struck up as the man was ascending the stairs, and, as he entered, hastily bade him take a seat, when, to the astonishment and delight of the creditor, he played the whole piece, remarking all the time the pleasure his listener appeared to derive from his efforts. When he had concluded, he made many excuses for not having attended to him, but observed that in practising music it was difficult to learn any piece, if once he suffered himself to be interrupted. He saw, too, that Mr. ——— was fond of music (which was the fact); and, if so, he would play him one of Beethoven's finest pieces, arranged for the flute. The man's civility would not permit him to refuse so kind an offer, and the Colonel went into the next room to get the music, when he adroitly put on his coat and hat, and, descending the back-stairs, left the house; and not until several hours had elapsed did the poor man ascertain that his bird was flown.

THE POISONED BEAUTY.

Miss Mackenzie was one of the greatest beauties about the Court of James II., and an attachment subsisted between her and Mr. Price, at that time an admired man about town, and an especial favourite of the too celebrated Countess of Deloraine, who, to get rid of her rival in beauty, poisoned her. By timely assistance, antidotes were successful; but the tradition in the family is that the maiden's fine complexion was ruined, and ever after continued of a lemon tint. Queen Caroline, desirous to shield Deloraine from the consequences of her act, persuaded Miss Mackenzie to appear, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, at a supper, either given by Lady Deloraine, or where she was to be. When Miss Mackenzie entered the room, some one exclaimed, "How entirely changed!" Mr. Price, who was seated with Lady Deloraine, looking carelessly over his shoulder, remarked, "In my eyes, she is more beautiful than ever;" and they were married next morning.

ANCESTRY.

Lord Chesterfield placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed Adam de Stanhope, and Eve de Stanhope: the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Leneve, the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman: *Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!* Old Craggs was one day getting into a coach with Arthur Moore, who had worn a livery too, when he turned about, and said, "Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?"

The Gordons trace their name no farther back than the days of Alexander the Great, from Gordonia, a city of Macedon, which, they say, once formed part of Alexander's dominions, and, from thence, no doubt, the clan must have come!

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

Complaints are occasionally made by members that their speeches are not reported *verbatim*. Pretty speeches in that case, would some of their orations appear! The plan of giving *verbatim* reports was once tried by Dr. Stoddart, when he conducted *The New Times*. The result of the experiment was such as ought to prevent any one calling for *verbatim* reports in future. The members made downright fools of themselves, and set the public a-laughing from one end of the country to the other. Lord Castlereagh exhibited himself as "*standing prostrate* at the foot of Majesty," and as "*walking forward with his back turned on himself*." Sir Fred. Flood, one of the Irish members, and a great stickler for *verbatim* reports, appeared one morning as having, on the previous evening, enlightened and delighted the House with the following profound philosophy and brilliant eloquence:—"Mr. Spaker,—As I was coming down to this House to perform my duty to the country and ould Ireland, I was brutally attacked, Sir, by a mob, Mr. Spaker, of ragamuffins, Sir. If, Sir, any honourable gentleman is to be assaulted, Mr. Spaker, by such a parcel of spalpeens, Sir, as were after attacking me, Mr. Spaker, then I say, Mr. Spaker, that if you do not, Mr. Spaker, be after protecting gentleman like myself, Sir, we cannot be after coming to the House of Parliament at all at all, Mr. Spaker. And, Sir, may I be after axing you, Sir, what, Sir, would become, Sir, of the business of the country, Mr. Spaker, in such a case, Mr. Spaker? Will you, Sir, be after answering myself that question, Mr. Spaker? It's myself that would like an answer, Sir, to the question, Sir, as soon as convenient, Sir, which I have asked you, Mr. Spaker." This proved a complete extinguisher to Sir Frederick Flood's *penchant* for *verbatim* reporting. He went, the day on which his oration appeared, to the editors of all the morning papers, and said he would thereafter leave his speeches to "the discretion of the reporters."

THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Some pious ladies at Sherborne sent to the King of the Sandwich Islands, by means of a missionary who had lately returned, and was then on a visit to Dr. Gray's house-keeper, a splendid dress, in the form of a nightgown, made of gaudily printed bed-curtain stuff, ornamented with a large silver button, by way of a star, on the left breast: it was faced with scarlet, and lined with purple. The motive in sending it was to induce the King to abandon idolatry; but the ladies were dreadfully perplexed when they received in due time a letter containing his Majesty's thanks; but, as he considered himself unworthy of so elegant and magnificent a dress, he had consecrated the noble gift, and hung this splendid nightgown on his chief idol, as a robe of state and splendour!

UMBRELLAS.

Jonas Hanway's larger schemes of benevolence have connected his name with the Marine Society and the Magdalen, both of which he originated; as well as with the Foundling, which he was active in improving; and to his courage and perseverance in smaller fields of usefulness (his determined contention with extravagant vails to servants not the least), the men of Goldsmith's day were indebted for liberty to use an umbrella. Gay's poem of "Trivia" commemorates its earlier use by poor women, by "tuck'd-up sempstresses" and "walking maids;" but even with this class it was a winter privilege, and woe to the woman of a better sort, or to the man, whether rich or poor, who dared at any time so to invade the rights of coachmen and chairmen. But Jonas steadily underwent the staring, laughing, jeering, hooting, and bullying; and having punished some insolent knaves who struck him with their whips as well as their tongues, he finally established the use of the umbrella. Jonas made a less successful move when he would have written down the use of tea.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Don Thomas Isturitz was one day walking near the Royal Exchange during the drawing of the lottery in 1815, and feeling an inclination to sport twenty pounds, went into the office of Martin and Co., Cornhill, where, referring to his pocket-book, he counted the number of days that had elapsed from that of his providential escape from Madrid (and the tender mercies prepared for him by the beloved Fernando); he found them amount to 261, and then demanded to buy *that* ticket; but it was nearly half an hour before it could be obtained, and only after a strict search amongst the lottery offices in the city. At length, a half ticket of No. 261 was procured at two o'clock; and at five it was drawn a prize of forty thousand pounds, the only one ever exhibited to that amount in England. The lucky Don lay down that night twenty thousand pounds richer than he had risen.

RESPECT FOR UNPROTECTED PROPERTY.

There had been a great number of robberies in Fifeshire; every house in the neighbourhood had been visited except Balcarres. The robbers were at last captured and brought before the county court. "Why did you never come to me?" asked Lord Balcarres. "My Lord," they replied, "we often did; everywhere else we found closed doors, but at Balcarres they stood always open, and where such is the case it is a rule among us not to enter."

A REASON.

Over the door of a tavern, in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, is the following intimation:—

"James Rettie—licensed to sell the year that's begun—

P.P. Porter and ale—F.F. Fusky and Rum."

On a person inquiring the meaning of the above detached letters, he was answered that both the publican and the painter had an impediment in their speech, "and, perhaps," continued his informant, "the painter had a stuttering brush also."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was born in 1782, the son of a New Hampshire farmer. He was called to the bar in 1805; became a member of Congress in 1812. After 1816, he gave up all his time to his profession. Many of his law arguments are excellent, witness his speech on the prosecution of Knapp, tried for murder:—

"The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temples, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished; the deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

"Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook or corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendour of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe," &c.

THE COMPLIMENT.

Don Pedro passed some time in England, and, being one of the lions of the day (rather a dark-browed one) at the period of the visit of the Spanish patriots in 1808, was very hospitably and generously entertained, which he never spoke of but in terms of the warmest gratitude; but the most flattering mark of British favour which he prided himself on was the soubriquet of "*Charles Fox*," bestowed on him at Lord Holland's table; and, certainly, in bust, in feature, in eye, brow, and, above all, in voice, he bore a powerful resemblance to that celebrated statesman. "*I tell the Prince of Wales*," said the Don, "*that I like very much England, very much King George; and the Prince tell me I was double Charles Fox*" (his *double*, we are to presume).

IRON MASK.

Captain Basil Hall describes, as one of the curiosities he saw in the castle of Steinburg, in Lower Styria, a very thin, but strong iron mask, with clasps and locks of the same metal, of which a redoubted Baron of olden times is said to have made frequent use. It appears that he had a very handsome wife, who was sadly coquettish, and more fond of exhibiting her pretty face than he at all approved of. Whenever he stirred from home, therefore, he was wont to encase her slippery head in this iron mask, and put the key in his pocket. Tradition says that the gentleman mistook the application, and quite misplaced the protection, as the lady, though she could not exhibit the light of her countenance to her lovers, whispered still softer endearments through the bars; and in the end taught the foolish noble, that, in love as well as war, physical obstacles, so far from keeping out an invading enemy, generally serve as his best stepping-stones to conquest.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

Many years ago, when an educationist visited the schools of Ireland, one of the masters, who was especially conscious of the superior excellence of his establishment, as soon as he was acquainted with the object of the visit, began to dilate upon the various sciences with which he was familiar; among which he enumerated hydraulics, hydrostatics, geography, geology, etymology, and entomology. It was suggested to him that they had better, perhaps, take the list of queries in their order. On coming to the subjects taught in the school, he was asked—"Do you teach reading and writing?"—"Yes." "Arithmetic?"—"Yes." "Grammar and composition?"—"Certainly." "French?"—"Yes." "Latin?"—"Yes." "Greek?"—"Yes, yes," &c.; and so on till the list of queries was exhausted, answering every question in the affirmative. As he concluded, the visitor remarked, "*This is *multum in parvo*, indeed.*" To which the master immediately replied, "I teach that; you may put that down too."

INFANCY OF WEST, THE PAINTER.

Benjamin West, the son of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born at Springfield, in the state of Pennsylvania, North America, on the 10th of October, 1733. His mother, it seems, had gone to hear one Edward Peckover preach about the sinfulness of the Old World, and the spotlessness of the New, and terrified and overcome by the earnest eloquence of the enthusiast, she shrieked aloud, was carried home, and, in the midst of agitation and terror, was safely delivered of the future President of the Royal Academy. When the preacher was told of this he rejoiced; "Note that child," said he, "for he has come into the world in a remarkable way, and will assuredly prove a wonderful man." The child prospered, and when seven years old began to fulfil the prediction of the preacher. He was set to rock the cradle of his sister's child, and was so struck with the beauty of the slumbering babe, that he drew its features in red and black ink. "I declare," cried his astonished sister, "he has made a likeness of little Sally." He was next noticed by a party of wild Indians, who, pleased with the sketches which Benjamin had made of birds and flowers, taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they stained their weapons: to these his mother added indigo, and thus he obtained the three primary colours.

MAN-TRAPS.

Thieves sometimes catch themselves, as this incident shows:—A gentleman had his orchard repeatedly robbed, and bidding defiance to prohibitory acts, had an old man-trap repaired, and set up in his grounds. The smith brought it home, and there was a consultation as to which tree it should be placed under: several were proposed, as being all favourite bearers; at last the smith's suggestion as to the *locus in quô* was adopted, and the man-trap set. But the position somehow or other did not please the master, and as tastes occasionally vary, so did his, and he bethought him of another tree, the fruit of which he should like above all things to preserve. Accordingly, scarcely had he laid his head on his pillow when the change was determined on, and ere long the man-trap was transferred. Very early in the morning the cries of a sufferer brought master and men into the orchard, and there they discovered—the smith.

It being unlawful to set man-traps and spring-guns, a gentleman once hit upon a happy device. He was a scholar, and being often asked the meaning of mysterious words compounded from the Greek, that flourish in every day's newspaper, and finding they always excited wonder by their length and terrible sound, he had painted on a board, and put upon his premises, in very large letters, the following—"Tondapamubomenos set up in these grounds:" it was perfectly a "patent safety."

TRIUMPHANT RETORT.

As Monsieur de la Motte, soon after the representation of his "Ines de Castro" (which was very successful, although much censured by the press), was sitting one day in a coffee-house, he heard several of those critics abusing his play. Finding that he was unknown to them, he joined heartily in abusing it himself. At length, after a great many sarcastic remarks, one of them, yawning, said, "Well, what shall we do with ourselves this evening?" "Why, suppose," said De la Motte, "we go to the *seventy-second* representation of this bad play."

BATHING IN THE THAMES.

The impurity of the stream has driven the bathers away; yet it was once very different. Lord Northampton, in the reign of Charles I., was taken ill of the colic, of which he died, while washing himself in the Thames, after he had waited on the King at supper, and had supped himself. Blood concealed himself among the reeds at Battersea, in order to shoot King Charles II., while bathing in the Thames over against Chelsea. One of the darling recreations of Sir Dudley North was swimming in the Thames; "he used that so much, that he became quite master of it." The polite Earl of Chesterfield directed a letter to Lord Pembroke (the collector), who was always swimming:—"To the Earl of Pembroke, in the Thames, over against Whitehall." "Last week," says Lord Byron, the poet, in a letter dated August 11th, 1807, "I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges (Westminster and Blackfriars), a distance—including the different turns and tacks made on the way—of three miles."

ENDURING GRIEF OF WIDOWS.

A young Tipperary widow, Nelly M'Phee, was courted and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane, on her way to her husband's funeral. "She accepted, of course," said Grossman. "No, she didn't," said Smith. "Tooley, dear," says she, "y're too late; four weeks ago it was I shook hands wi' Pat Sweeney upon it that I would have him a dacent time arter poor M'Phee was under board." "Well," said Grossman, "widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutch woman whose husband, Diedric Van Pronk, died and left her inconsolable. He was buried on Cop's Hill. Folks said that grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very like her late husband, and constantly kept it in bed for several months. In about half a year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot, and finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight when the servants told her they were out of kindling stuff, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied in a very quiet way—'Maype it ish well enough now to shplit up old Van Pronk vat is up-stairs.'"

THE SPECTATOR.

Sir Roger de Coverley is understood to be drawn for Sir John Packington, of Worcestershire, a Tory, not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities. Tickell asserted that 20,000 of the *Spectator* were sold in a day.

HIGH CHARACTER.

It is difficult to be a good man and a great public character. Lord Stanhope confessed that it was "impossible for a Minister of State to be an honest man." Surely he gave himself a bad character; or, perhaps, he was not in earnest. He lived with the reputation of a disinterested and uncorrupt minister; and when he died, his sovereign shed tears at his loss.

In Pope's epitaph on Craggs are these two lines, so honourable to a Secretary of State and the particular statesman, that it is a pure pleasure to read them:—

"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

ENGLISH BULLS.

Some years ago, the publishers of a monthly periodical, finding that the last day of the month sometimes happened on a Sunday, had a meeting at the London Coffee-house, when, to remedy the inconvenience, it was resolved that the publishing day should be the last day but one of the month, not thinking that it would as frequently fall on a Sunday as on any other day.

Though the English blame their neighbours the Irish, for the commission of blunders, yet they sometimes fall into the same error themselves. A meeting was called of the inhabitants of Stepney, for the protection of the householders against the renewal of robberies which took place the year preceding. The lawyer who drew up the resolutions put an advertisement into the newspapers, stating that the meeting was held to prevent the robberies which took place the year before.

HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

Rowland Hill paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same Gospel. You said, 'Supposing you were attending to hear a will read where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not: you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the Gospel.'" This was excellent advice, and well worth remembering sixty-five years.

A BLOW-UP.

A Persian, some years since, built a powder-mill at Tabriz, from his casual inspection of a similar building at Constantinople. It is of brick, stone, and *marble*, and cost a vast sum of money. The door is of iron, and, to prevent explosion, is constantly wetted when the mill is working. Mr. Morrier remarked to the architect, that, in Europe, owing to the frequent explosion of powder-mills, they are now constructed of cheap and light materials. Being a good predestinarian, the builder replied, "Inshallah (please God), this will never blow up. See that of Constantinople, how long that has stood; surely this can last as long."

HAYDN'S RAZOR QUARTETT.

Haydn, on his first visit to this great metropolis, domiciled at the house of Bland, the music-publisher, 45, High Holborn, who used to relate the following story:—"When I went over to the Continent to secure the services of Haydn, at the concerts of Salomon, I was introduced to him while he was in the act of shaving himself, an operation by no means the pleasantest in the world, even when one has good tools; but it happened that Haydn was badly off in that respect, and feeling the inconvenience deeply, said, 'Ah, Mr. Bland, if I had but an English razor, I would give one of the best compositions I ever wrote for it.' I immediately, without waiting to reply, posted off to my inn, and brought my best pair. Presenting them to the great man, he put into my hands one of his quartetts in manuscript, which I afterwards published, and used to term it my *Razor Quartett*."

LADY MARY HONYWOOD.

Of this lady, who was daughter and co-heir of Robert Waters, Esq., of Lenham, in Kent, and wife of Sir Robert Honywood, of Pett, in Charing, it is recorded that at her decease she had no less than 367 lawful descendants then living—16 children, 114 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren, and 9 great-great-grandchildren.

The following singular story is related of the same remarkable woman:—

Falling at one time in a low desponding state of mind, she was impressed with the idea that she should be damned, and exclaiming, in a paroxysm of the malady, "I shall be lost, as surely as that glass is broken," she flung thrice, with violence, a glass which she happened to have in her hand, on a marble slab, by which she was standing; but the glass rebounded each time, and did not break. The story adds, that the circumstance wrought a complete cure, and had more effect in composing her mind than the reasoning of all the great divines whom she had consulted. A portrait was painted of her, in the act of flinging the glass.

She died at Markshall, in Essex, in 1620, in the 93rd year of her age, and in the 44th of her widowhood.

CLAW AND CLAW.

Lord Erskine and Dr. Parr, who were both remarkably conceited, were in the habit of conversing together, and complimenting each other on their respective abilities. On one of these occasions, Parr promised that he would write Erskine's epitaph; to which the other replied, that "such an intention on the doctor's part was almost a temptation to commit suicide."

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Mr. John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin), in pleading before the House of Lords one day, happened to say, in his broadest Scotch accent, "In plain English, ma Lords;" upon which Lord Eldon jocosely remarked, "In plain Scotch, you mean, Mr. Clerk." The prompt advocate instantly rejoined, "Nae matter! in plain common sense, ma Lords, and that's the same in a' languages, ye'll ken."

VERY LIKE EACH OTHER.

It appears that there were two persons of the name of Dr. John Thomas, not easily to be distinguished; for somebody (says Bishop Newton) was speaking of Dr. Thomas, when it was asked, "which Dr. Thomas do you mean?" "Dr. John Thomas."—They are both named John." "Dr. Thomas who has a living in the city?"—They have both livings in the city." "Dr. Thomas who is chaplain to the King?"—"They are both chaplains to the King." "Dr. Thomas who is a very good preacher?"—They are both good preachers." "Dr. Thomas who squints?"—"They both squint." They were afterwards both Bishops.

LENDING MONEY.

Patrick Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen, had lent an unlucky brother money until he was tired out; but the borrower renewed his application, and promised security. The Bishop consented to the loan; "But where is your surety?" said he; when the poor fellow replied, "God Almighty is my bondsman in providence. He is the only security I have to offer." So singular a reply of a despairing man smote the feelings of the Bishop, and he thus replied: "It is the first time, certainly, that such a surety was ever offered to me; and since it is so, take the money, and may Almighty God, your bondsman, see that it does you good."

Swift having to preach a charity sermon to which he had little good-will, from the opinion he had formed of his audience, said nothing of the subject until the sermon was ended. He then told them that this was a mere matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he, that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then merely read the text: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;" and added, "if you approve of your security, down with your money." With this he sent round the plate for collection.

DIRTY JUDGE.

A Welsh judge, celebrated as a suitor for all sorts of places, and his neglect of personal cleanliness, was thus addressed by Mr. Jekyll, "As you have asked the Ministers for everything else, why have you never asked them for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

LUCKY EXCHANGE.

At the representation of "*Mithridate*," Beaubourg, who was a remarkably ugly man, played the part of *Mithridate*, and Made-moiselle Lecouvreur, *Monimia*. The latter, therefore, having occasion to say, "Signior, you changed countenance;" "Oh! let him, let him," said a man in the gallery, "he cannot change it for a worse."

DUNNING AND LORD MANSFIELD.

Whilst the celebrated Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was at the bar, he by his conduct did much to support the character and dignity of a barrister, which was frequently disregarded by Lord Mansfield, at that time Chief Justice. The attempts of the Chief Justice to browbeat the counsel were on many occasions kept in check by the manly and dignified conduct of Mr. Dunning. Lord Mansfield possessed great quickness in discovering the gist of a cause, and having done so, used to amuse himself by taking up a book or a newspaper whilst counsel was addressing the court. Whenever Mr. Dunning was speaking, and his Lordship seemed thus to hold his argument as of no consequence, the advocate would stop suddenly in his address, and on his Lordship observing, "Pray go on, Mr. Dunning," he would reply, "I beg your pardon, my Lord, but I fear I shall interrupt your Lordship's *more important* occupations. I will wait until your Lordship has leisure to attend to my client and his humble advocate."

ACCOMMODATING PRINCIPLES.

In one of Sir Robert Walpole's letters, he gives a very instructive picture of a skilful minister and a condescending Parliament. "My dear friend," writes Sir Robert, "there is scarcely a member whose purse I do not know to a sixpence, and whose very soul, almost, I could not purchase at the offer. The reason former ministers have been deceived in this matter is evident—they never considered the temper of the people they had to deal with. I have known a minister so weak as to offer an avaricious old rascal a star and garter, and attempt to bribe a young rogue, who set no value upon money, with a lucrative employment. I pursue methods as opposite as the poles, and therefore my administration has been attended with a different effect."

"Patriots," says Walpole, "spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or insolent demand, and up starts a patriot."

THE PIPER'S CURSE.

The town-piper of Falkirk, it is said, was sentenced to be hanged for horse-stealing. On the night before his execution he obtained, as an indulgence, the company of some of his brother pipers; and, as the liquor was abundant, and their instruments in tune, the music and fun was fast and furious. The execution was to be at eight o'clock, and the poor piper was recalled to a sense of his situation by morning light dawning on his window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed, "Oh, but this wearifu' hanging rings in my lug like a new tune."

KEAN'S UNFORTUNATE SUCCESS.

In the second year of Kean's London triumph, an elderly lady, whose sympathy had been excited by his forlorn condition in boyhood, but who had lost sight of him in his wanderings till his sudden starting into fame astonished the world, was induced, on renewing their acquaintance, to pay a visit of some days to him and Mrs. Kean, at their residence, in Clarges-street. She made no secret of her intention to evince the interest she felt in his welfare by a considerable bequest in her will; but, on accompanying Mrs. K. to the theatre to see Kean perform *Luke*, she was so appalled by the cold-blooded villainy of the character, that, attributing the skill of the actor to the inherent possession of the fiendlike attributes he so consummately embodied, her regard was turned into suspicion and distrust. She left London the next day, and dying soon afterwards, it appeared that she had even altered the testamentary disposition of her property, which had once been made in Kean's favour, and bequeathed the sum originally destined for him to a distant relative, of whom she knew nothing but by name.

POLITICAL INTEGRITY.

George I. appears to have entertained a very low opinion of the political integrity of his courtiers, and the honesty of his household. He laughed at the complaints made by Sir Robert Walpole against the Hanoverians, for selling places; and would not believe that the custom was not sanctioned by his English advisers and attendants. Soon after his first arrival in this country, a favourite cook, whom he had brought from Hanover, grew melancholy, and wanted to return home. The King having inquired why he wanted to quit his household, the fellow replied, "I have long served your Majesty honestly, not suffering anything to be embezzled in your kitchen; but here, the dishes no sooner come from your table, than one steals a fowl, another a pig, a third a joint of meat, a fourth a pie, and so on, till the whole is gone; and I cannot bear to see your Majesty so injured!" The King, laughing heartily, said, "My revenues here enable me to bear these things; and, to reconcile you to your place, do you steal like the rest, and mind you take enough!" The cook followed this advice, and soon became a very expert thief.

WALPOLIANA.

Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he is said to have left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Churchill (General C——, a natural son of the Marlborough family) asked Pulteney the other day, "Well, Mr. Pulteney, will you break me too?" "No, Charles," replied he, "you break fast enough of yourself!" Don't you think it hurt him more than the other breaking would?

Walpole was plagued one morning with that oaf of unlicked antiquity, Prideaux, and his great boy. He talked through all Italy, and everything in all Italy. Upon mentioning Stosch, Walpole asked if he had seen his collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he never heard so much *heathenish talk* in his days. Walpole inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, *that the soul was only a little glue.*

Of a Mr. Naylor:—When his father married his second wife, Naylor said, "Father, they say you are to be married to-day; are you?" "Well," replied the Bishop, "and what is that to you?" "Nay, nothing; only, if you had told me, I would have powdered my hair."

A tutor at Cambridge had been examining some lads in Latin; but in a little while excused himself, and said he must speak English, for his mouth was very sore.

After going out of the Commons, and fighting a duel with Mr. Chetwynd, whom he wounded, "my uncle (says Walpole) returned to the house, and was so little moved as to speak immediately upon the *cambric bill*;" which made Swinny say, that "it was a sign he was not *ruffled*."

Sir Charles Wager always said, "that if a sea-fight lasted three days, he was sure the English suffered the most for the two first, for no other nation would stand beating for two days together."

[A worthy Lord Mayor furnishes some droll stories, *ex. gr.*:—]

Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual. There was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost; he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after!

This gold-chain came into parliament, cried up for his parts, but proves so dull, one would think he chewed opium. Earl says, "I have heard an oyster speak as well twenty times."

Hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice, and died of it, he asked, if he died the first time or the second?

QUID PRO QUO.

A physician of an acrimonious disposition, and having a thorough hatred of lawyers, was in company with a barrister, and, in the course of conversation, reproached the

profession of the latter with the use of phrases utterly unintelligible. "For example," said he, "I never could understand what you lawyers mean by docking an entail." "That is very likely," answered the lawyer, "but I will explain it to you: it is doing what you doctors never consent to—*suffering a reco very*."

"KING ALLEN" AND THE BANKER.

Lord Allen, from some cause or other, had taken it into his head to make a butt of a gentleman highly esteemed by all who knew him, who happened to be a member of the same club with his Lordship; and hearing that this gentleman, who was a banker, had petitioned the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to remove a monument which had been placed opposite to his house of business, asked him one day, in a rather imperious manner, his motive for joining the inhabitants of the district in the petition. The banker replied that it collected a quantity of idlers and dirty boys about the spot, to the great hindrance of business, and the annoyance of his neighbours. "Oh," said his Lordship, "of course every man knows his own business best, but I should have thought it rather advantageous to you than otherwise." "How so, my Lord?" replied the banker. "Because," said his Lordship, "while you are standing idle at your own shop-door, it would prevent your seeing the crowds of people flocking to the respectable banking-house of Messrs. Bullion and Co., on the opposite side of the road." Of course his Lordship's spleen was gratified, for the whole club was convulsed with laughter; but the triumph was only of short duration, for the banker soon learned that his Lordship—whose peculiarly pompous manner had obtained for him the *soubriquet* of "King," by which title, and no other, was he commonly known amongst his intimate friends—had previously arranged with his creditors by the payment of ten shillings in the pound. The banker was determined to be revenged, and within a few hours, before the novelty of "King Allen's last" had subsided, he went to the club, when it was crammed with members, and having claimed their attention, observed, that if "King Allen's" coronation were to take place, and his champion were to throw down his gauntlet in Westminster Hall, he would pick it up. "Why? why?" observed Lord Allen. "Why? why?" resounded from all the members of the club. "Because," said the banker, "I find he has assumed a title to which he has no claim, for he has compounded with his creditors, and paid them ten shillings in the pound; he is therefore no king, but merely a half-sovereign."

One of the eccentricities of Lord Allen was the whiteness of his cravats, which, for the greater portion of his long life, he invariably sent to Shrewsbury to be washed, no matter where he happened to be; as he had often declared that there was but one *blanchisseuse de cravattes dans le monde*.

HAYDON PAINTING THE "REFORM BANQUET," IN 1832, RELATED BY HIMSELF.

On the day of this great scene of festive commemoration, I got to the Hall about eight in the morning, like Syntax, with all my materials packed round me, and began instantly to paint and prepare for the evening in an ocean of uproar and confusion, that Babel must have been comparative tranquillity.

Let the reader imagine the crashing of twenty-four hundred plates (for everybody had three) on the tables in ten minutes, from huge baskets placed at intervals; the jingling of thousands of knives and forks; the dead thumping of hundreds of salt-cellar; the music of thousands of glasses, tumblers, and bottles; the calling and quarrelling of waiters; the scolding of directors; the tacking of upholsterers; and the hammering of carpenters,—and he will have some notion of what a great city feast is in preparation.

But all this was peace till the evening approached, and the great hall became crowded with visitors. Before the noise of the morning was half over, the nobility began to arrive to witness the presentation of the freedom to Earl Grey and Lord Althorp; and as each successive minister and public character appeared, he was hailed by shouts of applause; for everybody seemed in such spirits they could not command their enthusiasm. It was a proud day, and a glorious and exhilarating scene for Lord Grey and the old Reformers.

The visitors drew up at the usual entrance, passed in through a dingy passage lined with beautiful shrubs, and came out into the hall in a blaze of gas-light, passed through double ranks of visitors, mounted steps between figures in armour, and retired to the council-chamber, where the Corporation were waiting. The whole scene had the air of a splendid rout; but it was a rout given by the greatest city on earth, to commemorate the greatest civil triumph!

As the ministers passed in to the banquet, I shall never forget my impression of Lord Althorp's bland smile, equally invincible to censure or applause: the Chancellor passed through an uproar of congratulation. The distinct character of each minister was a fine study for a painter; nor have I had occasion to obliterate any impressions of that night; in fact, I have done my best to embody them, such as they were then felt—the noble air of Lord Melbourne; the keen look of Lord John Russell; the different expressions of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, and Sir James Graham. Then came Mr. Stanley, with his eagle eye; and, in the midst of joyful congratulations, Lord Grey. The appearance of Lord Grey, on all great occasions, is one of the finest sights in the world; and I appeal to every noble Lord, and every member of the House, if this be exaggeration. His tall, stately figure, with star and ribbon; his bald front and sable

hair, a little silvered, curling round it; his sensitive features; his hair and look, realise to perfection the idea of high rank, refined honour, unimpeachable integrity, great energy, and extreme susceptibility. His appearance on this great night, as he issued out of the dark passage into the blaze of light, a little agitated, was the most interesting thing I ever saw. The delight with which he was greeted was indisputable evidence of public regard; and Lord Grey seemed to feel it as the proudest and most affecting moment of his life. There was an expression too genuine to be mistaken; many besides myself were deeply touched; and no man, as Fuseli once said, shall ever convince me that such moments and such feelings are not immortal.

As soon as the ceremony of giving the freedom was over, dinner was announced. The company rushed in, and soon filled the tables. I mounted my station, on an angle of the great Chatham's monument; and in sight of eight hundred visitors, some of them the greatest men in the world, proudly dashed away!

What a scene it was! The crowding of the waiters; the jostling of servants; the anxiety of the committee to see everybody pleased; the exhilarating cheers of triumph, from eight hundred Reformers, after every toast; the splendour of the colour; the magnificence of the gas; and then the clanging and fierce harmony of the Russian horn band, which broke in on the buzzing hum of this vast hive of human beings, cannot be conveyed by any language on earth!

The hall was fitted up with the greatest taste—too much of nothing, and enough of everything. Right over the centre of the great table was a rich trophy of armour, flags, devices, battle-axes, shields, swords, and spears: a great crown in coloured gas was above it, with rays of gas shining round it; the King's initials were below, and the awful word REFORM above the whole.

At the end opposite was a magnificent star, in gas; and down the sides of the hall were two flags and armour, between stars of gas; while figures in armour, of different periods, stood very grandly about: and at the top of the room, between festoons of crimson drapery, were five large mirrors, which reflected the whole company.

About eleven o'clock at night, when the gas was at its meridian, its splendour visibly affected everybody in the hall. There was a whispering of applause, which nearly broke out into a roar of approbation. This was the most interesting period of the night. The victory was over, the commemoration complete. The whole scene was a glittering enchantment—a magnificent vision: at this moment, when all the company seemed reposing in admiration or thought, and the splendour of the gorgeous scene was at its height, the Duke of Sussex, who had never spoken better than on this night, now rose to take his leave. Lord Grey and the nobility

followed; and finding myself, after fifteen hours' work, in possession of all I wanted, and in a state of excitement bordering on fever, I departed with my sketch which I have never touched since, and never will.

GEORGE II. AND THE RECORDER.

When that vacancy happened on the Exchequer Bench which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the Ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in Council, the King, George II. being present; till the dispute growing very warm, his Majesty put an end to the contest by called out, in broken English, "I will have none of dese, give me the man wid de dying speech," meaning Mr. Adams, who was then Recorder of London, and whose business it, therefore, was to make the report to his Majesty of the convicts under sentence of death.

JOHN WESLEY AND ADAM CLARKE.

Wesley, being at Guernsey, took a passage in an English brig to Penzance; Adam Clarke sailed with him; the wind became contrary, and they had to make frequent tacks. Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by putting about the vessel to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck, and inquired what was the matter? Being told that the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, "*Then let us go to prayer.*" His own company, who were upon deck, walked down; and, at his request, Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire: his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect:—"Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast sway everywhere, and all things serve the purpose of thy will: thou holdest the winds in thy fists, and sittest upon the water floods, and reignest a king for ever! Command these winds and these waves that they obey thee, and take us speedily and safely to the haven where we would be!" The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, *made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading.* Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and what was his surprise, when he found the vessel standing in her right course, with a steady breeze, which slackened not till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance Bay. On the sudden and favourable change of the wind Mr. Wesley made no remark; so fully did he expect to be heard, that he took for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and, therefore, to him *the occurrence was not strange.*

RARE VIRTUE.

The paucity of some persons' good actions reminds one of Jonathan Wild, who was once induced to be guilty of a good action, after fully satisfying himself, upon the maturest deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from it.

CHAMPAGNE.

When the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moët, of Epernay; but he considers himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the north having been more than doubled since then. M. Moët's cellars are well deserving of inspection; he is always happy to do the honours to tourists, and, at parting, presents each with a bottle of the choicest wine.

LORD DERWENTWATER'S HEAD.

After the execution of Lord Derwentwater, as no preparations had been made for receiving the corpse on the spot, it was conveyed in a hackney-coach to his Lordship's friends, while the head itself was set up as a spectacle above Temple-bar, according to the barbarous custom of those times, which had little respect for the dead when party feeling was concerned. Here, however, it did not remain long. According to tradition current in the family, the Countess of Derwentwater had, beforehand, arranged a plan for its removal, which she now carried into effect with equal dexterity and courage. Disguised as a fisherwoman, and accompanied by another female, most probably belonging to that class, she passed under Temple-bar in a cart, when some persons, who had been previously bribed to the undertaking, dropped the head from above into her lap, and, strange as it may seem, she had the good fortune to get off with her prize in safety.

ALLEN, EARL BATHURST.

His Lordship preserved his natural cheerfulness and vivacity to the very last. To within a month of his death, which happened on the 16th of September, 1775, at the age of ninety-one, he constantly rode out on horseback, two hours before dinner, and constantly drank his bottle of claret or madeira after dinner. He used to repeat often, with a smile, that Dr. Cheyne had assured him, fifty years before, that he would not live seven years longer, unless he abridged himself of his wine. About two years before his death, he invited several of his friends to spend a few cheerful days with him at his seat, near Cirencester; and being, one evening, very loth to part with them, his son (afterwards Lord Chancellor Bathurst) objected to their sitting up any longer, adding, that health and long life were best secured by regularity. The Earl suffered his son to retire, but as soon as he left the room, exclaimed, "Come, my good friends, since the old gentleman is gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle!"

THE STALE LOBSTER.

A woman who earns her living by calling lobsters from house to house, made a dead set, one Monday, at an old rich bachelor, living in Great Queen-street. She stood upwards of a minute gazing at the window, and singing out, with a wonderful pertinacity, "Fresh lobsters!" "The old boy," as she called him, would not deign to pass a look either upon herself or her lobsters. In her rounds all the remaining days of the week she repeated the attempt to seduce the votary of "single blessedness" into taking one of her lobsters, which appeared to her the next best thing to taking a wife. The effort, however, was attended with no better success until Saturday, when he listened to the voice of the charmer, and came down-stairs to bargain with her. She had by this time only three left. "My good woman, you make an insufferable noise about these lobsters of yours; are they as fresh and good as you say?" "In troth, they are, sir; and that your honour will find, when you try." "Quite sure, now, they are in excellent condition." "You'll find them to be prime uns, sir—that I'll swear." "See you do not deceive me." "Bless your soul, sir, I would not deceive you for the world." "Then what's the price of this one?" inquired the bachelor, taking the largest one in his hand. "That's just half-a-crown, and well it's worth the money." "Won't you take two shillings for it? I think that's quite enough." "La! bless you, sir, it cost myself more blunt!" "Then you'll take nothing less than half-a-crown?" "I cannot take a farthing less, sir." "Well, well, let me have it." He deposited the half-crown in the woman's basket, took up the lobster, went into the house, and shut the door. The woman walked away with the view of disposing of the remainder of her stock. The old bachelor hastened up-stairs to banquet on the supposed luxury; but, "shocking to relate," as the penny-a-line historians of accidents say, the moment he opened it, the effluvia which it emitted was such as to cause him involuntarily to start back with so much force as to endanger his equilibrium. He rang the bell so furiously that the servant rushed up-stairs in a perfect fright, thinking some serious accident had occurred. "Here, here," cried he, pointing to the lobster, before Janet had well entered the room; "here, take the tongs, and throw this into the ash-pit." Janet, of course, did as she was desired. On Monday the lobster woman made her appearance as usual opposite the enraged bachelor's window, with the old story of "Fresh lobsters!" He rushed down-stairs, opened the door, and accosted her with—"How dared you, you slut, have the impudence to sell me that odious lobster on Saturday as a fresh one?" "Did your honour mean to say it was not fresh?" said the woman with the most perfect coolness. "Did I say it? I do say it, you hussey; the stench on opening it was insufferable." "Well, then, your honour, and whose fault is it that it was not fresh?

Didn't I call it at your window on Monday, and all the week, and you wouldn't have it when it was fresh?"

A GREYNA CUSTOMER.

A runaway couple were married at Greytna Green. The smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith, "but he was an Irishman. I have married him six times. *He is a customer.* You I may never see again."

ROYAL PUN.

When a noble Admiral of the White, well known for his gallant spirit, his gentlemanly manners, and real goodness of heart, was introduced to William the Fourth, to return thanks for his promotion, the cheerful and affable Monarch, looking at his hair, which was almost as white as the newly-fallen snow, jocosely exclaimed, "White at the main, Admiral! white at the main!"

ONE EYE.

Perez, the Minister and favourite of Philip II., King of Spain, a man of great talent, reposed all his happiness in the possession of a mistress who had been deprived of an eye from her birth. Henry IV., conversing one day with Perez, said he could not understand how a lady deprived of one eye could have so many charms. "Sire," replied Perez, "it is by the providence of Heaven this young lady was born with one eye: with this moiety of natural fire she has put all Spain in combustion; if she had possessed two eyes, she would have reduced it to ashes."

OMENS.

When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his crown: America was lost in this reign.—When Charles X. was crowned at Rheims, he accidentally dropped his hat: the Duc d'Orleans (Louis Philippe) picked it up and presented it to him.—On the Saturday preceding the promulgation of the celebrated *ordonnances* by Charles X.'s Ministers, the white flag which floated on the column in the Place Vendôme, and was always hoisted when the Royal family were in Paris, was observed to be torn in three places: the tricolor waved in its stead the following week.—The morning of its rejection, by the House of Lords, of the first Reform Bill, will be remembered by the ominous appearance of the heavens; it might be truly said—

"The dawn was overcast."

—At the period of Napoleon's dissolution, on the 4th of the month in which he expired, the island of St. Helena was swept by a tremendous storm, which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots. The 5th was another day of tempests; and about six in the evening Napoleon pronounced "*Tête d'armée*," and expired.

OUTWITTING.

A lawyer at Nottingham had a wealthy man for his client, who was well known for his practical economy, to say the least of his saving sins. The suit was long, and this gentleman, who had hitherto taken but little notice of his legal adviser, suddenly became profusely civil, for he invited him to dinner, and one bottle of wine, every Sunday; then, in the course of the evening, the economist was sure to say—in that confidential, familiar tone, which expresses, I'm talking to you as a friend, remember there's nothing to pay—"And now, Mr. —, I've a little point for your consideration," whereupon a regular discussion ensued. The lawyer soon began to suspect his client's cunning manoeuvre, and to say to himself, "If the beggarly fellow thinks to kill two birds with one stone and to take me in, he's mistaken;" but he quietly suffered the miser's civility to run on for twelve months; at the end of this period he sent his host in a monstrous bill, containing, amongst sundry week-day charges, the following items, nearly in the following words, for every Sunday in the year:—

To coming to you, when you sent for me, including expenses to and from your house, for horse, chaise, servant, turnpike, &c., Sunday, the * * *	2	2	0
To counsel, given, as per request, when dining with you, Sunday, the * * *	0	6	8

There was no disputing the matter, and the money was paid.

EUGENE ARAM.

A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* writes:—"In March, 1837, I was at Wisbeach, and happening to hear that an old woman in the almshouses had been present when Eugene Aram was apprehended at Lynn, in the year 1757, I paid her a visit. She informed me, that, at the time of his being apprehended, she was a girl of eleven years of age; that he was put into the chaise handcuffed, and that the boys of the school were in tears; that he was much esteemed by them, having been used to associate with them in their play-hours. She said that the picture of his person in the 'Newgate Calendar' is the express image of him; and she mentioned (what I had heard before, but not with her peculiar phrase) that he always wore his hat *bangled*, which she explained, 'bent down, or slouched.' One remark she made which I think very interesting, and worthy of record. She said that it had been observed that in looking behind him he never turned his head or his person partly round, but always turned round at *once bodily*. I give you her very words. Has any poet, any observer of nature, ever depicted this instance of fear mustering up resolution? I do not remember any description of the kind. How thankful would Mr. Bulwer have been for the anecdote, had he received it in time!"

PRACTICAL RETORT.

In the theatre at Weimar, in Germany, not long ago, there were only seven persons in the house. The pit took offence at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically; whereupon the manager brought his company on the stage, and out-hissed the visitors.

ODD JUSTICE.

The Quakers resident in Philadelphia applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide in the following difficulty. A. is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived; meets B., an usurer, and states his wish to have the vessel insured: the matter is agreed upon. A. returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should B. hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him: he therefore writes to B. thus, "Friend B., if thee hasn't filled up the policy, thee need'nt, for *I've heard of the ship*." "Oh, oh!" thinks B. to himself, "cunning fellow, he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to A., "Friend A., thee bee'st too late by half an hour, the policy is filled up." A. rubs his hands with delight; yet B. refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. Perhaps this is even-handed justice, though unquestionably an odd decision.

TOO LATE AT CHURCH.

An old clergyman relates:—"I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most *immoral*, for he was much given to intoxication. This, of course, brought on other careless habits; and, as I wished to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. 'Oh, Samuel, Samuel,' said I to him very frequently, 'what will become of you?' On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily, 'Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——.' But the incident which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church door, ducking down his head that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery, and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to these words, 'Samuel, Samuel.' I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and, if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse."

SWALLOWING KNIVES.

Dr. Marcet, in the "Medico-Chirurgical Transactions," 1822, relates the history of an English sailor, who, in imitation of a conjuror, whose tricks he had just witnessed, and in a drunken frolic, swallowed several clasp-knives, and ten years afterwards died in Guy's Hospital. Several most skilful surgeons examined his body with great interest and attention: to the astonishment of all, the blades of many knives were found in his interior, "some of them remarkably corroded and prodigiously reduced in size, whilst others were, comparatively, in a state of tolerable preservation." The knives are still to be seen in the museum attached to the hospital.

A CROCKETTER.

Colonel Crocket, while on an electioneering trip, fell in at a gathering, and it became necessary for him to treat the company. His finances were rather low, having but one 'coon skin about him; however, he pulled it out, slapped it down on the counter, and called for its value in whiskey. The merchant measured out the whiskey and threw the skin into the loft. The colonel observing the logs very open, took out his ramrod, and, upon the merchant turning his back, twisted his 'coon skin out and pocketed it: when more whiskey was wanted, the same skin was pulled out, slapped upon the counter, and its value called for. This trick was played until they were all tired of drinking.

EATING PIG.

The Lady Guilla, an Italian Countess of the eleventh century, wanting, it would seem, a dinner, carried off a pig from a widow close by, set her cooks hard to work on it, and when it was ready sat down to dinner. The widow had often begged that the victim might be given back to her, but the Countess, having snuffed up the savour of roast pig in "her mind's nose," turned a deaf ear to all solicitations. The widow, nothing daunted, broke in upon her in the very act of eating the pig, and (very reasonably) begged that she might at least have a taste of this pig of her own feeding. "Let me," she said, "though not thought worthy to enjoy in the accustomed way what I nursed and fed so carefully, at least have a taste of its last savour." The proud matron not only refused her a morsel of the pig, but told her, in the most insolent manner, that she should have none. But the very same day, after dinner, "having thus fattened her stomach by this robbery of another person," she went out for a stroll, and sat down under the side of the castle moat. While she was there some of the fortifications above gave way, and towers and earth came down on her. They set men to dig her out, but the weight which had fallen on her was such as to have beaten her to atoms; or, as the narrator says, in his pointed way, "She who had denied a piece of pork to the widow, was smashed into pieces herself."

CHELSEA HEROINES.

In the year 1739 was interred in the College burying-ground Christian Davies, *alias* Mother Ross, who, according to her own narrative, served in several campaigns under King William and the Duke of Marlborough, and behaved with signal bravery. During the latter part of her life she resided at Chelsea, where her third husband was a pensioner in the college. At this time she subsisted, as she tells us, principally on the benevolence of the quality at Court, whither she went twice a week in a hackney-coach, old age and infirmities having rendered her unable to walk.

The famous Hannah Snell, whose history is recorded in various publications of the year 1750, was actually at that time put upon the out-pensioners list at Chelsea, on account of the wounds which she received at the siege of Pondicherry. Her singular story excited a considerable share of public attention; and she was engaged to sing, and perform the military exercises at various places of public entertainment: soon afterwards she married one Eyles, a carpenter at Newbury. A lady of fortune, who admired the heroism and eccentricity of her conduct, having honoured her with particular notice, became godmother to her son, and contributed liberally to his education. Mrs. Eyles, to the day of her death, continued to receive her pension, which, in the year 1786, was augmented by a special grant to a shilling a day. In the latter part of her life she discovered symptoms of insanity, and was admitted a patient into Bethlehem Hospital, where she died, February 8, 1792, aged 69 years.

SOLDIER'S APPEAL.

During the siege of Fort Philip, a young lieutenant of the Marines was so unhappy as to lose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half-pay. The Board pitied the youth, but disregarded his petition. Major Mason had the poor lieutenant conducted to Court on a public day, in his uniform, where, posted in the guard-room, and supported by two brother officers, he cried out, as George II. was passing to the drawingroom, "Behold, great sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you: he has lost both in your service." The King, struck no less by the singularity of this address than by the melancholy object before him, stopped and hastily demanded what had been done for him. "Half-pay," replied the lieutenant, "an't please your Majesty." "Fie, fie on't," said the King, shaking his head, "but let me see you again next levee day." The lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of Royalty five hundred pounds smart money, and a pension of two hundred a year.

YORKSHIRE FUN.

The assizes and the theatre always open together at York; and it is common to hear the Tykes say, "Eh, lad, ther'll be fun next week; t'pla'ctors is cunning, and t'men's to be hung all at t'syame time."

AWKWARD HONOUR.

In 1832 a medical gentleman wrote a letter to Sir Henry Halford on cholera, in which he took to himself the credit of being "the first to discover the disease, and *communicate it to the public!*" The public is much obliged to him.

GOVERNESSES.

A lady wrote to her son, requesting him to look out for a lady, such as she described, and such as is ordinarily expected in a governess, that is to say, all-accomplished, with the disposition of an angel. The gentleman wrote back that he had long been looking out for such a person, and that when he found her he should not recommend her for a governess, but take her for a wife.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S CONVERSATION WITH AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

"Well now, so you be from the old country? Ay, you'll see sights here, I guess."

"I hope I shall see many."

"That's a fact. Why they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your King George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't he?"

"I do not remember hearing of such a transaction."

"I guess they be pretty close about it. Your papers ben't like ourn, I reckon. Now we says and prints just what we likes."

"You spend a good deal of time in reading the newspapers."

"And I'd like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should freemen spend their time, but looking after their Government, and watching that them fellers as we gives offices to doos their duty, and gives themselves no airs?"

"But I sometimes think, ma'am, that your fences might be in more thorough repair and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics."

"The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country. Why, what's the smoothness of a road put against the freedom of a free-born American? And what does a broken zig-zag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send up to Congress speaks handsome and straight, as we chloes they should?"

"It is from a sense of duty, then, that you all go to the liquor store to read the papers?"

"To be shure it is, and he'd be no true-born American as didn't. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor, but I do say that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week than not to look after the affairs of his country."

SNAKE STORY.

A snake, about two feet long, was seen, in New Harmony (United States), to enter the hole inhabited by a craw-fish, from which he soon retreated, followed by the rightful tenant, who stopped in defensive attitude at the mouth of his habitation, raising his claws in defiance. The snake turned quickly round, and seized the head of the craw-fish, as if to swallow him; but the craw-fish soon put an end to the conflict, by clasp- ing the snake's neck with his claws, and severing the head completely from his body. This may appear marvellous; but Audubon tells a story of a rattle-snake chasing and overtaking a squirrel, which folks in America doubt.

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.

When Charles II. was espoused to the Infanta of Portugal, a fleet was sent over to Lisbon, with proper attendants, to bring her hither; but her Majesty being informed that there were some particular customs in Portugal, with relation to the ladies, which the King would not easily dispense with, the fleet was detained six or seven weeks, at a great expense, till *her Majesty's hair grew*.—(Mr. Prince, with his Russian oil, would have prospered under Royal patronage in those days; and Mr. Rowland would not have needed immortality in Byron's verse: "Incomparable *huile Macassar*.")

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

The Russell family may date the era of their greatness to a violent storm, which happened about the year 1500, on the coast of Dorset, a county which appears to have been the birthplace of their ancestors, one of whom was Constable of Corfe Castle, in the year 1221. Philip, Archduke of Austria, son of the Emperor Maximilian, being on a voyage to Spain, was obliged by the fury of a sudden tempest to take refuge in the harbour of Weymouth. He was received on shore, and accommodated by Sir Thos. Trenchard, who invited his relation, Mr. John Russell, to wait upon the Archduke. Philip was so much pleased with the polite manners and cultivated talents of Mr. Russell, who was conversant with both the French and German languages, that, on arriving at court, he recommended him to the notice of Henry VII., who immediately sent for him to his palace, where he remained in great favour till the King's death. In the estimation of Henry VIII. he rose still higher. By that monarch he was made Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Lord Admiral of England and Ireland, Knight of the Garter, and Lord Privy Seal, and on the 9th of March, 1538, created Baron Russell, of Cheney, in the county of Bucks, which estate he afterwards acquired by marriage. At the coronation of Edward VI. he officiated as Lord High Steward; and two years afterwards, in the year 1549, was created Earl of Bedford. He died in 1554, and was buried at Cheney, where many of his descendants have also been interred, &c.

UNWELCOME TITLE.

Charles Incedon, the vocalist, being asked if he had ever read Murray's "Sermons to Asses," replied, "He had not; he did not like the book; the title was too personal."

PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.

At one period, while the Duke of Newcastle was in power, in the reign of George II., many serious complaints were made relative to the settlement of public accounts. The King, at length, became acquainted with the alleged grievances, and warmly remonstrated with the Duke on his carelessness and inattention; protested that he was determined, at once, for his own satisfaction and that of his aggrieved people, to look into the papers himself. "Is your Majesty in earnest?" asked the Duke. The King replied in the affirmative, and the Duke promised to send him the accounts. At an early hour on the following morning, the King was disturbed by an extraordinary noise in the courtyard of his Palace, and, looking out of the window he perceived a cart or a waggon laden with books and papers, which, on inquiry, he found had been sent by the Duke of Newcastle. Shortly afterwards, the Minister himself appeared, and the King asked him what he meant by sending a waggon-load of stationery to the Palace.

"These are the documents relative to the public accounts," replied his Grace, "which your Majesty insisted on examining; and there is no other mode of forwarding them except by carts or waggons. I expect a second load will arrive in a few minutes."

"Then, my Lord Duke," replied the King, "you may make a bonfire of them for me. I would rather be a galley-slave than go through the rubbish; so away with it, and countermand the cart which you say is coming; but pray let me hear no more complaints on this subject."

On another occasion, he sent, in a fury, for the Duke's brother, Mr. Pelham, and inquired, in a coarse and angry manner, why the civil list had not been paid. Pelham replied that he had been compelled to use the money for some public and more important purpose. The King, however, would not admit of this excuse, and swore, if the arrears were not instantly paid, he would get another Minister. "I am determined," said he, "not to be the only master in my dominions who does not pay his servants' wages."

One day it appears that he was actually without a shilling in his pocket; for it is related that a half idiot labourer, while the King was inspecting the progress of some repairs at Kensington, having asked his Majesty for something to drink, the King, although offended, was yet ashamed to refuse the fellow, and put his hand into the usual receptacle of his cash, but, to his surprise and confusion, found it empty. "I have no money," said he angrily. "Nor I either," quoth the labourer; "and, for my part, I can't think what has become of it all."

A SCOLDING WIFE.

Dr. Casin having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

HONOUR.

William III. having insisted on Lord H——n's giving him his *honour* not to fight a man who had given him a box on the ear, his Lordship was obliged seemingly to comply; but as soon as he was out of the King's presence, he fought the man. The King was at first highly incensed at his breaking his word with him, and asked him how he came to do so, when he had just given him his honour. "Sire," replied his Lordship, "you were in the wrong to take such a pledge, for at the time I gave it you I had no honour to give."

A DANCING ARCHBISHOP.

Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper sauce; but the Doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above-mentioned pickle introduced dry for his use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him. "I here present you, my Lords and gentlemen," said he, "with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, namely, that you saw an Archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher."

DOLLS' EYES.

Insignificant as may appear this petty article of commerce, it is well known to keep in employ several thousand hands, and goes to show the vast importance of trifles to a country of decided commercialists. Mr. Osler, an intelligent manufacturer of Birmingham, gave the following statement before the committee of the House of Commons, in 1824:—"Eighteen years ago, on my first journey to London, a respectable-looking man in the city asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes; and I was foolish enough to feel half offended. I thought it derogatory to my new dignity as a manufacturer to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide, and twice the length of this (one of the large rooms for committees in the House of Commons), and we had just room to walk between the stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said these were only the legs and arms, the trunks were below; but I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes; and as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment, and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order, and on returning to the Tavistock Hotel I found it amounted to upwards of £500."

FAMILY SLAUGHTER.

In Westmoreland it is usual at Christmas for the farmers to kill each a sheep for their own use, on which occasion, when the butcher inquires if they want any meat against Christmas, the usual reply is, "Nay, I think not. I think o' killing mysell." A butcher called on a farmer of his acquaintance in the usual manner, saying, "Will ye want a bit o' meat, or ye'll kill yersell, this Christmas?" "I kna not," replied the farmer, "whether I'se kill mysell, or tak' a side o' me feyther."

DR. PARR.

Dr. Parr used, on a Sunday evening, after church, to sit on the green, at Hatton, with his pipe and his jug, and witness the exertions of his parishioners in the truly English game of cricket, making only one proviso, that none should join the party who had not previously been to church. It is needless to say his presence was an effectual check on all disorderly conduct; the skittle-grounds were deserted, and a better conducted parish was rarely seen than the worthy doctor's. He was beloved by his flock during his life, and sincerely lamented at his death.

DESPERATE DEFENCE.

The most remarkable of the desperate defences in the war in Spain in 1835 was that of the Alcade Mayor of the village of Albocacer. On the approach of Cabrera and his (Carlist) troops, the Alcade Mayor commanding the National Guard shut himself up in the church with twelve men, dismissing the rest of the inhabitants. As usual, the church was set on fire, and he retired into the tower accompanied by only two men. The latter, giving themselves up for lost, thought that, by sacrificing their leader, they might save their own lives. One of them fired a pistol, which missed him; the Alcade killed the assassin with a blow of his dagger, cast the other man from the tower, and thus remained to defend himself alone: the tower was at last pulled down, and by the greatest chance he fell among the ruins unwounded, and remained closely concealed under a bell; the Carlists sought for him in vain, and retired. The brave Alcade seized his arms, rushed from the ruins of the church, and with a stentorian voice cried aloud, "The Alcade Mayor of Albocacer is still alive! Liberty for ever!" He discharged his piece upon his enemies, and succeeded in effecting his escape, in the midst of the confusion which his sudden reappearance had caused.

ROAST PIG.

How this *morceau* from Tietz's "Constantinople" would have gratified Charles Lamb. The Russian Ambassador, M. Von Bulgakow, who, during the last year of the preceding century, was for some time an inhabitant of the Seven Towers, discovered a safe and clever mode of receiving intelligence from his friends on the exterior. Having a most extraordinary appetite for roast pig, his

agents endeavoured, by frequently sending him this dish, to gratify his wishes. The well-known prejudice of the Turks against pork made the then existing Janissaries pass by the messengers with rapidity, without bestowing on them the requisite inspection. Had they but known that the *stuffing* of the little animal consisted of important letters, they would not, probably, have hesitated as to his dissection. But the Turks are a kindly people, and very little prone to suspicion. "Allah kerim!" they would exclaim; "if *He* had wished that the correspondence should be discovered, some *miracle* would, doubtlessly, have exposed the inside of the pig to light!"

HARLOW'S SIGN-PAINTING.

There is a nice little anecdote connected with the sign of the Queen's Head at Epsom. The above sign (the *original*, for the board has been repainted) was executed by Harlow, the artist of the celebrated picture of "The Trial of Queen Katherine; or, the Kemble Family." The painter, it will be remembered, was a pupil of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence. He was a young man of consummate vanity, and, having unwarrantably claimed the merit of painting the Newfoundland dog introduced in Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Angerstein, the two artists quarrelled, and Harlow took his resentment as follows. He repaired to the Queen's Head, at Epsom, where his style of living having incurred a bill which he could not discharge, he proposed, like Morland under similar circumstances, to paint a sign-board in liquidation of his score. This was accepted. He painted both sides: the one presented a front view of her Majesty, in a sort of clever, dashing caricature of Sir Thomas's style; the other represented the back view of the Queen's person, as if looking into the sign-board; and underneath was painted, "T. L., Greek-street, Soho." When Sir Thomas met him, he addressed him with, "I have seen your additional act of perfidy at Epsom; and, if you were not a scoundrel, I would kick you from one end of the street to the other." "There is some privilege in being a scoundrel, for the street is very long," replied Harlow, unabashed, but moving out of reach of the threatened vengeance. Such is the current story; but there must be some error either in the facts or their date. Harlow was but a youth eighteen years old when he left Lawrence, and too young, therefore, for a man's resentment; neither had his conduct, a mere tricky slip, been such as to call forth fierce language in a person habitually so cautious and guarded as Lawrence. On the other hand, had Harlow arrived at manhood when it happened, he would not have allowed the words "scoundrel" and "perfidy" to pass with impunity. However all this may have been, the pupil quarrelled with Lawrence, and, resolving to be master of his own movements in future, commenced working for himself.

SHERIDAN'S WIT.

Sheridan enjoyed a distinguished reputation for colloquial wit. From among the best of the occasional dicta, &c. attributed to him, the following are selected :—

An elderly maiden lady, an inmate of a country-house at which Sheridan was passing a few days, expressed an inclination to take a stroll with him, but he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards, she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Yes, madam," was the reply; "it certainly has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two;" and off he went.

He jocularly observed, on one occasion, to a creditor, who peremptorily required payment of the interest due on a long-standing debt, "My dear sir, you know it is not my *interest* to pay the *principal*; nor is it my *principle* to pay the *interest*."

One day, the Prince of Wales having expatiated on the beauty of Dr. Darwin's opinion, that the reason why the bosom of a beautiful woman possesses such a fascinating effect on man is, because he derived from that source the first pleasurable sensations of his infancy, Sheridan ridiculed the idea very happily. "Such children, then," said he, "as are brought up by hand, must needs be indebted for similar sensations to a very different object; and yet, I believe, no man has ever felt any intense emotion of amatory delight at beholding a pap-spoon."

Boaden, the author of several theatrical pieces, having given Drury-Lane Theatre the title of a wilderness, Sheridan, when requested shortly afterwards to produce a tragedy written by Boaden, replied, "The wise and discreet author calls our house a wilderness. Now, I don't mind allowing the oracle to have his opinion; but it is really too much for him to expect that I will suffer him to prove his words."

He once took advantage of the singular appetite of his friend Richardson for argument, to evade payment of a heavy coach-fare. Sheridan had occupied a hackney-coach for several hours, and had not a penny in his pocket to pay the coachman. While in this dilemma, Richardson passed, and he immediately proposed to take the disputant up, as they appeared to be going in the same direction. The offer was accepted, and Sheridan adroitly started a subject on which his companion was very vehement and obstinate. The argument was maintained with great warmth on both sides, until at length Sheridan affected to lose his temper, and, pulling the check-string, commanded the coachman to let him out instantly, protesting that he would not ride another yard with a man who held such opinions, and supported them in such a manner. So saying, he descended, and walked off, leaving Richardson to enjoy his fancied triumph, and to pay the whole fare. Richardson, it is said, in a paroxysm of delight at Sheridan's apparent defeat, put

his head out of the window, and vociferated his arguments until he was out of sight.

THREE REASONS.

"There is nothing in the world I am so fond of as a play, Tom," said an old lady to her nephew, "and, but for three reasons, I should be a great frequenter of the theatres." "And what may those reasons be, my dear aunt?" "Why, Tom, first I hate the trouble of going thither; next, I hate the trouble of staying there; and, lastly, I hate the trouble of coming home again."

LADY DROGHEDA AND WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

Several years after the appearance of his play of "The Plain Dealer," Wycherley encountered the Countess of Drogheda, a young, rich, and beautiful widow, at Tunbridge. They met in a bookseller's shop. The lady came to inquire for "The Plain Dealer," and the master of the shop presently introduced Wycherley to her as the real Plain Dealer. This must have been subsequently to June, 1679, when the Earl died. The poet and the Countess were soon after privately married. The lady was (probably not without good reason) distractedly jealous. Dennis relates that their lodgings were in Bow-street, Covent-garden, opposite the Cock Tavern; and that, if at any time he entered that place of refreshment with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that she might see that there was no woman in the company. Of course, a person of this disposition would feel considerable reluctance to trust her husband at Court. The infrequency of Wycherley's appearance there gave umbrage, and lost him the favour of Charles. The Countess did not long survive her marriage. She settled her whole estates upon Wycherley; but the settlement was disputed, and the dramatist, ruined by law and extravagance, was thrown into prison. There he lay for several years. It is said he was at last relieved by James II., who having gone to see "The Plain Dealer" acted, was so delighted, that he was induced to give orders for the payment of the author's debts, and for the grant of a pension of £200 per annum. Wycherley did not profit by the King's liberality to the full extent, for, ashamed to confess the amount of his debts, he understated them. His pension dropped at the Revolution. His father's estate, to which he succeeded some years later, was strictly entailed, and the income fell, under an attachment, for the creditors. The poet, nevertheless, continued to struggle on till 1715, the year of his death. Eleven days before that event, in the eightieth year of his age, he was married to a young woman with a fortune of £1500. What attractions such a match could possess for the lady, it is difficult to imagine. He contrived to spend a good deal of her money; but repaid her on his death-bed by the judicious advice, "not to take an old man for her second husband."

PUNS BY GEORGE IV.

The best sayings attributed to George IV. are a set of middling puns, of which the following is a favourable selection:—

When Langdale's distillery was plundered, during the riots of the year 1780, he asked why the proprietor had not defended his property. "He did not possess the means to do so," was the reply. "Not the means of defence!" exclaimed the Prince; "and he a brewer—a man who has been all his life at *cart and tierce*!"

Sheridan having told him that Fox had *cooed* in vain to Miss Pulteney, the Prince replied, "that his friend's attempt on the lady's heart was a *coup manqué*."

He once quoted, from Suetonius, the words "*Jure cæsus videtur*," to prove, jestingly, that trial by jury was as old as the time of the first Cæsar.

A newspaper panegyric on Fox, apparently from the pen of Doctor Parr, having been presented to his Royal Highness, he said that it reminded him of Machiavel's epitaph, "*Tanto nomini nullum Par eulogium*."

A cavalry officer, at a court ball, hammered the floor with his heels so very loudly, that the Prince observed, "If the war between the mother country and her colonies had not terminated, he might have been sent to America as a republication of the *stamp act*."

While the Prince's regiment was in daily expectation of receiving orders for Ireland, some one told him that country quarters in the sister kingdom were so filthy, that the rich uniforms of his corps would soon be lamentably soiled. "Let the men act as dragoons, then," said his Royal Highness, "and *scour the country*."

When Horne Tooke, on being committed to prison for treason, proposed, while in jail, to give a series of dinners to his friends, the Prince remarked that, "As an inmate of Newgate, he would act more consistently by establishing a *Ketch club*."

Michael Kelly having turned wine-merchant, the Prince rather facetiously said, "that Mick *imported* his music, and *composed* his wine!"

DONCASTER RACES.

On more accounts than one, our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave to it the appellation of "the guinea meeting"—nothing without the guinea. "There was (said he) the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand for myself; and (Oh! execrable!) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (Ah! mon Dieu!) *ten* guineas for my own, for only two nights!"

SWELLED ANKLES AT A DISCOUNT.

In the year 1699, when King William returned from Holland in a state of severe indisposition, he sent for Doctor Radcliffe, and showing him his swollen ankles, while the rest of his body was emaciated, said, "What think you of these?" "Why, truly," replied the doctor, "I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms." This freedom was never forgiven by the King, and no intercession could ever recover his favour towards Radcliffe.

TALLEYRAND'S VERSATILITY.

A noble French exile, then in America, was one day passing a little shop in Philadelphia, when, observing a man with his shirt-sleeves rolled up his arms, grinding coffee, whose resemblance to the ex-Bishop of Autun was very striking, the former entered the pigmy shop, where he found the veritable Simon Pure keeping a small grocer's shop, and making a living in that way. "I pity, indeed, I pity you," said the Duke de R. "I pity *you*," replied Talleyrand, "that your soul should be reduced, or not to be superior, to such a state of feeling. For my part, I have long since brought my feelings and mind into such tranquillity of thought and action, that I can turn a coffee-mill or an empire with equal composure."

COLLINS AND THE CRITIC.

Collins the painter's favourite method of procuring for himself the doubtful satisfaction of impartial criticism, was to join the groups of visitors to the Exhibition, who were looking at his pictures, and to listen to their remarks. This rather perilous pastime he indulged in for many years, with tolerable impunity; but he was fated, at last, to suffer for his boldness. Having observed two gentlemen at the Exhibition displaying those decided symptoms of critical power over art, which consist in shrugging the shoulders, waving the hand, throwing back the head, and marking the catalogue, before all the principal pictures, he was tempted to listen to their remarks, when they arrived opposite to one of his own works. "What's this?" cried the great man of the two, severely—"Sea-piece, by Collins? Oh, pooh, pooh! D——d tea-boardy thing." The painter had not enough of the Roman in him to hear more. The incident so effectually cured him for some time of his predilection for sincere criticism, that when, shortly afterwards, he happened to be sitting next to Sir Henry Halford, at dinner, and was asked by that gentleman (who did not then know him personally) what he thought of "Collins's pictures?" he replied, with unwonted caution, "I think I am rather too much interested on that subject to give an opinion—I painted them myself." "Oh, you need not have feared my criticism," returned Sir Henry, laughing, "I was about to tell you how much I have been delighted by their extreme beauty!"

COST OF A PICTURE.

It is said that Marshal Soult, on being asked one day how much his best picture had cost, replied, "One monk." The meaning of this was, that the picture was given in exchange for an unfortunate monk who had been taken prisoner during Soult's campaign in Spain, and condemned to death.

HONEST LAWYER.

Stephen Pasquier, who flourished in the reign of Louis XIII., was a lawyer no less celebrated for his honesty than for the singularity of his religious opinions. A print of him was published, representing him without hands; the meaning of which is explained by the following epigram:—"How! Pasquier without hands?" "Yes, ye griping lawyers, to indicate how strictly I abstained, as the law enjoins, from fleecing my clients. Would to God ye could be shamed out of your rapacity."

THE PROUD DUKE OF SOMERSET.

This inordinately arrogant nobleman seemed little less in his conduct than if vested with regal honours. His servants obeyed by signs. The country roads were cleared, that he might pass without obstruction or observation. His second Duchess was Charlotte, daughter of Daniel Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. He made a vast distinction between a Percy and a Finch. The Duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round, and, with an indignant, sour countenance, said, "My first Duchess was a Percy, and she never dared to take such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with profound respect. The two youngest daughters had used to stand alternately, whilst he slept of an afternoon; Lady Charlotte, being tired, sat down; the Duke awoke, and being displeased, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum. By his will, he left her £20,000 less than her sister. The pleasant Sir James Delaval laid a wager of £1000 that he would make the Duke give him precedency; but that was judged impossible, as his Grace was all eyes and ears on such an occasion. Delaval, however, having one day obtained information of the precise time when the Duke was to pass a narrow part of the road on his way to town, stationed himself there in a coach, emblazoned for the day with the arms, and surrounded by many servants in livery of the head of the house of Howard, who called out when Somerset appeared, "The Duke of Norfolk!" The former, fearful of committing a breach of etiquette, hurried his postilion under a hedge, where he was no sooner safely fixed, than Delaval passed, who, leaning out of the carriage, bowed with a familiar air, and wished his Grace a good morning. He indignantly exclaimed, "Is it you, Sir James? I thought it had been the Duke of Norfolk!" The wager, thus fairly won, was paid, and the town made merry with the stratagem to gain it.

THE TRAVELLER NONPLUSÉ.

Captain Basil Hall, whose written stories have charmed all who have read them, was one day endeavouring to enliven a remarkably stiff and dull dinner-party, by a few oral relations of the same kind. He concluded one of a very extraordinary character, by saying, "Did you ever hear any story so wonderful as that?" and at the same moment his eye chanced to rest on a foot-boy opposite to him, who, without leaving a moment of interval, exclaimed, "Yes, man, there's a lass i' our kitchen, that kens a lass that has twa thoms!"

THE MURDERER DISCOVERED.

Sir John Purcell, who, some forty years ago, lived at Highfort, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, was an extraordinary man. On one occasion, a desperate murder, in the depth of winter, was committed in his neighbourhood. He took an active part in searching for the criminal. One person he strongly suspected, and he visited him at his house. He found the man in bed, ill with the cholic, it was said. Sir John examined him, and asked him whether he had been out on the previous night? The answer was, "No." Sir John asked for his shoes. "They were gone to be mended." "Are you sure of that?" said Sir John, who searched for and found them. Causing the man to be watched, Sir John went with the shoes to the exact spot where the murder had been committed. The ground was thickly covered with snow; he compared the shoes with the tracks made in the snow, and found one set of foot-prints to which the marks exactly tallied. A nail was wanting in the heel of one of the shoes, and the impression corresponded with the deficiency. This was the first link in a chain of circumstantial evidence against the suspected party, who was afterwards hanged, having been convicted upon the clearest testimony.

A TRUE BILL.

The following is a veritable copy of a "bill" passed, not long since, at a village in Essex, to a gentleman who had left his horse at one of the inns, with directions that it should be baited for the night, and brought home the next morning. The man who brought the animal brought also the account in question with him.

			s.	d.
To anos	4	6
To agitinonimom	0	6
			5	0

For such of our readers as are not used to decipher hieroglyphics, we give the translation:—

			s.	d.
To an horse	4	6
To a gittin' on him home	0	6
			5	0

Surely it is a fine familiar episode of equestrian literature.

COLMAN AND HOOK.

George Colman being once asked if he knew Theodore Hook? "Oh yes," was his reply, "Hook and I (eye) are old associates."

A CLINCHER.

An American paper says, this is the method of catching tigers in India:—"A man carries a board, on which a human figure is painted. As soon as he arrives at the den, he knocks behind the board with a hammer; the noise rouses the tiger, when he flies in a direct line at the board and grasps it, and the man behind clinches his claws in the wood, and so secures him."

CHARLES KEMBLE.

The theatrical career of Mr. Chas. Kemble presents a remarkable instance of intense study and application contributing to form a first-rate actor; and of this pains-taking Miss Fanny Kemble, in her work on the United States, records an example in the perseverance with which Mr. Kemble studied the character of *Hamlet*, and thus made his enactment of it a finished performance. Yet, in early life, Mr. Kemble was a notoriously bad actor. A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* records:—"In the year 1791, Charles Kemble made his first appearance, as *Malcolm* (in 'Macbeth'), and the audience laughed very heartily when he exclaimed, 'Oh! by whom?' on hearing the account of his father's murder. Charles Kemble was then said to be eighteen. I think he was no more."

A HIGHLAND HUSBAND.

Donald Macalpine rose from the ranks to be a sergeant in the Paisley Police or *Seestie City Guard*, and no epauletted official in his Majesty's service strutted the *paré* with more consequence than did Donald in his blue coat with crimson collar. He was a very careful person, and contrived, one way or other, to become possessed of a tolerably well-furnished house and a cow, the crowning point of his ambition; for Donald could never stomach the blue water milk supplied by the dairymen under his surveillance. Mrs. Macalpine was a very infirm personage, and had, for many years preceding her decease, been confined to bed. None of the family survived her. This event was the beginning of a climax of misfortunes to the poor sergeant. His house was soon after burned to the ground; and scarcely had his spirits mastered this calamity, when what he set his heart most on, his poor cow, fell a victim to inflammation. The latter event nearly paralysed the conservator of the peace. A friend called on Donald to sympathise with him in his bereavement and losses; but Donald refused to be comforted. "Och yes," replied he, to the various arguments employed by his friend to induce submission to what had been allotted him, "I'll got plenty o' house to stay in, and plenty o' wife too, if I'll socht her; that's all very well—but *who* will gie me eight pounds to buy another cow?"

ROSSINI AND BISHOP.

Rossini meeting Mr. Bishop in Paris or London (we forget which), and having known him before, but upon this occasion, after several ineffectual attempts, failing to pronounce his name—"Ah! Monsieur—Monsieur"—assured him of his recognition by singing the first strain of Bishop's beautiful round, "When the wind blows."

ASTRONOMY.

A relative of one of the most distinguished astronomers of his time was one day asked by a lady (herself no pretender to the sublime science), if Sir — had made any recent discoveries of importance. "Why, no," was the answer; "and, indeed, he has rummaged the heavens so thoroughly, that I don't fancy there is much left for anybody to find out."

COLLINS'S "SKITTLE-PLAYER."

This picture has been called, in reference to the attitude of the principal figure, and the advance in excellence that it displayed, "Collins's *stride*." The most amusing criticism on its merits proceeded from Mr. Collins's gardener, who, as a great skittle-player, was called in to test the correctness of the picture as to its main subject. "Well!" cried the gardener, with genuine delight, "This is as downright a tough game as ever I see!"—*Collins's Life, by his Son.*

A MISTAKE.

In consequence of some transposition, by which an announcement of the decease of a country clergyman had got inserted amongst the announcements of the marriages in a newspaper a short time since, the announcement read thus: "Married the Rev. —, curate of —, to the great regret of all his parishioners, by whom he was universally beloved. The poor will long have cause to lament the unhappy event."

LORD BYRON.

In a conversation with Sir W. Knighton, Collins the painter heard from him the following anecdotes of Lord Byron. He attended his Lordship, medically, for nine months, while he was writing the "Corsair," and other poems. During all his visits he never heard him use an offensive word, either on religion or on any other subject. Lord Byron told him (Sir W. Knighton) that he once drank seventy pints of brandy, with Douglas Kinnaird, in as many days, to enable him to undergo the fatigue of writing. When the separation took place between Lord Byron and his wife, he allowed Sir William (who told him everybody was talking against him as regarded the subject, and that he wished for something to say in his defence) to state, that whatever offence he gave Lady Byron was in the way of omission rather than commission—that he never allowed himself to scold her—and only once showed temper in her presence, when he threw his watch into the fire.

DELILLE'S ONLY PUN.

The Abbé Delille is said to have made only one pun. On hearing some ladies complain of hunger, after a long morning in the Champs de Mars, he advised them to apply to the *Fée des rations* (Federation).

LONG PAUSE.

Mossop, the actor, was so perfect a distiller of syllables, and made such intolerably long pauses, that in the speech of *Zanga*, in the "Revenge," to *Alonzo*, "Know thou, 'twas I——" the critic might, at the first word of the speech, have left the theatre, called a coach, and returned to his box, and still have been in time to have discovered that *Zanga* "did it."

SPOILING A STORY.

Louis XIV., in a gay party at Versailles, commenced relating a facetious story, but concluded the tale abruptly and insipidly. On one of the company leaving the room, the King said, "I am sure you must have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. I did not recollect till I began that the turn of the narrative reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the Prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress a worthy man."

LEGAL WIT.

Jekyll calling, one day, upon George Colman the younger, in the Temple, glancing over the articles of the establishment, observed a piece of frivolity Colman had brought with him, and which must have appeared to him, as he was then practising at the bar, a great interruption to the study of "Coke upon Lyttleton." This was a round cage with a squirrel in it. He looked for a minute or two at the little animal, which was performing the same operation as a man on the treadmill, or a donkey in the wheel, and then quietly said, "Ah, poor devil! he is going the home circuit!" If locality can make a good thing better, this technical joke was particularly happy from being uttered in the Temple.

"NICE TO A SHAVING."

When Louis VII. of France, to obey the injunctions of his Bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved King obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guyenne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men: all which, probably, had never occurred, had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of our Queen Eleanor.

AGED DANCERS.

Serjeant Hoskyns, the owner of Ingeston-House, Herefordshire, entertained James I. with a morrice-dance, performed by ten persons, whose united ages exceeded 1000 years, all natives of Herefordshire.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

Mirabeau's haste of temper was known, and he must be obeyed. "Monsieur Comte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair, "never again use that foolish word in my presence."

THE WIT OUTWITTED.

On the top of a small but conspicuous hill near to Hoddon Castle, on the banks of the river Annan, is a square tower, built of hewn stone, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and serpent, and between them the word "Repentance." Hence the building, though its proper name is Trailtrow, is more frequently called the Tower of Repentance. It is said that Sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it? "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you show it to me," said Sir Richard, in banter. "You must go by that tower," replied the shepherd; and he pointed to the tower of *Repentance*.

ROUSSEAU'S TROUBLES.

Rousseau appears to have been one of the unhappiest, as well as the most unamiable of men. He imagined himself the persecuted of all persecutors, and sought an asylum in England from his supposed enemies. In April, 1766, having just settled in Derbyshire, he wrote, "Here I have just arrived at last at an agreeable and sequestered asylum, where I hope to breathe freely and at peace." He lived chiefly at Wootton Hall, and delighted to pass his leisure in the romantic Dove Dale. He did not, however, long remain "at peace," for in April following he returned to the Continent, heaping reproaches on his best friends. The rent of the house in which he lived had been greatly reduced, to allure him into the country. His spirit revolted at this; and as soon as he heard of it he indignantly left the place. Whilst at Wootton Hall, he received a present of some bottles of choice foreign wine: this was a gift, and his pride would not permit him to taste it; he therefore left it in the house, untouched, for the next comer. For some reason or other, or more probably for none, he had determined not to see Dr. Darwin. The Doctor, aware of his objections, placed himself on a terrace, which Rousseau had to pass, and was examining a plant. "Rousseau," said he, "are you a botanist?" They entered into conversation, and were intimate at once; but Rousseau, on reflection, imagined that this meeting was the result of contrivance, and the intimacy proceeded no further.

MRS. HOWE AND HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

About the year 1706, I knew (said Dr. King) one Mr. Howe, a sensible well-natured man, possessed of an estate of £700 or £800 per annum: he married a young lady of good family in the West of England; her maiden name was Mallet, she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business; the same day at noon his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under the necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she never heard from him or of him. The evening before he returned, while she was at supper, with some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favour of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage-walk, in St. James's Park. When she had read the billet she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and, laughing, said, "You see, brother, old as I am, I have a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting: this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away. However, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage-walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and, after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that day to the time of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in the house in Jermyn-street, near St. James's Church: he went no further than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence! He had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time; but they died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament, to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. The act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house near his lodging, which he fre-

quented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehension of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants and the expenses of her house-keeping, and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn-street, to a small house in Brewer-street, Golden-square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him that he usually dined with him twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's Church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home he would never confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such singular conduct—apparently there was none; but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it.

TURPIN'S SANG FROID.

On May 22, 1737, the noted highwayman, Richard Turpin, the butcher, who had lately killed a man who endeavoured to take him in Epping Forest, robbed several persons in their coaches and chaises at Holloway and in the back lanes of Islington. One of the gentlemen so stopped signified to him that he had reigned a long time: Turpin replied, "'Tis no matter for that, I am not afraid of being taken by you; therefore, don't stand hesitating, but give me the cole."

KENNEY THE DRAMATIST.

A gentleman remonstrating with Mr. Kenney against his bringing out his comedy of "Match-breaking," said "Allow me to make a few animadversions upon it." "Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Kenney, "I do not wish for *any mad versions* of my comedy."

ODD COMPARISON.

Some persons have a peculiar talent in discovering resemblances where others can perceive none. A gentleman of this description having borrowed Harris's "Hermes" (a learned treatise on universal grammar) of a friend, on returning it to him, observed, "he liked it very well, but thought it was too much in the queer, rigmarole style of 'Tris-tram Shandy!'"

HAPPY HIT.

Charles II. playing at tennis with a dignified prebend, who had struck the ball well, he exclaimed, "That's a good stroke for a Dean." "I'll give it the stroke of a bishop," said the Dean, "if your Majesty pleases."

NOBLE SPORT.

At the commencement of the sporting season, in 1821, the following important information was exhibited at Lord Camden's seat, the Hermitage, near Sevenoaks:—"This is to give notice, that Lord Camden does not mean to *shoot himself or any of his tenants* till the 14th of September."

GOLDSMITH AT ISLINGTON.

Dr. Oliver Goldsmith had apartments for some time in Canonbury House, where he is supposed to have written some of his works. With a view to health, and perhaps to be near Newbery, the bookseller, for whom his pen was at that time chiefly employed, and who resided at Canonbury House, Goldsmith removed to that neighbourhood to board and lodge, in the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, at the close of the year 1762, probably about Christmas. The sum stipulated for this accommodation was fifty pounds a year, at that period equal to twice the amount now, which the publisher, as cash-bearer to the poet, paid quarterly, taking credit for such payments in the settlement of their accounts. The lady whose inmate he became is represented in a picture, which appeared in the winter exhibition of the works of deceased artists of Britain, in 1832. It was named "Goldsmith's hostess," and is said to have been painted by Hogarth. At Islington the bard continued a resident till towards the end of 1764, for it appears that he was still living there in September of that year. Whether his removal thence was occasioned by his arrest, or threatened arrest, which took place about February or March, 1764, by the landlady, or whether this event occurred whilst he was in temporary lodgings in London, is doubtful; probably the latter; for it is not likely that having been an inmate so long, and with Newbery as responsible paymaster, Mrs. Fleming would have had recourse to such an expedient. (See Prior's "Life of Goldsmith.") Goldsmith is remarkable for the frequent mention made of Islington in his writings; and to this village, where he spent much of his time, he was very partial. It was occasionally his custom to enjoy what he termed a *shoemaker's holiday*, which was a day of great festivity with the poet. Three or four of his intimate friends rendezvoused at his chambers to breakfast, about ten in the morning; at eleven they proceeded, by the City-road and through the fields, to Highbury Barn to dinner; about six o'clock in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to drink tea; and concluded the evening by supping at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee-houses, or at the Globe in Fleet-street.

POETIC WILL.

Mr. W. Jackett, an eccentric character, who died July 3, 1789, in North-place, Liverpool-road, and was for thirty years clerk to Messrs. Fuller and Vaughan, bankers, St. Swithin's-alley, Cornhill, made the following curious will, which is preserved in Doctors' Commons:—

"I leave and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters most dear,
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me here;
And that none may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law rackett,
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm, sign, and seal,
This the true act and deed of WILL
JACKETT."

ECCENTRIC BENEVOLENCE.

Edward, sixth Lord Digby, who succeeded to the peerage in 1752, was a man of active benevolence. At Christmas and Easter, he was observed by his friends to be more than usually grave, and then always to have on an old shabby blue coat. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his Lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go to St. George's-fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his Lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey if a gentleman (describing Lord Digby) had not just entered the prison?

"Yes, masters," exclaimed the fellow, with an oath; "but he is not a man, he is an angel; for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day."

"Do you know who the gentleman is?" inquired the Major.

"We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity and his blue coat."

The next time his Lordship had on his almsgiving coat, a friend asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress. The reply was, by Lord Digby taking the gentleman shortly after to the George Inn, in the Borough, where seated at dinner were thirty individuals, whom his Lordship had just released from the Marshalsea Prison, by paying their debts in full.

THE MIRACLE.

A young student showing the Museum at Oxford to a party, produced a rusty sword, which he assured them was the identical sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass. One of the company observed, that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "You are right," said the student, "and this is the very sword he wished for!"

IRISH DUELLING.

Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, a duel sprang up in Dublin between a Major Pack and Mr. Mathew, of Thomastown, in Tipperary; the seconds being Captain Creed and Mr. Maenamara. The parties met at a tavern. Being shown into the room where the two officers were, after securing the door, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Maenamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said that, in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, sir," continued he, addressing himself to Creed, "If you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion, Mr. Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed! are you gone?" "Yes," replied Mathew, with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly *pack* after him," at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never known in his life, either before or after, to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed most miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed to it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion—"Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but to the astonishment of every one they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best disposition, being now perfectly cured of their extravagant idea of duelling.

ADAM'S APPLE.

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" asked a country schoolmaster of one of his scholars. "Because he had no knife," said the boy.

FOOTE'S QUARREL WITH THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

The acrimony of each party in this affair was raised so high, that Mr. Foote at length threatened to have a Grub-street half-sheet cried about the streets, which ran in the following terms, and probably occasioned a cessation of hostilities. The general authenticity of it was testified by many persons who heard Mr. Foote repeat it, and the humour of it deserves to redeem it from oblivion:—

"A full, true, and particular account of the life and surprising adventures of the notified Bet Cneatley, Duchess of Knightsbridge, showing as how she came up to town a poor distressed girl, and how by the recommendation of a mighty great patriot,* to whom she used to read story-books, she was taken into a great house in Lister-square, out of compassion and charity, and how she was ruined by Wolly, a Scotch boy, who took her into a strange land, and then forsak'd her; how Billy the Boatswain fall'd in love with her, married her, and left her under the care of a surgeon and potieary. And how Bet afterwards took to company keeping, wearing fine clothes, and told her comrogues she had them from her mother, a poor, distressed widow woman in the country. And how she met with the great squire Peper-pint, a mighty rich and great gentleman; and how she spread her net, and the squire fell into her snare; and how she gave Billy the Boatswain twenty guineas to deny his marriage, and then persuaded squire Peper-pint to wed her, make a will, and wrong all his kindred, by which she came into a *mort* of his money; and how all the squire's rich relations rose up in a body, and wanted Bet to give back her ill-got possessions; and how then Bet fled over the raging seas, for fear of being nabbed, and elapped up in Newgate; and how she changed her religion, and took to *papish* ways; and how she afterwards came back again for fear of being *outlawried*; and how she had a horrible quarrel with Billy the Boatswain; and how she came to Westminster-hall, all the lawyers flocked about her, in hopes of her eustom. The whole being a most excellent *warning-piece* against Sabbath-breaking and disobedience to our parents.

As 'twill always be found, that for such evil deeds,
A certain, though it's a slow punishment,
surely succeeds;
Therefore young men and maidens take
warning by she,
Keep the Sabbath and obedient to your parents be."

* The late Earl of Bath.

LORD DUDLEY'S ABSENCE OF MIND, AND
"THINKING ALOUD."

Of his Lordship's extraordinary absence of mind, and his unfortunate habit of "thinking aloud," many amusing anecdotes have been in circulation. It is a fact, that when he was in the Foreign Office, he directed a letter intended for the French to the Russian Ambassador, shortly before the affair of Navarino; and, strange as it may appear, it attained him the highest honour. Prince Lieven, who never made any mistakes of the kind, set it down as one of the cleverest *ruses* ever attempted to be played off, and gave himself immense credit for not falling into the trap laid for him by the sinister ingenuity of the English Secretary. He returned the letter with a most polite note, in which he vowed, of course, that he had not read a line of it, after he had ascertained that it was intended for Prince Polignac; he could not help telling Lord Dudley, at an evening party, that he was "trop fin," but diplomats of his (Prince Lieven's) standing were not so easily caught.

Lord Dudley was afflicted with what may not be improperly termed the disease of thinking aloud—that is, of unconsciously giving utterance to involuntary thoughts, which other men confide to the secret depository of their own breasts. An amusing anecdote of this singular failing of the mind is related of his Lordship:—

Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend, upon the occasion of some great *fête*, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived, and his Lordship, as well as others, imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his Lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his Lordship's house on his return home: and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the country were, of course, well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the Peer—who, being tired, had up to that moment maintained a most perfect silence—observed, in a low, but distinctly audible tone of voice, "I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his Lordship's tone, observed—"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why I would have done the same to any

farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner. I'll be d—d if I'd accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much hearty goodwill to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness, and from that night the travellers became inseparable friends.

ODD EVIDENCE.

Dr. Grey, in his erudite and entertaining notes on "Hudibras," records the deposition of a lawyer, who, in an action of battery, told the Judge that the defendant beat the client with a certain wooden instrument called an iron pestle.

THE MOTHER TONGUE.

In Mr. Combe's "Illustrations of Phrenology," a case is related of a Welsh milkman, in London, who, happening to fall down two pair of stairs, received a severe contusion on the head, and was carried to St. George's Hospital, where he lay senseless for several days, and unable to speak. At length he became something better, and began to talk to the nurses, but in such terms that no one could understand him, till it was discovered that he had forgotten his English, and was talking Welsh, a language he had not spoken for eighteen years. Mr. Combe conceives that the blow having hit the storehouse in his head, where the Welsh language was garnered, his youthful acquisitions were poured out; whilst the English language, which he had learned much later, was overpowered and obliterated by the force of his mother tongue.

CONGREVE ROCKETS.

When the Congreve rockets were first introduced into the navy, the Admiral on the Brazil station proposed to exhibit to the King, Don Juan VI., the effect of these formidable projectiles. His Majesty consented, and the whole court were accordingly assembled in the balconies of the palace, at the Rio, for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle. By some mishap, of very frequent occurrence in the early history of these missiles, at the moment of firing the tube veered round, and the rocket, instead of flying over to Praia Grande, took the opposite direction, and fell and exploded in the great square, almost beneath the windows of the palace. The consternation of the King was only equalled by the mortification of the Admiral, who immediately despatched an officer on shore to explain the cause of the *contretemps* to his Majesty, and offering to let off another; but the terrified Monarch would not hear of it. "I have a great respect," said he, "for my good allies, the English, but after dinner they are absolutely fit for nothing;" an observation which clearly indicated to what cause his Majesty attributed the unfortunate result of the exhibition.

THE WESLEYS AND THE WELLESLEYS.

The Rev. John Wesley, founder of the sect of the Methodists, was born on the 17th of June, 1703, at Epworth, a small living in Lincolnshire, of which his father, the Rev. Samuel Westley or Wesley, was incumbent. The father, poor in this world's goods, was amply blessed in the possession of piety, sense, and learning; and his wife, Susannah, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Annesley, was remarkable for the strength alike of her intellect and her devotion. Of their children, three sons grew up to manhood—Samuel, John, and Charles; and of them Southey gives the following interesting details:—

“Charles Wesley had been elected from Westminster to Christchurch, just after his brother John obtained his fellowship at Lincoln.” There, however, “his own disposition, his early education, and the example of his parents and both his brethren,” soon led Charles to embrace a life of more active devotion; “and, meeting with two or three undergraduates, whose inclinations and principles resembled his own, they associated together for the purpose of religious improvement, lived by rule, and received the sacrament weekly. They were called, in derision, ‘the Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy or the Godly Club.’ One person, with less irreverence and more learning, observed, in reference to their methodical manner of life, that a new sect of Methodists was sprung up, alluding to the ancient school of physicians known by that name. There was some fitness in the name, it obtained vogue, and it has become the appropriate designation of the sect of which (John) Wesley is the founder.

“It was to Charles Wesley and his few associates that the name was first given. When John returned to Oxford, they gladly placed themselves under his direction; their meetings acquired more form and regularity, and obtained an accession of members.

“While Charles Wesley was at Westminster, with his brother Samuel (who was an under-master there), a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, and of the same family name, wrote to the father, and inquired of him if he had a son named Charles, for, if so, he would make him his heir. Accordingly, his school bills, during several years, were discharged by his unseen namesake. At length a gentleman, who is supposed to have been this Mr. Wesley, called upon him, and, after much conversation, asked him if he was willing to accompany him to Ireland? The youth desired to write to his father before he could give answer. The father left it to his own decision; and he, who was satisfied with the fair prospects which Christchurch opened to him, chose to stay in England. John Wesley, in his account of his brother, calls this a fair escape. The fact is more remarkable than he was aware of; for the person who inherited the property intended for Charles Wesley, and who took the name of Wesley or Wellesley, in consequence, was

the first Earl of Mornington, grandfather of the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington. Had Charles made a different choice, there might have been no Methodists, the British Empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might, at this time, have insulted and endangered us on our own shores.”

LATE MARRIAGE.

M. Talleyrand was enjoying his rubber, when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of respectable rank. “How could Madame de S—— make such a match? a person of her birth to marry a *valet-de-chambre*,” said one of the players. “Ah,” replied Talleyrand, “it was late in the game; at nine we don’t reckon honours.”

POSTSCRIPTS.

George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. “My next letter shall refute you?” said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her Ladyship, when, after her signature, stood—“P.S. Who was right now, you or I?”

CROCODILES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

It is said that at some points of this dismal river, crocodiles are so abundant as to add the terror of their attacks to the other sufferings of a dwelling there. A story is told of a squatter, who, having “located” himself close to the river’s edge, proceeded to build his cabin. This operation is soon performed, for social feeling and the love of whiskey bring all the scanty neighbourhood round a new-comer, to aid him in cutting down trees, and in rolling up the logs, till the mansion is complete. This was done; the wife and five young children were put in possession of their new home, and slept soundly after a long march. Towards day-break, the husband and father was awakened by a faint cry; and, looking up, beheld the relics of three of his children scattered over the floor, and an enormous crocodile, with several young ones around her, occupied in devouring the remnants of their horrid meal. He looked around for a weapon, but finding none, and aware that unarmed he could do nothing, he raised himself gently on his bed, and contrived to crawl from thence through a window; hoping that his wife, whom he left sleeping, might, with the remaining children, rest undiscovered till his return. He flew to his nearest neighbour, and besought his aid; in less than half-an-hour, two men returned with him, all three well armed; but, alas! they were too late; the wife and her two babes lay mangled on their bloody bed. The gorged reptiles fell an easy prey to their assailants, who, upon examining the place, found the hut had been constructed close to the mouth of a large hole, almost a cavern, where the monster had hatched her hateful brood.

HALF JUSTICE.

A culprit brought before a magistrate in Leicestershire, charged with a misdemeanour, was thus addressed by his worship:—"I see by the Act of Parliament that the offence you have committed is punishable with six months' imprisonment, on conviction before two magistrates. Now, you may think yourself a lucky fellow; for, if my brother magistrate had been here you should have had the whole six months: but, as I am alone, I can, of course, only send you to gaol for half the time. Make out his mittimus for three months."

A LOYALIST.

The Earl of St. Albans was, like many other staunch loyalists, little remembered by Charles II. He was, however, an attendant at court, and one of his Majesty's companions in his gay hours. On one of these occasions, a stranger came with an importunate suit, for an office of great value, just vacant. The King, by way of joke, desired the Earl to personate him, and commanded the petitioner to be admitted. The gentleman, addressing himself to the supposed Monarch, enumerated his services to the Royal family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means," answered the Earl, "and I am only sorry that as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend, the Earl of St. Albans," pointing to the King, "who constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone unrewarded." Charles granted, for this joke, what the utmost real service would not have received.

THE POET WALLER.

It is remarkable, that Waller, the poet, towards the decline of life, bought a small house, with a little land, on his natal spot; observing, "that he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused." This, however, did not happen. "When he was at Beaconfield," says Johnson, "he found his legs grow tumid: he went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the King, and requested him, as both a friend and physician, to tell him what that swelling meant. 'Sir,' answered Scarborough, 'your blood will run no longer.' Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die. As the disease increased upon him, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the holy sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related, that being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, 'My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them, and so I hope your Grace will.'"

A DISTINCTION.

Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembled only the "effigy of a man"—said the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

HOW THEY BUILD IN NEW YORK.

A gentleman, having removed into a house in Hudson-street, tilted his chair backward against the front wall after dinner, as all Americans do, to enjoy his cigar. The dining-room was on the second floor: the wall gave way behind him, and he was spilled into the street. He was an alderman, and, luckily, pitched upon his head, or perhaps he might have been hurt; he had a two hours' headache as it was. When he sought damages in the Court of Common Pleas, he was nonsuited, on the ground that, living in a house in New York, he must have been aware of the peril, and was not entitled to compensation for harm of his wilful or careless seeking.

A washerwoman in Canal-street, in driving a nail into the brick wall of the next house, thereto to attach her clothes-line, struck the iron through into the skull of the tenant, who happened to be taking his afternoon nap in the posture of the sufferer of the preceding story, and killed him as dead as Sisera. She was tried for manslaughter therefore.—*Boston Herald*.

CATCHING THE PLAGUE.

In the *City Remembrancer* we find the following singular record of the Great Plague, 1665:—"A citizen broke out of his house in Aldersgate-street, and attempted, but was refused going into the Angel, or the White Horse, at Islington. At the Pyed Horse he pretended going into Lincolnshire, that he was entirely free from infection, and required only lodging for one night. They had but a garret bed empty, and that but one night, expecting drovers with cattle next day. A servant showed him the room, which he gladly accepted. He was well dressed; and, with a sigh, said he had seldom lain in such a lodging, but would make shift, as it was but for one night, and in a dreadful time. He sat down on the bed, desiring a pint of warm ale, which was forgotten. Next morning one asked what was become of the gentleman? The maid, starting, said she had never thought more of him; 'He bespoke warm ale, but I forgot it.' A person going up, found him dead across the bed; his clothes were pulled off, his jaw fallen, his eyes open, in a most frightful posture, the rug of the bed clasped hard in one hand. The alarm was great, having been free from the distemper, which spread immediately to the houses round about. Fourteen died of the plague that week in Islington."

DUEL BETWEEN LORD MOHUN AND THE
DUKE OF HAMILTON.

This sanguinary duel, originating in a political intrigue, was fought early one morning at the Ring, in Hyde Park, then the usual spot for settling these so-called affairs of honour. The Duke and his second, Colonel Hamilton, of the Foot Guards, were the first in the field. Soon after came Lord Mohun, and his second, Major Macartney. No sooner had the second party reached the ground, than the Duke, unable to conceal his feelings, turned sharply round on Macartney, and said, "I am well assured, sir, that all this is by your contrivance, and, therefore, you shall have your share in the dance; my friend here, Colonel Hamilton, will entertain you." "I wish for no better partner," replied Macartney; "the Colonel may command me." Little more passed between them, and the fight began with infinite fury, each being too intent upon doing mischief to his opponent to look sufficiently to his own defence. Macartney had the misfortune to be speedily disarmed, though not before he had wounded his adversary in the right leg; but luckily for him, at this very moment the attention of the Colonel was drawn off to the condition of his friend, and, flinging both the swords to a distance, he hastened to his assistance. The combat, indeed, had been carried on between the principals with uncommon ferocity, the loud and angry clashing of the steel having called to the spot the few stragglers that were abroad in the Park at so early an hour. In a very short time the Duke was wounded in both legs, which he returned with interest, piercing his antagonist in the groin, through the arm, and in sundry other parts of his body. The blood flowed freely on both sides, their swords, their faces, and even the grass about them being reddened with it; but rage lent them that almost supernatural strength which is so often seen in madmen. If they had thought little enough before of attending to their self-defence, they now seemed to have abandoned the idea altogether. Each at the same time made a desperate lunge at the other; the Duke's weapon passed right through his adversary up to the very hilt; and the latter, shortening his sword, plunged it into the upper part of the Duke's left breast, the wound running downwards into his body, when his Grace fell upon him. It was now that the Colonel came to his aid, and raised him in his arms. Such a blow, it is probable, would have been fatal of itself; but Macartney had by this time picked up one of the swords, and stabbing the Duke to the heart, over Hamilton's shoulder, immediately fled, and made his escape to Holland. Such, at least, was the tale of the day, widely disseminated, and generally believed by one party, although it was no less strenuously denied by the other. Proclamations were issued, and rewards offered, to an unusual amount, for the apprehension of the murderer, the affair assuming all the interest

of a public question. Nay, it was roundly asserted by the Tories, that the Whig faction had gone so far as to place hired assassins about the Park, to make sure of their victim if he had escaped the open ferocity of Lord Mohun, or the yet more perilous treachery of Macartney.

When the Duke fell, the spectators of this bloody tragedy, who do not appear to have interfered in any shape, then came forward to bear him to the Cake House, that a surgeon might be called in and his wounds looked to: but the blow had been struck too home; before they could raise him from the grass he expired. Such is one of the many accounts that have been given of this bloody affair, for the traditions of the day are anything but uniform or consistent. According to some, Lord Mohun shortened his sword, and stabbed the wounded man to the heart while leaning on his shoulder, and unable to stand without support; others said that a servant of Lord Mohun's played the part that was attributed by the more credible accounts to Macartney. This intricate knot is by no means rendered easier of untying by the verdict of the jury, who, some years after, upon the trial of Macartney for this offence in the King's Bench, found him only guilty of manslaughter.

Lord Mohun himself died of his wounds upon the spot, and with him the Barony of Mohun, of Okehampton, became extinct; but the estate of Gawsworth, in Cheshire, which he had inherited from the Gerards, vested by will in his widow, and eventually passed to her second daughter, Anne Griffith, wife of the Right Honourable William Stanhope, by whose representative, Charles, Earl of Harrington, it is now enjoyed.—*Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.*

MEALY PUN.

A gentleman at dinner requested a friend to help him to a potato, which he did, saying, "I flatter myself you will find that a very good and *mealy* one." I thank you," quoth the other, "it could not be *melior*" (better).

PALEY.

Dr. Paley, when presented to his first preferment in the church, was in very high spirits. Attending at a tavern dinner just after this event, and finding the draught from a window annoy him, he jocosely called out, "Waiter, shut down that window at the back of my chair, and open another behind some curate."

BACON AND BEANS.

Mrs. Fox (the wife of the great statesman) was remarkable for being agreeable and easy. The Prince Regent used often to surprise them at dinner, at St. Anne's Hill. Upon one occasion, Mrs. Fox said, "Why, sir, we have only for dinner a little bacon and beans." And so it literally was. The Prince, however, sat down and dined most heartily.

MIRACLE SOLVED.

In the month of June, 1824, in a small village called Artes, near Hostalrich, about twelve leagues from Barcelona, a Constitutionalist being at the point of death, his brother called on the curate, requesting him to come and administer the sacrament. The curate refused, saying "Your brother is a Constitutionalist, that is to say, a villain, an impious wretch, an enemy to God and man—he is damned without mercy, and it is, therefore, useless for me to confess him." "But who told you that my brother was damned?" "God himself told me, during the sacrifice of the mass, that your brother is damned to all the devils." It was in vain that the brother reiterated his entreaties; the curate was inexorable. A few days after the individual died, when his brother demanded for the body the rites of sepulture. The curate refused, alleging, "The soul of your brother is now burning in hell, as I told you before. It would be in vain for me to take any trouble about interring his body, for during the night the devils will come and carry it away; and in forty days you yourself will meet the same fate." The Spaniard not giving implicit credit to this diabolical visit, watched during the night by the body of his brother, and with his pistols loaded. Between twelve and one o'clock, a knock was heard at the door, and a voice exclaimed, "I command you to open in the name of the living God! Open! if not, your instant ruin is at hand." The Spaniard refused to open, and shortly after he saw enter by the window three able-bodied devils, covered with skins of wild beasts, having the usual quantity of horns, claws, and spiked tails, who set about carrying the coffin containing the body: upon this the guardian fired, and shot one devil dead; the others took to flight; he fired after them, and wounded both—one of whom died in a few minutes; the other escaped. In the morning, when the people went to church, there was no curate to officiate; and it was shortly after discovered, on examining the two defunct devils, that the one was the curate, and the other the vicar; the wounded devil was the sacristan, who confessed the whole diabolical proceeding. The case was brought before the tribunal at Barcelona.

UNPARALLELED PARSIMONY.

Monsieur Vaudeville was one of the most remarkable men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1735 he was worth one million sterling. At the age of seventy-two he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send, for the first time in his life, for a surgeon to bleed him, who, asking him tenpence for the operation, was dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He sent for a barber, who at length agreed to undertake the operation for threepence a time.

"But," said the stingy old fellow, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?"

"Three times," answered the barber.

"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"

"About eight ounces," was the answer.

"That will be ninepence—too much, too much," said the miser. "I have determined to adopt a cheaper way; take the whole quantity you design to take at three times at one, and it will save me sixpence."

This being insisted upon, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, which caused his death in a few days, and he left his immense property to the King.

QUEER SPECIMENS OF HONOUR.

Sir Robert L'Estrange tells us of a French woman who stood up for the honour of her family. Her coat (she said) was quartered with the arms of France, which was so far true that she had the *fleur de lis* stamped (we must not say branded) upon her shoulder.

He also tells us of a Spaniard who was wonderfully upon the huff about his extraction, and would needs prove himself of such a family, by the spelling of his name. A cavalier in the company, with whom he had the controversy, very civilly yielded him the point, "For," says he, "I have examined the records of the House of Correction, and I find your grandfather was whipped there by that name."

A third, of a gentleman thief under sentence of death, for a robbery upon the highway, who petitioned for the right hand in the cart to the place of execution.

And of a *gentleman cobbler*, who charged his son at his death to maintain the *honour* of his family.

Farquhar, in his comedy of the "Recruiting Officer," makes *Sergeant Kite* say, respecting the *Bed of Honour*, that "it is a mighty large bed, bigger by half than the great Bed of Ware. Ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another."

A LAST FAREWELL.

When the Prince of Orange, in 1568, retired to Germany, apprehending the danger that followed, he entreated Count Egmont to accompany him, who refused. "Farewell," said he, taking leave of the Prince of Orange, "Prince without an estate." "Farewell," replied he, "Count without a head." The Prince's pithy remark was soon verified; for, a few weeks afterwards, the Count being on an excursion, was taken prisoner and executed.

DINDE AUX TRUFFES.

There is a well-known story in the Italian jest-books about a bet between two cardinals. The wager was a *dinde aux truffes* (a turkey with truffles). The loser postpones payment till the very eve of the Carnival, when the winner reminds him of the debt. He excuses himself on the ground that truffles were worth nothing that year. "Bah! bah!" says the other, "that is a false report originating with the turkeys."

FIVES.

Fives-playing, at Copenhagen House, is recorded, in a memoir of Cavanagh, the famous fives-player, by Mr. Hazlitt, which first appeared in the *Examiner* of February 17, 1819. Cavanagh was an Irishman. He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen House for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen chimney; and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cook exclaimed, "Those are the Irishman's balls!" and the joints trembled on the spit.

DEATH OF LORD BACON.

"The cause of his Lordship's death," says Aubrey, in his MSS., now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, "was trying an experiment, as he was taking the air in the coach with Dr. Witherborne, a Scotch man, physician to the King. Towards Highgate, snow lay on the ground, and it came into my Lord's thoughts why flesh might not be preserved in snow as in salt. They were resolved they would try the experiment presently; they alighted out of the coach, and went into a poor woman's house at the bottom of Highgate-hill, and bought a hen, and made the woman extenterate it, and then stuffed the body with snow; and my Lord did help to do it himself. The snow so chilled him that he immediately fell so ill, that he could not return to his lodgings (I suppose then at Gray's Inn), but went to the Earl of Arundel's house, at Highgate, where they put him into a good bed, warmed with a pan; but it was a damp bed, that had not been layn in for about a year before, which gave him such a cold, that in two or three days, as I remember, he (Hobbes) told me, he died of suffocation."

COLLINS, THE POET.

Collins, the poet, lived some time at Islington. "After his return from France," says Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," "the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him," &c. Cowper, alluding to the above passage, in a letter to the Rev. John Newton, dated March 15, 1784, says:—"I have lately finished Johnson's 'Prefaces; or, Lives of the Poets.' In all that number, I observe but one man—a poet of no great fame—of whom I did not know that he existed till I found him there, whose mind seems to have had the slightest tincture of religion; and he was hardly in his senses. His name was Collins. He sank into a state of melancholy, and died young. Not long before his death, he was found at his lodgings, at Islington, by his biographer, with the New Testament in his hand. He said to Johnson, 'I have but one book, but it is the best.' Of him, therefore, there are some hopes. But, from the lives of all the rest, there is but one inference to be drawn—that poets are a very worthless, wicked set of people."

ARGUMENTATIVE.

The *Vermont Mercury* has the following excellent defence lately made to an action by a down-east lawyer:—"There are three points in the cause, may it please your honor," said the defendant's counsel: "In the first place, we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and thirdly, that we never had it."

FRANKING LETTERS.

The Princess Augusta asked Lord Walsingham for a frank. He wrote one for her in such detestable characters, that, at the end of a month, after having wandered half over England, it was opened, and returned to her as illegible. The Princess complained to Lord Walsingham, and he then wrote the frank for her so *legibly*, that at the end of a couple of days it was returned to her, marked "Forgery!"

IMMENSE LENS.

At the house, No. 1, Bird's-buildings, on the east side of the Lower-street, Islington, some years ago, resided a very ingenious artisan, named Penn, who there fabricated a convex burning-glass of most extraordinary powers, for Mr. Parker, an eminent glass-manufacturer in Fleet-street. "He erected," says Mr. Nelson, "an out-building at the bottom of his garden (lately converted into a dwelling), for the purpose of carrying on his operations; and at length succeeded in producing the most powerful burning lens that had ever been constructed. Its diameter was three feet; and the completing the machine, with its necessary apparatus, is said to have cost his employer upwards of £700. Its powers were astonishing; the most hard and solid substances of the mineral world, as platina, iron, steel, flint, stone, &c., were melted in a few seconds, on being exposed to its intense focus; and it is stated that a diamond, weighing ten grains, exposed to this lens for thirty minutes, was reduced to six grains; during which operation it opened and foliated like the leaves of a flower, and emitted whitish fumes; and when closed again, it bore a polish and retained its form. A full description of this extraordinary machine, with a comparative statement of its effect upon a variety of substances, will be found in the Cyclopædia by Dr. Rees; from which it appears that a subscription was proposed, for raising the sum of 700 guineas towards indemnifying the charges of Mr. Parker, and retaining this very curious and useful machine in our own country; but, from the failure of the subscription, and some other concurring circumstances, that gentleman was induced to dispose of it to Captain Mackintosh, who accompanied Lord Macartney in the embassy to China; and it was left, much to the regret of philosophers in Europe, at Peking, where it remains in the hands of persons who most probably know neither its value nor use."

A MAGDALENE.

A French bishop preaching, exclaimed, "A Magdalene is present; she is looking at me. I will not mention her name, but I will throw my book at her." He then raised his arm as if to put his threat into execution, when all the women in the church ducked their heads. "What!" said he; "all Magdalenes!"

IRISH BLUNDERS.

The Irish blunder is *sui generis*; and it is not only of a class by itself, but it is of the best class. It always puzzles, which mere clownishness does not; but it always amuses by its oddity, its novelty, and its humour. Of this order was the exclamation of the Irish gentleman, who, on getting a ten-pound prize in the lottery, and finding that the prize was less than the money which he had paid for it, cried out, "What luck it was that I did not get the £20,000; I must have been entirely ruined!"

An orator, in the Irish House of Commons, was describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized an opponent. "The honourable member," said he, "is so fond of being praised, that I really believe he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff on his grave."

"Contempt of money," was the expression of another. "The honourable member professes to play the philosopher. I can assure you, Mr. Speaker, that if there is any one office that glitters in the eyes of the honourable member, it is that of purse-bearer; a pension to him is a compendium of all the cardinal virtues. All his statesmanship is comprehended in the art of taxing; and for good, better, and best, in the scale of human nature, he invariably reads, pence, shillings, and pounds. I verily believe," exclaimed the orator, rising to the height of his conception, "that, if the honourable gentleman were an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarves and hatbands for the survivors."

"Is there any ford there?" asked an English tourist, who came suddenly to a full stop before one of the little mountain torrents of the west of Ireland. "Oh, to be sure, your honour, there was a ford," said a peasant standing at the brink, and making a hundred grimaces of civility. "When was it?" said the tourist. "Before the bridge was built," said the peasant; "but when man and horse went over the bridge, the ford got out of the habit." "Well, now that the bridge is broken down, I suppose the ford may have got into the habit again. Is it safe?" "To be sure, your honour, all but in the middle, but that is nothing; and *if you can swim*, there is not a better ford in the country." "But I cannot swim." "Then, your honour, the only safe way that I know of is, as soon as you get out of your depth, *to walk back again*."

AN OLD SOLDIER.

It was remarked by an elderly gentleman in a coffee-room one day, when it was raining very hard and the water running down the streets, that it reminded him of the general deluge. "Zounds, sir," said an old veteran officer near him, "who's he? I have heard of all the Generals in Europe but him."—This reminds one of the print-collector inquiring for a portrait of Admiral Noah, to illustrate Lord Byron's "Don Juan."

SCARLET FEVER.

During the legal absence of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell), on his matrimonial trip with the *ci-devant* Miss Scarlett, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on in the Bench, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." "Yes, my Lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my Lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Brougham," said the Judge, taking snuff. "My Lord," replied Mr. Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the *Scarlett fever*."

AN EXPLOSION.

According to a tablet which now hangs beneath the organ-gallery of the church of All-hallows, Barking, Tower-street, a serious accident happened to the building in the middle of the 17th century: it states that "This church was much defaced and ruined by a lamentable blow of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder, that took fire the 4th day of January, 1649, in a ship-chandler's house, over against the south side of the church; and was afterwards repaired and beautified at the sole cost of divers of the parishioners, by a voluntary contribution, as it is recorded in the church books."

Strype, the antiquary, gives a minute account of this accident: the chandler was busy in his shop barrelling the powder about seven o'clock in the evening, when it became ignited, and blew up not merely that house, but fifty or sixty others adjacent. The number of persons who were destroyed was never ascertained; for the next house but one was a tavern, known as "The Rose," which was full of company when the explosion took place, in consequence of a parish dinner: it must have been very great, however, judging from the limbs and bodies which were dug from the ruins. The hostess of the tavern sitting in the bar, and the waiter standing by with a tankard in his hand, were found entire beneath some timbers which had formed a roof over them, but were dead from suffocation. It is recorded, that in the morning after this disaster, a female infant was discovered lying on the top of Barking church in a cradle, without any traces of fire, and unharmed. The parents were never traced, but the infant was taken charge of by a parishioner, and lived to an adult age.

FRENCH SOUP.

During a campaign in Germany, Lord Townsend, who commanded one of the brigades, gave a dinner to his officers, as is usual with generals on a march. When the soup was served up, a universal complaint was made of its horrid taste. An inquiry was instantly made into the cause, when it was found that the French, by whom the place had been occupied as an hospital but two days before, on retreating, for the purpose of expediting the interment of their dead, had thrown many of them into the wells. The company instantly broke up in disorder: but old Major Hume, of the 25th Foot, who had been a soldier from his infancy, and often, no doubt, fared on viands not the most delicate, proceeded with characteristic indifference to finish his dinner, exclaiming that the soup was good, and that it would have been better if the whole French army had been in the water of which it was made.

SHERIDAN AND THE PLAYWRIGHT.

A playwright had sent a comedy to Mr. Sheridan for perusal, and, of course, approval, and of course heard nothing more of his comedy. He waited six months patiently; the season was then over, and he therefore resolved to wait on till the next season began: he did so; he then called at Mr. Sheridan's, who at that time lived in George-street, Hanover-square—not at home, of course; he then dispatched a note—no answer; another—ditto; another call—still the same result. At last, however, the author hit upon the expedient of posting himself in the hall on a day in the evening of which there was to be an important debate in the House of Commons. This was a blockade which even the ingenuity of the wit could not evade; the author was therefore admitted.

His inquiries were respectful, but earnest.

"My comedy, Mr. Sheridan—I——"

"Yes—to be sure—clearly—the ——?"

"'Fashionable Involvements,' in five acts," said the author, helping his great friend to the name of his work, which he hoped might recall the work itself to his recollection—a hope most vain.

"Upon my word," said Sheridan, "I—I'm in a great hurry—I really don't remember—I am afraid your play has been somehow mislaid."

"Mislaid!" exclaimed the anxious parent of the lost bantling. "My dear sir, if it is, I am ruined—I have no copy of it."

"It is very unfortunate," said Mr. Sheridan, "very—I'm sure I regret—I ——"

"But what can I do, sir?" said the author.

"I tell you what, my dear friend," replied Mr. Sheridan, "I cannot promise you your own play back, because I don't know where any of the last year's pieces are; but if you will open that t'ble-drawer, you will find a great number that have been sent me this year: you may take any three of those in exchange, and do what you like with them."

CAREME, THE COOK.

Carême is a lineal descendant of that celebrated *chef* of Leo X., who received the name of *Jean de Carême* (*Jack of Lent*), for a soup-maigre which he invented for the Pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by *our* Carême himself was a sauce for fast-dinners. The competition for the services of an artist thus accomplished was, of course, unparalleled. Half the Sovereigns of Europe were suitors to him. He was induced, by persevering solicitations, and the promise of a salary of £1000, to become *chef* to George IV., then Regent, but left him at the end of a few months, complaining that it was a *ménage bourgeois*. During the time he condescended to stay at Carlton House, immense prices were given for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table. The Emperors of Austria and Russia made new advances to him upon this occasion; but in vain. "*Mon âme*," said he, "*toute Française, ne peut vivre qu'en France*;" and he ended by accepting an engagement with Baron Rothschild, of Paris.

ROYAL SPEECH BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

The opening day of the session of Parliament in 1836 was unusually gloomy, which, added to an imperfection in the sight of William IV., and the darkness of the House of Lords, especially where the throne was situated, rendered it impossible for the King to read the royal speech with facility. Most patiently and good-naturedly did he struggle with the task, often hesitating, sometimes mistaking, and at others correcting himself. On one occasion he stuck altogether, and after two or three ineffectual efforts to make out the word, he was obliged to give it up, when, turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, and looking him most significantly in the face, he said, in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible in all parts of the house, "Eh! what is it?" Lord Melbourne having whispered the obstructing word, the King proceeded to toil through the speech, but, by the time he got to about the middle, the librarian brought him two wax tapers, on which he suddenly paused, and raising his head, and looking at the Lords and Commons, he addressed them on the spur of the moment in a perfectly distinct voice, and without the least embarrassment or the mistake of a single word, in these terms:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but, as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention."

He then again, though evidently fatigued by the difficulty of reading in the first instance, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to any professor of elocution.

A GOOD RULE.

It was Count Charles de Morney's practice, whenever he dined at a *table d'hôte*, to instruct his valet to come in and sit down with the company, place himself at the bottom or top of the table, treat his master as a perfect stranger, and help him to the best of every thing.

EDMUND KEAN'S FIRST SEASON.

In the course of the season (1814), Kean played sixty-eight nights. The total amount of money received at Drury-Lane Theatre on the sixty-eight nights of his performance was £32,642 12s. 6d. (This includes a calculation of £1700 only for private boxes.) When he came to the theatre, the receipts averaged £212 per night. During his nights, the general average was £509 9s. per night!

£ s. d.

The largest receipts on the representation of Shylock was ...	531	2	0
Do. of Richard III. ...	655	13	6
Do. of Hamlet ...	660	2	0
Do. of Iago ...	573	6	6
Do. of Othello ...	673	18	6

And the number of persons who visited the theatre on the sixty-eight nights of his performance was 166,742.

The result of the calculation is, that (subject only to Kean's own salary) the theatre *cleared*, by his services *alone*, during those nights, upwards of TWENTY THOUSAND ROUNDS!

ESCAPE OF TOM PAINE.

The notorious political writer, Thomas Paine, was member for Calais in the National Assembly, after the French revolution. When Robespierre came into power, Paine was arrested and carried to prison, no reason of any consequence being assigned for this harsh treatment. The event is thus recorded in his own words:—"One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and one hundred and sixty of them executed the next day. Amongst this number my name was included; and the manner I escaped the guillotine is curious, having all the appearance of accident.

"The room in which I was lodged was on the ground-floor, and one of a long range of chambers under a gallery, with the door opening outwards flat against the wall; so that, when it was open, the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut.

"When persons by scores and hundreds were to be taken out of the prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night; and those who performed that office had a private mark, by which they knew what rooms to visit and what number to take. The door of my room was marked one morning, unobserved by me, when it was open, and flat against the wall; being closed in the evening, the fatal line of chalk came inside—and thus the destroying angel passed by. A few days after this, Robespierre fell, and Mr. Munroe arrived to reclaim me, and to invite me to his house."

SIR JOSEPH BANKS'S "BALANCE."

At the death of Sir Joseph Banks, there was left at the apartments of the Royal Society, at Somerset House, an instrument called a balance, constructed by Ramsden, the property of Sir Joseph. The secretaries accordingly wrote to his widow, requesting to know her wishes respecting the instrument. "Pay it into Coutts's," was her Ladyship's reply.

MELTING OF A WATCH BY LIGHTNING.

During a violent thunder-storm in 1844, a fishing-boat belonging to one of the Shetland Islands was struck by lightning. The electric fluid came down the mast, which it tore into shivers, and melted a watch in the pocket of a man who was sitting close by the side of the mast, without injuring him. Not only was the man altogether unhurt, but his clothes also were uninjured; and he was not aware of what had taken place until, on taking out his watch, he found it was fused into a mass!

YOUNG AND OLD.

A very gallant naval officer, after having obtained two steps in his profession, by actions with the enemy, waited on William the Fourth, when he was Lord High Admiral, to ask for a ship, in reply to which request he was good-humouredly told that "he was too young." A few weeks afterwards, on making a similar request to Sir J. Graham, who had just succeeded to be First Lord of the Admiralty, with grave dignity he was told that the policy of the Government was to bring forward young men, and that he was too old; whereupon he instantly turned on his heel, declaring that he would never again set foot in the Admiralty till he was sent for.

RUFFS AND REEVES.

These birds are worth nothing in their wild state, and the art of fattening them is traditionally said to have been discovered by the monks of Yorkshire, where they are still in high favour with the clerical profession, as a current anecdote will show. At a grand dinner at Bishopthorp (in Archbishop Markham's time) a dish of ruffs and reeves chanced to be placed immediately in front of a young divine who had come down to be examined for priest's orders, and was considerably (or, as it turned out, inconsiderately) asked to dinner by his Grace. Out of sheer modesty, the clerical tyro confined himself exclusively to the dish before him, and persevered in his indiscriminating attention to it till one of the resident dignitaries (all of whom were waiting only the proper moment to participate) observed him and called the attention of the company by a loud exclamation of alarm. But the warning came too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird, and with them, we are concerned to add, all the candidate's hopes of Yorkshire preferment are said to have vanished too.

WATERLOO MEDAL.

A Frenchman meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs. "That is true, to be sure," replied the soldier; "it did not cost the English Government three francs, but it cost the French a *Napoleon*."

A REASON.

One Easter, the Emperor Nicholas, on coming out of his palace at St. Petersburg, addressed the sentry with his usual familiarity, in the form of salutation prescribed for that day—"Christ is risen!" Instead of the usual reply, "He is, indeed," the fellow answered gravely, "He is *not*, indeed!" "Hey! how? what is that?" said the Emperor; "I said 'Christ is risen!'" "And I replied, 'He is not!'" "Why, who and what, in Heaven's name, are you?" asked the Autocrat. "I am a Jew!" exclaimed the sentry.

FLEET MARRIAGES.

The following description of these marriages is given in the *Grub-street Journal* of Jan., 1735:—"There are a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, who wear black coats, and pretend to be clerks and registers of the Fleet, and who ply about Ludgate-hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling alehouse or brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday, stopping them as they go to church, and almost tearing their clothes off their backs." The indecency of these practices, and the facility they afforded for accomplishing forced and fraudulent marriages, were not the only evils attending this state of the law. Marriages could be antedated, without limit, on payment of a fee, or not entered at all. Parties could be married without declaring their names. It was a common practice for women to hire temporary husbands, at the Fleet, in order that they might be able to plead coverture to an action for debt, or to produce a certificate in case of their being *enceinte*. Those hired husbands were provided by the parson for five shillings each; sometimes they were women. It appears, that for half-a-guinea a marriage might be registered and certified that never took place. The marriage of the Hon. H. Fox, son of the first Lord Holland, to the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, at the Fleet, in 1744, and the increase of these irregular practices, led to the introduction of the Marriage Act, which was passed with great difficulty. The interval between the passing of the bill, and its coming into operation, afforded a rich harvest to the parsons of the Fleet and May Fair. In one register-book there are entered 217 marriages which took place at the Fleet on the 25th of March, 1754, the day previous to the act coming into force. Clandestine marriages continued at the Savoy till 1756, when a minister and his curate being transported, an effectual stop was put to them.

REVOLUTIONARY RELATION.

St. Just, the French revolutionary leader was always puffed up with his sense of self-importance, and showed this so plainly in his demeanour, that Camille Desmoulins said he "carried his head like the holy sacrament" (*le Saint Sacrement*)—"and I," said St. Just, on the sneer being reported to him, which has the merit of giving a very picturesque description of the subject, "and I will make him carry his head like St. Denis," alluding to the legend of that saint having walked from Paris to his grave carrying his head under his arm.

A SNAIL DINNER.

The chemical philosophers, Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton, were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. Dr. Black spoke with the English pronunciation, and with punctilious accuracy of expression, both in point of matter and manner. The geologist, Dr. Hutton, was the very reverse of this: his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a broad Scotch accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said.

It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails? they are known to be nutritious and wholesome, and even sanative in some cases. The epicures of old praised them among the richest delicacies, and the Italians still esteem them. In short, it was determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, dieted for a time, and then stewed for the benefit of the two philosophers, who had either invited no guests to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the *pièce de resistance*. A huge dish of snails was placed before them: still, philosophers are but men after all; and the stomachs of both doctors began to revolt against the experiment. Nevertheless, if they looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe for each other, so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began, with infinite exertion, to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed.

Doctor Black at length showed the white feather, but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate. "Doctor," he said, in his precise and quiet manner—"Doctor, do you think that they taste a little—a very little, green?" "D—d green! d—d green, indeed! Tak' them awa'—tak' them awa'!" vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. So ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern *cuisine*; and thus philosophy can no more cure a nausea, than honour can set a broken limb.

EAR FOR MUSIC.

When one of the Sandwich Island Princes was in England, he was present at a Royal entertainment, at which the band from one of the regiments of guards performed some very scientific and composite pieces of music. The Sandwich Islander was observed to listen most intently, and being asked by one of the company whether he was pleased with the music, he answered that he had been greatly delighted with the *drum*.

THEODORE HOOK AT THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

It is said that at the Athenæum Club, in Pall mall, the number of dinners fell off by upwards of 300 per annum, after Theodore Hook disappeared from his favourite corner, near the door of the coffee-room. The corner alluded to will, we suppose, long retain the name which it derived from him—Temperance Corner. Many grave and dignified persons being frequent guests, it would hardly have been seemly to have been calling for repeated supplies of a certain description; but the waiters well understood what the oracle of the corner meant by “Another glass of toast-and-water,” or “A little more lemonade.”

EST-IL POSSIBLE?

A few days after the landing of William of Nassau at Torbay, the officers, nobility, and courtiers of James II. began to fall off from their falling master, as usual in such cases. Amongst the most faithful, however, apparently, was Prince George of Denmark, consort of the Princess Anne, James's daughter. At every fresh account of a defection of a Lord A., Lord B., or Lord C., the indignant Prince George exclaimed, “*Est-il possible?*” This continued for three or four days; till at length, one morning, the unfortunate Monarch inquiring why Prince George was missing from his thinned levee, the answer was, on account of his desertion to William. “What!” said James, “is *Est-il possible* gone also?”

SWEET REPROOF.

It is related that once in the House of Commons Lord Chatham began a speech with the words, “Sugar, Mr. Speaker;” and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word “Sugar!” three times, and having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, “Who will laugh at sugar now?” We have this anecdote upon good traditional authority, says Lord Brougham. That it was believed by those who had the best means of knowing Lord Chatham, is certain; and this of itself shows their sense of the extraordinary powers of his manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.

ROYAL REPARTÉE.

When the King of Denmark was about to quit the Congress of Vienna, the Emperor Alexander observed, “Your Majesty carries away all our hearts.” Upon which, the King, who had not profited by the general scramble for the provinces, wittily replied, “Yes, Sire, but not a single soul.”

“A SCRATCH.”

In Cadell's “Campaigns in Egypt,” it is related:—“An Irishman, Dan Fitzgibbon, of the Grenadiers, like most of his countrymen, possessed both courage and humour. He was placed at a bank which he was to fire over, but on no account to show himself. Poor Dan, not taking this advice, jumped upon the bank every round he fired, to see if he had hit any one. At last a Frenchman shot him through the back of the left hand. It was seen that something had happened, and he was asked what was the matter? Dan, very quietly looking at his bleeding fist, and scratching his head with the other, said, ‘I wish I knew who did this.’”

SAGACITY OF RATS.

The Rev. Mr. Ferryman resided at Quorn, in Leicestershire. Walking out in some meadows, one evening, he observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which it is known they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great when he saw amongst the number an old, blind rat, which held one end of a piece of stick in its mouth, while another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion. Mr. Ferryman has a large glass case of English rats, in which this interesting anecdote is commemorated with equal truth and fidelity.

Mr. Ferryman also relates that he had an old friend, a clergyman, of retired and studious habits. When sitting in his room one day, he saw an English rat come out of a hole at the bottom of the wainscot; he threw it a piece of bread, and, in process of time, he so familiarised the animal, that it became perfectly tame, ran about him, was his constant companion, and appeared much attached to him. He was in the habit of reading in bed at night; and was on one occasion awoken by feeling a sharp bite on his cheek, when he discovered the curtains of his bed to be on fire. He made his escape, but his house was burnt down, and he saw no more of his rat. He was, however, convinced, and remained so for the rest of his life, that his old companion had saved him from being burnt to death, by biting his cheek, and thus making him aware of his danger. The marks of teeth were visible upon it, and the reader may put what faith he pleases on the supposition of the good clergyman. He himself was always indignant if any one doubted it.—*Jesse*.

THE SEA-SERPENT OFF THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

The most authentic statement is that by the Rev. Mr. McClean, parish minister of Eigg, one of the Western Islands, and addressed by him to the secretary of the Wernerian Society, dated 1809:—"I saw the animal of which you inquire in June, 1808, on the coast of Coll. Rowing along that coast, I observed, at about the distance of half a mile, an object to windward which gradually excited astonishment. At first view, it appeared like a small rock; but, knowing that there was no rock in that situation, I fixed my eyes closely upon it; then I saw it elevated considerably above the level of the sea, and, after a slow movement, distinctly perceived one of its eyes. Alarmed at the unusual appearance and magnitude of the animal, I steered so as to be at no great distance from the shore. When nearly in a line between it and the shore, the monster, directing its head, which still continued above water, towards us, plunged violently under water. Certain that he was in chase of us, we plied hard to get ashore. Just as we leapt out on a rock, and had taken a station as high as we conveniently could, we saw it coming rapidly under water towards the stern of our boat. When within a few yards of it, finding the water shallow, it raised its monstrous head above water, and, by a winding course, got, with apparent difficulty, clear of the creek where our boat lay, and where the monster seemed in danger of being embayed. It continued to move off with its head above water, and with the wind, for about half a mile, before we lost sight of it. Its head was somewhat broad, and of somewhat oval form; its neck somewhat smaller; its shoulders, if I can so term them, considerably broader, and thence it tapered towards the tail, which last it kept pretty low in the water, so that a view could not be taken of it so distinctly as I wished. It had no fins that I could perceive, and seemed to me to move progressively by *undulation* up and down. Its length I believe to be between seventy and eighty feet. When nearest to me it did not raise its head wholly above water, so that the neck being under water, I could perceive no shining filaments thereon, if it had any. Its progressive motion under water I took to be very rapid. About the time I saw it, it was seen near the Isle of Canna. The crews of thirteen fishing-boats were so much terrified at its appearance that they in a body fled from it to the nearest creek for safety. On the passage from Rum to Canna, the crew of one boat saw it coming towards them with the wind, and its head high above water. One of the crew pronounced the head as large as a little boat, and its eye as large as a plate. The men were much terrified, but the monster offered them no molestation." Mr. McClean saw this in June, 1808, and it is remarkable that the celebrated Orkney animal of the "Wernerian Transactions," gene-

rally corresponding with the foregoing account, was cast ashore dead on Stronsa in October of the same year. This is the second instance of the supposed actual animal having been found.

THE SEA-SERPENT OFF THE AMERICAN COAST.

Among the American instances of the Sea-Serpent being seen, we have the report published by the Linnæan Society of New England, from which we learn that the Sea-Serpent was seen several times during the month of August, 1817, by many persons off the harbour of Gloucester, thirty miles from Boston; and their affidavits were carefully collected by the Society, through General Humphreys, who transmitted them to the late Sir Joseph Banks; one of the eye-witnesses and deponents being a member of the committee of the Linnæan Society, and another a clergyman. The result of this testimony is, that the animal was of great length, estimates varying from 80 to 120 feet, of serpentiform shape, moving through the water with great rapidity, displaying the characteristic protuberances on the surface, the head comparatively small, resembling a horse's, and the colour dark. One of the deponents fired a ball at it, at the distance of only 30 feet. Neither mane, gills, fins, nor blow-holes are mentioned. It was seen only in calm, settled weather.

In August, 1819, the same creature, or one of its species, was seen off Nahant, Boston, during four weeks, by numerous persons; the folds or protuberances were again remarked; also, the frequent elevation of the head out of the water. The eye was noted as remarkably brilliant and glistening; the motion of the body undulatory, making curves perpendicular to the surface, and giving the appearance of a long moving string of corks: the water was smooth, and weather calm and serene. Another notice appears, in 1833, of the Sea-Serpent having been seen in that year, also off Nahant, by forty or fifty persons at a time.

The last instance we have met with of its appearance on the American coast, is contained in Silliman's *Journal of Science* for 1835. It is to the effect that the captain and crew of an American brig, on her passage from Boston to New Orleans, in March or April of that year, when nine or ten miles off Race Point lighthouse, distinctly saw the Sea-Serpent, near enough to be visible to the naked eye. The creature raised its head (the size of a barrel) seven or eight feet above the surface, and had the appearance of a mane on its neck; it was very long; its motion in the water resembled that of a snake; and every time it put its head out of the water, it made a noise similar to the blowing off of steam. One of the crew had seen the animal which appeared off Nahant two years before, and declared this to be the same.

ORIGIN OF REFLECTING LIGHTHOUSES.

In the last century, at a meeting of a society of mathematicians at Liverpool, one of the members proposed to lay a wager, that he would read a paragraph of a newspaper, at ten yards' distance, with the light of a farthing candle. The wager was laid, and the proposer, having covered the inside of a wooden dish with pieces of looking-glass, fastened in with glazier's putty, placed his reflector behind the candle, and won his wager. One of the company marked this experiment with a philosophic eye. This was Captain Hutchinson, the dockmaster, with whom originated the first reflecting lighthouse, erected at Liverpool in 1763.

CHARLES PHILLIPS'S SKETCH OF CURRAN.

Mr. Charles Phillips, in his "Life of Curran," gives the following characteristic account of a visit to his friend:—"I caught the first glimpse of the little man through the vista of his garden. There he was—on a third time afterwards I saw him in a dress which you would imagine he had borrowed from his tipstaff; his hands in his sides; his under lip protruded; his face almost parallel with the horizon—and the important step, and the eternal attitude only varied by the pause during which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch, and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room. It was an invariable peculiarity—one second after four o'clock, and he would not wait for the Viceroy. The moment he perceived me he took me by the hand; said he would not have any one introduce me; and, with a manner which I often thought was *charmed*, at once banished every apprehension, and completely familiarised me at the Priory. I had often seen Curran—often heard him—often read him; but no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity; he soared in every region, and was at home in all—he touched everything, and seemed as if he had created it; he mastered the human heart with the same ease that he did his violin. You wept and you laughed and you wondered; and the wonderful creature who made you do all at will, never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor. It is said of Swift that his rule was to allow a minute's pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence himself. Curran had no conversational rule whatever: he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a participation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was quite a contented one. Indeed, nothing could exceed the urbanity of his demeanour. At the time I spoke of he was turned sixty, yet he was as playful as a child. The extremes of youth and age were met in him: he had the experience of the one, and the simplicity of the other."

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH AND GEORGE III.

After Lord Loughborough was made an Earl, with the title of Rosslyn, and thus laid on the shelf, as a last move, he retired to a villa remarkable for its want of all beauty and all comforts, but recommended by its near neighbourhood to Windsor Castle, where the former Chancellor was seen dancing a ridiculous attendance upon Royalty, unnoticed by the object of his suit, and marked only by the jeering and motley crowd that frequented the terrace. For three years he lived in this state of public neglect, without the virtue to employ his remaining faculties in his country's service, by parliamentary attendance, or the manliness to use them for his own protection and aggrandisement. When he died, after a few hours' illness, the intelligence was brought to the King, who, with a circumspection abundantly characteristic, asked the bearer of it if he was quite sure of the fact, as Lord Rosslyn had not been ailing before; and, upon being assured that a sudden attack of gout in the stomach had really ended the days of his late servant and once assiduous courtier, his Majesty was graciously pleased to exclaim, "Then he has not left a worse man behind him."

WIT OF SIR WM. SCOTT (LORD STOWELL).

When some sudden and somewhat violent changes of opinion were imputed to a learned Judge, who was always jocosely termed Mrs. —, "Varium et mutabile semper femina," was Sir William Scott's remark. A celebrated physician having said, somewhat more flip-pantly than beseemed the gravity of his cloth, "Oh, you know, Sir William, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician!" "Mayn't he be both, Doctor?" was the arch rejoinder—with a most arch leer, and an insinuating voice half drawled out. "A vicar was once," said his Lordship, "presiding at the dinner of the Admiralty Sessions, so wearied out with his parish-clerk confining himself to the 100th Psalm, that he remonstrated, and insisted upon a variety, which the man promised; but, old habit proving too strong for him, the old words were, as usual, given out next Sunday—'All people that on earth do dwell.' Upon this the vicar's temper could hold out no longer, and, jutting his head over the desk, he cried, 'Danin all people that on earth do dwell!'—a very compendious form of anethema," added the learned chief of the Spiritual Court. As Sir William Scott could imagine nothing better than the existing state of any given thing, he could see only peril and hazard in the search for anything new; and with him it was quite enough to characterise a measure as "a mere novelty," to deter him at once from entertaining it—a phrase of which Mr. Speaker Abbot, with some humour, once took advantage to say, when asked by his friend what that mass of papers might be, pointing to the huge bundle of the acts of a single session, "Mere novelties, Sir William—mere novelties."

INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

At a celebrated watering-place, a man was fined five shillings and costs for being found in a state of inebriation; when he made an elaborate appeal to their worships (the Bench) *in mitigation of damages*, founded upon the extreme hardship he had undergone in being fined *four* several times *for the same offence*!

ROYAL WIG.

Mr. P., a gentleman of Berkshire, and M.P. for Reading, once dammed the Royal wig in the very presence of George III.; with great credit, however, to his own loyalty, and very much to the amusement of the King. The King was out a-hunting; P—— was *in*, and *of*, the field; the King's horse fell; the King was thrown from the saddle, and his hat and wig were thrown to a little distance from him; he got on his feet again immediately, and began to look about for the hat and wig, which he did not readily see, being short-sighted. P——, very much alarmed by the accident, rides up in great haste and arrives at the moment when the King is peering about and saying to the attendants, "Where's my wig? where's my wig?" P—— cries out, "D—n your wig! is *your Majesty safe*?"

PALEY'S SERMONS.

Paley preached a sermon at Lincoln for the benefit of a charity school. In the course of this sermon he related, in familiar but sufficiently dignified language, a story of a man who, giving evidence on a trial respecting some prescriptive right claimed by the trustees of the charity, was browbeaten by the questioning counsel:—"I suppose the fact to which you swear happened when you were a charity boy, and used to go to school there?" The witness calmly replied, "*I was* a charity-boy; and all the good that has befallen me in life has arisen from the education I received at that school." Paley drew hence an argument in favour of the institution for which he pleaded. The whole discourse pleased his auditors, and a deputation waited on him to request he would print it. "Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment; but I must give the same answer that I have given on other like occasions; and that answer is—The tap is out." "The Archbishop of York," said he, speaking of a late primate, "preached one day at Carlisle; I was present, and felt muzzy and half asleep; when on a sudden I was roused, and began to prick up my ears; and what should I hear but a whole page of one of my own books quoted word for word; and this without the least acknowledgement, though it was a '*white bear*,' a passage that is often quoted and well known." "Now," said Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, who related the anecdote, "guess what inference Paley drew from this plagiarism. No; if that court were full of people, not one of them would be able to guess: it was this—I suppose the archbishop's wife makes his grace's sermons for him."

LEARNING FRENCH.

When Brummell was obliged, "by money, debt, and all that," to retire to France, he knew no French; and, having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, Scrope Davies was asked, what progress the beau had made in French: he replied that "Brummell had been stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, *by the elements*."

FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

Capt. Basil Hall, in his "Travels in North America," says:—"On the 12th of December we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin—dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved upon it but these words:—

BENJAMIN	}	FRANKLIN
and		
DEBORAH		
		1790.

Franklin, it will be recollected, wrote a humorous epitaph for himself; but his good taste and good sense showed him how unsuitable to his living character it would have been to jest in such a place. After all, his literary works, scientific fame, and his undoubted patriotism form his best epitaph. Still it may be thought, he might have been distinguished in his own land by a more honourable resting-place than the obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground, where his bones lie indiscriminately along with those of ordinary mortals; and his tomb, already well nigh hid in the rubbish, may soon be altogether lost. One little circumstance, however, about this spot is very striking. No regular path has been made to the grave, which lies considerably out of the road; but the frequent tread of visitors having pressed down the rank grass which grows in such places, the way to the tombstone is readily found without any guide."

ERRORS OF THE PRESS, BY A REPORTER.

I once had occasion to report, that a certain "noble Lord was confined to his house with a *violent cold*." Next morning, I found his Lordship represented to be "confined with a *violent scold*!" In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment, I had said "that the first point of attraction and admiration were her *Ladyship's looks*;" this compliment was transferred by the printer to her "*Ladyship's cooks*!" My praises of the "*Infant Iyra*" were converted to a panegyric on the "*infant lyar*." In an account of General Saldanha's conduct at Oporto, I observed that he "*behaved like a hero*," while the printer made it appear that he "*behaved like a hare*." "We," says the *John Bull*, "often suffer in this way. About two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of *fiends* in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting *peasants*; and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a *surgeon* was taken alive in the river, and sold to the inhabitants at 6d. and 10d. per pound."

NELSON AND BECKFORD.

Lord Nelson was on a visit at Mr. Beckford's, in Grosvenor-square, at a time of general scarcity, when persons in every rank of life denied themselves the use of that necessary article of food, bread, at dinner, and were content, for the sake of example, with such vegetables as the season afforded. Lord Nelson, however, contrary to the established etiquette of the dinner-table, called for bread, and was respectfully informed by one of the servants in waiting, that, in consequence of the scarcity of wheat, bread was wholly dispensed with at the dinner-table of Mr. Beckford. Nelson looked angry; and, desiring his own attendant to be called, he drew forth a shilling from his pocket, and commanded him to go out and purchase him a loaf; observing, that, after having fought for his bread, he thought it hard that his countrymen should deny it to him.

HEAD WAGER.

The following is a story from a MS., copied by Guillard, in his life of Francis I.:—Duprat said in one of the conversations with the Emperor's minister, that he would consent to lose his head if his sovereign had aided Robert de la Mark against Charles. The Spanish Chancellor claimed Duprat's head as forfeited, for he said he had in his possession letters which proved Francis's connivance with Robert de la Mark. "My head is my own yet," replied Duprat, "for I have the originals of the letters you allude to, and they in no manner justify the scorn you would put upon them." "If I had won your head," replied the Imperial Chancellor, "you might keep it still. I protest I would rather have a pig's head, for that would be more eatable."

A PUNSTER.

Doctor Barton was a punster. He said, "The fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a *stop* to it." Whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain.

He invited, for the love of punning, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rooke to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearing, said, "Mr. Rooke! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *Bird more*!"

He married his niece to a gentleman of the hopeful name of Buckle. The enterprise succeeded beyond his expectation. Mrs. Buckle was delivered of twins. "A pair of Buckles!" "Boys or girls?" said a congratulating friend: the answer may be supposed.

To him, though it has been attributed to others, belongs the glory or the shame of having said to one, who, having re-established his health by a diet of milk and eggs, took a wife: "So, you have been *egged* on to matrimony: I hope the *yoke* will sit easy on you."

BULL, AND NO BULL.

"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster-bridge, the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' said I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well,' says he, 'thank you, Donnelly.' 'Donnelly!' says I, 'that's not *my* name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' says he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us—and where's the bull of *that*, now?"

HOOK ANSWERED.

Theodore Hook, in passing along Coventry-street, one night, where a sewer was being repaired, looked down into the cavity, calling out to the workmen, "What are you about? What are you looking for?" The men at the bottom being much engaged, and not caring to answer Hook's repeated calls, replied, "We are looking for a seven-shilling piece, which, perhaps, you want more than we do," to the no small amusement of the by-standers.

A COMPARISON.

Lord Brougham now and then relapses into a Bar recollection. The following is his best, and, as such, is his most frequent story. It is a happy instance of the elucidation of facts in court:—

During the assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:—

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?" "I should say it wur a largeish stone."

"What was its size?" "I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it wur a stone of some bigness?"

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?" "Why, as near as I recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?" "Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

DR. WILLIAMS AND THE HORSE-EYE WATER.

The *Louisville Journal* tells us a good story of Dr. Williams's practice in Cincinnati. The oculist, according to that paper, has two bottles of eye-water, the one to make human, and the other to make horse, eyes. It happened that, while in Cincinnati, application was made to the oculist by a man with one eye, who had a horse in the same condition. As he desired a cure for both, the doctor took his two bottles with him, but, unfortunately, through some strange mistake, changed them. The consequence was, that a horse-eye soon made its appearance in the man's head, and a human eye in the horse's. The whole town became so exasperated, that the doctor had to leave forthwith.

EARLY PROFLIGACY.

Sir Boyle Roche, the blunderer, rose one day in the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a more serious and grave air than usual: "Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such, Mr. Speaker, that little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker."

SAFE MINISTRY.

Mr. Windham made a capital simile on the state of the Ministry, soon after the Whigs had seen Percival fixed in power by the Prince Regent:—"We waste powder and shot upon them," said he; "they are like wild-fowl in a lake: we may knock them down fast enough, but the difficulty is to get them out."

ADDISONIANA.

Mr. Tyers, in "A Historical Essay on Mr. Addison," printed, but not published, has mentioned some facts concerning him, with which we were not before acquainted. These are, that he was laid out for dead as soon as he was born; that when he addressed his verses on the English poets to Henry Sacheverel, he courted that gentleman's sister; that whenever Jacob Tonson came to him for the "Spectator," "Bayle's French Historical and Critical Dictionary" lay always open before him; that upon his return to England, after his travels, he discharged some old debts he had contracted at Oxford, with the generosity of good interest; that he was put into plentiful circumstances by the death of a brother in the East Indies; that having received encouragement from a married lady, of whom he had been formerly enamoured, he had the integrity to resist the temptation; that he refused a gratification of a three hundred pounds bank-note, and afterwards of a diamond ring of the same value, from a Major Dunbar, whom he had endeavoured to serve in Ireland by his interest with Lord Sunderland; and that his daughter by Lady Warwick died unmarried, residing at Bilton, near Rugby, and possessing an income of more than twelve hundred a year.

Addison and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion Mr. Addison lent Mr. Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this Mr. Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject on which Mr. Stanyan had always been used strenuously to oppose his opinion. But even upon this occasion he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, "Either contradict me or pay me the money."

A SETTLER.

Lord Norbury was one day interrupted in his charge to the jury by the loud braying of a donkey in the street of the assize town. "What's that?" asked his Lordship. Mr. Parsons (with whom his Lordship had just had a fiery flare-up) rose, and gravely assured him that it was merely "*the echo of the Court.*"

WITCHCRAFT.

There is a record in the parish register of Tannadice, near Forfar, of the closing of the church on a certain Sunday, because the minister had to go elsewhere to superintend the burning of a witch.

ACQUAINTANCE.

Never say "How is your wife, your husband, your mother, your grandmother?" &c.; but "How is Mr. or Mrs. —, Lord or Lady —?" Two of the strangest offenders against this rule were Nollekens the sculptor, and Delpini the clown. Nollekens, invariably asked George III., when a sitting commenced, how his "wife and family" were doing? and Delpini thus addressed the late Duke of York, in the hope of inducing him to intercede with Sheridan for the payment of his salary:—"Sare, if he no pay me soon, I shall be put in your papa's Bench," meaning the King's Bench Prison. It was Delpini, by the way, who, during the Gordon riots, when people, to protect themselves against the mob, chalked "No Popery" on their doors, by way of greater security, chalked "No Religion" upon his.

ANNOUNCING NAMES.

Have your name clearly announced, and it will be prudent to take care that the servants make no mistake regarding it. The mishap that, as we read, befell a certain Mr. Delaflete, in London, may serve to illustrate the consequence of want of caution in this respect. From the indistinct mode of pronouncing his name, the porter understood it to be *Delaflete*, and so proclaimed it to the groom of the chambers, who, somehow or other, mistook the initial letter of the name, and the luckless visitor, a quiet, shy, reserved young man, was actually ushered into the midst of a crowded drawingroom by the ominous appellation of *Mr. Hclaflete*. On the other hand, do not be too precise in your instructions, or you may be placed in the predicament of Lady A. and her daughter, who having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Honourable Lady A. and the Honourable Miss A., at length took him seriously to task, and desired that in future he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter—and Devonshire House was electrified by the intelligence that *Simple Lady A.* and *Plain Miss A.* were "coming up."

HINT TAKEN.

Voltaire, after being on terms of friendship with the King of Prussia, owing to his wit, gave some offence; when the King said to some of his courtiers—"When we squeeze the orange and have sucked the juice, we throw the rest away." "Then," said Voltaire, "*I must take care of the peel,*" and quit-
ted his Prussian Majesty's dominions.

POLITENESS OF GEORGE IV.

It is related of George IV., when Prince of Wales, that he was once observed to bow to every one in the street who saluted him, till he came to the man who swept the crossing, whom he passed without notice. The question, whether he was right in making this exception, has been gravely discussed, and decided in the Prince's favour:—"To salute a beggar without giving him anything, would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a prince."

BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER.

The Duke of Northumberland, when first he called to see Mr. Bewick's workshops at Newcastle, was not personally known to the engraver; yet he showed him his birds, blocks, and drawings, as he did to all, with the greatest liberality and cheerfulness; but, on discovering the high rank of his visitor, exclaimed, "I beg pardon, my Lord, I did not know your Grace, and was unaware I had the honour of talking to so great a man." To which the Duke good-humouredly replied, "You are a much greater man than I am, Mr. Bewick." To this Bewick, with his ready wit that never failed or offended, returned, "No, my Lord; but were I Duke of Northumberland, perhaps I could be."

STEAM-BOAT RACING.

Sir Charles Lyell, when in the United States, received the following advice from a friend:—"When you are racing with an opposition steam-boat, or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the captain, who is sitting on the safety-valve to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine, and lose no time, especially if you hear the captain exclaim 'Fire up, boys; put on the resin!' Should a servant call out, 'Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please to go to the ladies' cabin, obey the summons without a moment's delay, for then an explosion may be apprehended.' 'Why to the ladies' cabin,' said I. 'Because it is the safe end of the boat, and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars, being, of course, indifferent about the rest. Therefore never pay in advance; for should you fall overboard during a race, and the watch cries out to the captain, 'A passenger overboard,' he will ask, 'Has he paid his passage?' and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out 'Go ahead.'"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A Siamese chief, hearing an Englishman expatiate upon the magnitude of our navy, and afterwards say that England was at peace, coolly observed, "If you are at peace with all the world, why do you keep up so great a navy?" The very fact of the greatness of the navy maintains peace.

RIDING.

A man about town, who, from his tall stature, obtained the *soubriquet* of "Long," complained to Scrope Davies, that, in riding, he had a *stitch* in his side. "I don't wonder at it," said Scrope, "for you ride like a tailor."

WHIST.

Dr. George Horne having engaged in a party at whist, merely because he was wanted to make up the number, and playing indifferently ill, as he forewarned his partner would be the case, he replied to the angry question, "What reason could you possibly have for playing that card?" "None upon earth, I assure you."

BURKE'S VISIT TO BEDLAM.

While Burke was making preparations for the indictment before the House of Lords of Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, he was told that a person who had long resided in the East Indies, but who was then an inmate of Bedlam, could supply him with much useful information. Burke went accordingly to Bedlam, was taken to the cell of the maniac, and received from him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the results of much and various knowledge and experience in Indian affairs, and much instruction for the process then intended. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper who attended him that the poor man whom he had just visited was most iniquitously practised upon; for that he was as much in his senses as man could be. The keeper assured him that there was sufficient warranty and very good cause for his confinement. Burke, with what a man in office once called "Irish impetuosity," known to be one of Burke's characteristics, insisted that it was an infamous affair, threatened to make the affair public, or even bring it before Parliament. The keeper then said, "Sir, I should be sorry for you to leave this house under a false impression: before you do so, be pleased to step back to the poor gentleman's cell, and ask him what he had for breakfast." Burke could not refuse compliance with a request so reasonable and easily performed. "Pray, sir," said he to his Indian counsellor, "be so obliging as to tell me what you had for breakfast." The other, immediately putting on the wild stare of the maniac, cried out, "Hobnails, sir! It is shameful to think how they treat us! They give us nothing but hobnails!" and went on with a "descant wild" on the horrors of the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital. Burke staid no longer than that his departure might not seem abrupt.

ROYAL RESIDENCES.

Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, was distinguished by a row of pillars in front; and York House, Whitehall, the residence of his brother, by a circular court, serving as a kind of entrance-hall, which still remains, and may be seen from the street. These two buildings being described to Lord North, who was blind in the latter part of his life, he facetiously remarked: "Then the Duke of York, it should seem, has been sent to the Round House, and the Prince of Wales put in the Pillory."

PROMISING TOAST.

Marylebone Gardens and bowling-green, in the last century, were frequented by the high rank and fashion of the town. Lady Mary Wortley Montague alludes to the fondness of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, for this place:—

"Some Dukes at Marybone bowl time away."

Here, at the end of the season, as Quin told Pennant, the Duke gave a dinner to the chief frequenters of the place, drinking the toast which he thought appropriate, "May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring meet here again."

FEDEROFF'S STEAM-ENGINE.

Michael Vassily Federoff, a young man twenty-five years of age, and a native of Selste, a village in the circle of Ladoga, arrived in July, 1837, at St. Petersburg, in a steam-boat of his own construction—"relying," as he himself expressed it, "on that God who had enlightened his mind."

From his earliest youth, Federoff, who had never moved out of the village, evinced the most decided love of mechanics. When twelve years old, his father excited his eager curiosity by the accounts which he gave him of the steam-vessels he had seen in St. Petersburg; but he could not obtain any further information than that these vessels were set in motion by means of wheels, which were impelled by a machine somewhat similar to a tea-kettle. The boy instantly recollected that he had seen a kettle in the priest's house, and ran away to ascertain in what manner the steam made its escape from it. Upon returning home he set to work, and converted a cask into a sort of kettle, the steam from which he applied to the turning of the wings of a little windmill which he had constructed. By minutely observing the various effects of the steam, he advanced step by step in his discoveries, until, having at length contrived to produce a rotary motion, he imagined that he had found out the secret of constructing a steam-vessel. After the decease of his father, he went to St. Petersburg for the purpose of prying into the internal mechanism of one of those vessels, but this he was not permitted to do: he returned home, therefore, without seeing anything beyond their exterior. He succeeded, however, with the aid of a copper-smith in the village, in

making the boiler which impelled his little craft; it was totally different from any of the boilers now in use, and that not more than one-third of a horse's power.

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

A learned doctor having printed two heavy volumes of "Natural History," a friend remarked to him that his publication was, in several particulars, extremely erroneous; and when the other defended his volumes, replied, "Pray, doctor, are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am, sir," was the reply. "Why, then, sir," added his critic, "I advise you to send your work where you send your vagrants to, that is, to the house of correction."

MAYORALTY READING.

Many years ago, before the besom of Corporation Reform had swept out the country boroughs, a barber of East Retford, Notts, had thrust upon him the greatness of being elected mayor of the place. The schoolmaster was not then abroad, and the tonsor was far from being at home in his letters; the earliest official business had well nigh put his worship to the blush. At the first public meeting he was about to read a document in due form, when a friend, standing next to his worship, gently reminded him that he held the paper upside down. "Nonsense!" replied he, in all the plenitude of corporation assurance, "has not the mayor of East Retford the right to read *whichever way he pleases*?"

BLOW YOUR NOSE.

Sir William Chere had a very long nose, and was playing at backgammon with old General Brown: during this time, Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff-box, seldom making the application necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, and being at the same time in a very bad humour with the game, the General said, "Sir William, blow your nose." "Blow it yourself," said Sir William. "'tis as near you as me!"

THE PRICE OF POSSESSIONS.

A friend from childhood of Marshal Lefèvre, Duke of Dantzic, who had not run so brilliant a career as himself, came to see him at Paris: the Marshal received him warmly, and lodged him in his hotel, when the friend could not cease his exclamations upon the richness of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, and the goodness of the table, always adding, "Oh! how happy are you!" "I see you are envious of what I have," said the Marshal; "well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had: come into the court, I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times, at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. . . . What! you won't? Very well; recollect, then, that I had been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived where you find me."

BUNYAN'S ESCAPES.

Bunyan had some providential escapes during his early life. Once, he fell into a creek of the sea, once out of a boat into the river Ouse, near Bedford, and each time he was narrowly saved from drowning. One day, an adder crossed his path. He stunned it with a stick, then forced open its mouth with a stick and plucked out the tongue, which he supposed to be the sting, with his fingers; "by which act," he says, "had not God been merciful unto me, I might, by my desperation, have brought myself to an end." If this, indeed, were an adder, and not a harmless snake, his escape from the fangs was more remarkable than he himself was aware of. A circumstance, which was likely to impress him more deeply, occurred in the eighteenth year of his age, when, being a soldier in the Parliament's army, he was drawn out to go to the siege of Leicester, in 1645. One of the same company wished to go in his stead; Bunyan consented to exchange with him, and this volunteer substitute, standing sentinel one day at the siege, was shot through the head with a musket-ball. "This risk," Sir Walter Scott observes, "was one somewhat resembling the escape of Sir Roger de Coverley, in an action at Worcester, who was saved from the slaughter of that action, by having been absent from the field."—*Southey*.

OPERA-HOUSE SPECULATION.

The history of Edward Thomas Delafield, as related in the Court of Bankruptcy, furnishes as beautiful an illustration of the way in which inexperienced young men are ruined in London as any moralist could desire. Mr. Delafield resembled Louis Napoleon in one very important particular—he had an uncle. That amiable relative died some twenty years ago, leaving £100,000 to his nephew, then a child. In due time the wealthy minor went to Oxford. Having finished his studies, he embarked his £100,000 in the brewery of Combe, Delafield, and Co., about the latter end of 1845. His income during the two years he was a brewer would have been about £7500 a year, had he been content with what his capital produced, in the shape of interest at 5 per cent., and profits to the extent of £2500 per annum. But this moderate amount was not sufficient for his liberal style of expenditure. The rent of his house in Belgrave-square, including what he paid for stables, was £1095; and, in good keeping with this, the wear and tear of horses, carriages, and harness amounted to £2873. The expenses in Brighton, in 1846, were £973; not to speak of keep of horses, wages of coachmen and grooms, £2303; apparel of servants and liveries, £1251; wages of butler, gardeners, and others, £1364; hotel expenses, £834; or the somewhat large item of £4368, which was set down in the balance-sheet as "private expenditure." But the mere living in this expensive manner would not have swallowed up his large fortune quite as fast, had

he not allowed himself to be drawn into the maelström of Opera-house management. While sitting in his private box at the Italian Opera (Covent-Garden), one evening, in the summer of 1847, Mr. Beale joined him, and, after some conversation about the splendour of the scenery, the beauty of the actresses, and the charms of the dancers, informed him confidentially that the establishment was in difficulties; Persiani was gone, and money was required to pay the *artistes*, or the theatre must close. To avert so dire a catastrophe, Mr. Delafield, whose wealth seemed boundless, was asked merely to give a promissory note for £3000. At this time he had no connexion with the Opera-house; but from that hour he was gradually led on to become a partner in the management of its affairs. This took place in August, 1848, nearly a year after he had retired from the brewery, taking all his capital with him. The terms on which he joined the management were, that he was not to incur any liability beyond £15,000; but before a year was over, he had lost four times that sum. His partners all contrived to shift the responsibility on his shoulders; and, as long as he could draw upon his bankers, he continued to pay the various *artistes*, at the following rates:—

Mesdames	Grisi	£5156
"	Alboni	4000
"	Viardot Garcia	4313
"	Castellan	1728
"	Persiani	1140
Signor	Mario	4580
"	Tamburini	2805
"	Salvi	2570
"	Marini	1850
"	Roger	1910

And a large number of lesser stars, at salaries varying from £50 to £697 each. During the same year he bought Willow-Bank House from General Conyers for £5000; but the mansion, which was good enough for that gentleman, did not satisfy Mr. Delafield, who had it pulled down and rebuilt at a cost of several thousand pounds. By the end of 1848 the young gentleman was completely ruined; but his credit was not entirely gone. He commenced the operatic season of 1849 by a loan of £2000 from his bankers; and soon after was obliged to make his escape to the Continent to avoid unpleasant consequences, where he remained for some months. When the fiat of bankruptcy was struck, it appeared that his debts amounted to £33,000, and that the only available assets were—good debts, £3 14s. 6d.! In little more than three years his £100,000 had been swept away, together with £14,164, which he received as interest and profit on his capital while partner in the brewery. A reversionary interest, to the amount of £6000, had been assigned to Mr. Beale for an old debt of £3000; and all that remained for the creditors, to whom he owed £33,000, was £3 14s. 6d.! In addition to this sum, Mr. Beale was ultimately induced to surrender £1000 to them.

EXTRAORDINARY TRANSPOSITION IN MUSIC

At one of the principal churches of Pesth, the performance of the "Messiah" was appointed for a charitable purpose. On the morning of the day appointed for the oratorio, it was discovered that the organ had been tuned exactly a semitone too high. This would greatly distress the principal singers; but how it was to be remedied no one could tell, until the organist, a Bohemian, suggested that he should play the whole one-half note lower, and which he actually effected. Only thorough musicians can appreciate the difficulty of such a task, and the surprise was still greater at the facility of the performance.

SIDNEY SMITH.

It is impossible to imagine a more thorough contrast to those of Lord Jeffrey than the writings of Sidney Smith exhibit. Though a reverend and pious divine, the prebendary of St. Paul's had very little of the sacerdotal character in his writings. His conversational talents were great, his success in the highest London society unbounded; but the intoxicating course neither relaxed the vigour of his application, nor deadened the warmth of his feelings. His powers, and they were of no ordinary kind, were always directed, though sometimes with mistaken zeal, to the interests of humanity. His sayings, like those of Talleyrand, were repeated from one end of the empire to the other. These brilliant and sparkling qualities are conspicuous in his writings, and have mainly contributed to their remarkable success both in this country and America. There is scarcely any scholarship, and little information, to be met with in his works. Few take them up to be instructed; many to be amused. He has little of the equanimity of the judge about him, but a great deal of the wit and jocularly of the pleader. He would have made a first-rate jury counsel, for he would alternately have driven them by the force of his arguments, and amused them by the brilliancy of his expressions. There is no more vigorous and forcible diatribe in our language than his celebrated letter on North American repudiation, which roused the attention, and excited the admiration, of the repudiators themselves. He has expressed in a single line a great truth, applicable, it is to be feared, to other nations besides the Americans:—"They preferred any load of infamy, however great, to any burden of taxation, however light." But Sidney Smith's blows were expended, and wit lavished, in general, on subjects of passing or ephemeral interest; they were not, like the strokes of Johnson, levelled at the universal frailties and characteristics of human nature. On this account, though their success hitherto has been greater, it is doubtful whether his essays will take so high a lasting place in English literature as those of Lord Jeffrey, which in general treat of works of permanent interest.—*M. Alison's "Essays."*

STATISTICS OF BACHELORISM.

A married lady has favoured us with the following report:—Bachelors henpecked by their housekeepers, 3185; pestered by legacy-hunting relatives, 1796; devoured by *ennui* and selfish cares, 2064; troubled and tormented by nephews and nieces (so called), 1883; crabbed, cross-grained, and desolate in life's decline, 5384; happy, none.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The following is an extract from a quaint work, published in 1661, by Dr. Joseph Glanville, a native of Plymouth, entitled "The Danger of Dogmatising;" and as the properties and deflections of the magnetic needle are so well described, it is highly probable they were known in the earliest years of the seventeenth century. He says, at chap. 21:—"Another instance of a supposed impossibility which may not be so. Of conference at distance by impregnated needles. That men should confer at very distant removes, by an extemporary intercourse, is a reputed impossibility; but yet there are some hints in natural operations that give us probability that it is feasible, and may be compassed without unwarrantable assistance from demoniac correspondence. That a couple of needles equally touched by the same magnet, being set in two dials exactly proportioned to each other, and circumscribed by the letters of the alphabet, may affect this magnet, hath considerable authorities to avouch it. The manner of it is thus presented:—Let the friends that would communicate take each a dial, and having appointed a time for their sympathetic conference, let one move his impregnated needle to any letter in the alphabet, and its affected fellow will precisely repeat the same. So that I would know what my friend would acquaint me with, it is but observing the letters that are pointed at by my needle, and in their order transcribing them from their sympathising index as its motion directs; and I may be assured that my friend describes the same with his, and that the words on my paper are of his inditing. Now, though there will be some contrivance in the circumstance of this invention, in that the thus impregnated needles will not move to, but avert from each other (as ingenious Dr. Browne, in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, hath observed), yet this cannot prejudice the main design of this way of secret conveyance, since it is but counter to the magnetic informer, and noting the letter which is most distant in the Abecedarian circle from that which the needle turns to, and the case is not altered. Now, though this desirable effect possibly may not yet answer the expectation of inquisitive experiment, yet it is no despicable item, that by some other such way of magnetic efficiency it may hereafter with success be attempted, when magical history shall be enlarged by riper inspections: and it is not likely but that present discoveries might be improved to the performance."

CHELSEA BUNS.

Chelsea has been famed for its buns since the commencement of the last century. Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," 1712, writes, "Pray are not the fine buns sold here in our town, as the rare Chelsea buns? I bought one to-day in my walk," &c. They were made and sold at "the Old Chelsea Bun-house," in Jew's row, a one-storied building, with a colonnade projecting over the foot-pavement. It was for many years the custom of the Royal Family and the nobility and gentry to visit the Bun-house in the morning. George II., Queen Caroline, and the Princesses frequently honoured the proprietor, Mrs. Hand, with their company, as did also George III. and Queen Charlotte; and her Majesty presented Mrs. Hand with a silver half-gallon mug, with five guineas in it. On Good Friday mornings, upwards of 50,000 persons have assembled here, when disturbances often arose among the London mob; and in one day more than £250 have been taken for buns. The Bun-house was also much frequented by visitors to Ranelagh, after the closing of which the bun trade declined. Notwithstanding, on Good Friday, April 18, 1839, upwards of 240,000 buns were sold here. Soon after, the Bun-house was sold and pulled down; and at the same time was dispersed a collection of pictures, models, grotesque figures, and modern antiques, which had for a century added the attractions of a museum to the bun celebrity. Another bun-house has been built; but the olden charm of the place has fled. In the "Mirror" for April 6, 1839, are two views of the old Bun-house, which were taken just before its demolition.—"*Curiosities of London*," by John Timbs.

A LANCASHIRE FIGHT.

A Lancashire fight is something far worse than the Pancratium of old. The native peasantry know nothing about boxing, as such. In their quarrels they literally fall foul of and maul each other in every possible manner—with the fists, teeth, and feet. Instances have been known in which a nose has been lost, or a rib broken, or a jaw knocked in, during the scuffle. We ourselves once saw a brutal fellow, after having mastered his antagonist, and rescued himself from his gripe, jump suddenly on his legs, and begin to kick his ribs with his huge wooden clogs. The subject has been sketched by one who, to the advantage of a life passed among these people, unites an easy, flowing, and graphic style. Let Bamford, the Middleton poet, describe to our readers the details of a species of conflict with which few of them, perhaps, are familiar. The passage is extracted from his interesting and, by snatches, poetic little volume, entitled "The Life of a Radical," a work which ought not to be limited to a provincial circulation:—"The combatants were our friend the poacher, and another man, younger and heavier, who chiefly earned his living by dog-breaking, and under-strapping to game-

keepers and their masters. Betwixt the men there had been an unfriendly feeling for some time, and now, over this potent ale—for it was good, though new—their hostility was again excited, and probably decided. The ring was formed with as much silence as possible. The men stripped to their waists, and then kneeled down and tied their shoes fast on their feet. They then dodged for the first grip, much as game-cocks do for the first fly; and after about a minute so spent, they rushed together and grappled, and in a moment the dog-man gave the poacher a heavy kick on the knee, and was at the same time thrown violently on the ground on his back, his antagonist alighting on him like a 'bag of bones.' It was now a ground fight for some time, and exhibited all the feats of a Lancashire battle, which I take to have been derived from a very remote date, long before the 'Art of Self-defence,' or indeed almost any other art, was known in these islands. There was not, however, any of that gouging of the eyes, or biting the flesh, or tearing or lacerating other parts, which are often imputed to Lancashire fighters by cockney sportsmen and others, who know little about them. It was all fair play, though certainly of a very rough sort, and as thorough a thing of the kind as I had ever seen. Doggy, after gaining breath, tried to turn on his belly, which Poacher aimed to prevent, pressing the wind out of him by his weight upon the chest as he lay across him, and, at times, throttling him until his eyes started as if they were looking into another world. In one of those suffocating agonies, Doggy flung round one leg, and locked it in one of his opponent's, and in a moment they were twisted together like the knot of a boa constrictor; and the next, Doggy turned on his belly, and got on his knees. There was a loud shout, and much cursing and swearing; and several bets were offered and taken as to the issue of the contest. Poacher now laid all the weight he could on Doggy's head and neck, to prevent him from getting upright. He grasped him below the arms, and kept clutching his throat; and the latter, for want of breath to carry on with, kept tearing his hands from their gripe; both snorted like porpoises, and it began to appear that our friend Poacher was the worst for wind. Some heavy kicking now ensued, until the white bones were seen grinning through the gashes in their legs, and their stockings were soaked in blood. Poacher was evidently a brave man, though now coming second. In one of his struggles, Doggy freed himself, and rushed on Poacher with a kick that made the crew set their teeth, and look for splintered bones; and Poacher stood it, though he felt it. There was another clutch, and a sudden fling, in which Poacher was uppermost, and Doggy falling with his neck doubled under, he rolled over and lay without breath or motion, black in the face, and with blood oozing from his ears and nostrils. All said he was killed."

SMOLLETT'S "HUGH STRAP."

In the year 1809 was interred, in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the body of one Hew Hewson, who died at the age of 85. He was the original of Hugh Strap, in Smollett's "Roderick Random." Upwards of forty years he kept a hair-dresser's shop in St. Martin's parish; the walls were hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintances the several scenes in "Roderick Random" pertaining to himself, which had their origin, not in Smollett's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The meeting in a barber's shop at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they experienced from Strap's friend, are all facts. The barber left behind an annotated copy of "Roderick Random," showing how far we are indebted to the genius of the author, and to what extent the incidents are founded in reality.

KATHERINE HAYES'S MURDER OF HER HUSBAND.

There are few records in the annals of crime, which exhibit so striking a chain of horrible circumstances, overtaken by "God's revenge against murder," as the case of Katherine Hayes, who was executed for the murder of her husband in the year 1726. Hayes, who was possessed of some little property, lived with his wife Katherine in Tyburn, now Oxford-road. Mrs. Hayes prevailed upon two men, named Billings (who lodged in the house) and Wood, a friend of Hayes, to assist her in murdering her husband. To facilitate that object, Hayes was induced to drink the enormous quantity of seven bottles (at that time full quarts) of Mountain wine, besides other intoxicating drinks. After finishing the seventh bottle, he fell on the floor, but soon after arose and threw himself on a bed. There, whilst in a state of stupefaction, he was dispatched by Billings and Wood striking him on the head with a hatchet. The murderers then held council as to the best mode of concealing their crime, and it was determined that they should mutilate and dispose of the body. They cut off the head, Mrs. Hayes holding a pail to catch the blood; and she proposed that the head should be boiled till the flesh came from the skull. This advice was rejected on account of the time which the process suggested would occupy, and Billings and Wood carried the head in the pail (it was at night) to the Horseferry at Westminster, and there cast it into the Thames. On the following day the murderers separated the limbs from the body, and wrapping them, together with the trunk, in two blankets, carried them to Marylebone-fields, and placed them in a pond.

Hayes's head not having been carried away by the tide, as the murderers expected it would have been, was found floating at the Horseferry in the morning. The atten-

tion of the authorities was drawn to the circumstance, and the magistrates being of opinion that a murder had been committed, caused the head to be washed and the hair combed out, and then had it placed on a pole and exposed to public view in St. Margaret's churchyard, in the hope that it might lead to the discovery of the suspected crime. Great crowds of persons of all ranks flocked to St. Margaret's churchyard to see the head, and amongst the rest a young man named Bennett, who perceiving the likeness to Hayes, whom he knew, immediately went to Mrs. Hayes on the subject; but she assured him that her husband was alive and well, which satisfied him. A journeyman tailor, named Patrick, also went to see the head, and on his return told his fellow-workmen that it was Hayes. These workmen, who also had known Hayes, then went to look at the head, and felt the same conviction. It happened that Billings worked at the same shop in which these men were employed in Monmouth-street, and when he came to work next morning they told him of the circumstance. Billings, however, lulled their suspicions by declaring that he had left Mr. Hayes at home that morning. After the head had been exhibited for four days in the churchyard, the magistrates caused it to be placed in spirits, in a glass vessel, and in that state it continued to be exposed to public view. Two friends of Hayes, named Ashley and Longmore, who had seen the head without imagining that it was his, some time after called on Mrs. Hayes, on separate occasions, to inquire for her husband, whose absence began to be noticed. Ashley and Longmore were mutual friends, and their suspicions being excited by the contradictory statements which Mrs. Hayes had given to them, they went to look again at the head, when a minute examination satisfied them that it had belonged to Hayes. The apprehension of the murderers was the result. On the day they were brought up for examination, the trunk and limbs of the murdered man were found. Wood and Billings confessed and pleaded guilty. Katherine Hayes put herself on her country, was tried and convicted. Wood died in prison. Billings was hanged in Marylebone-fields, near the pond in which Hayes's body had been concealed. Katherine Hayes was executed at Tyburn, under circumstances of great horror; for, in consequence of the fire reaching the executioner's hands, he left his hold of the rope with which he ought to have strangled the criminal, before he had executed that part of his duty, and the result was, that Katherine Hayes was burnt alive. The wretched woman was seen, in the midst of flames, pushing the blazing faggots from her, whilst she yelled in agony. Fresh faggots were piled around her, but a considerable time elapsed before her torments ended. She suffered on the 3d of November, 1726. This tragedy forms the subject of a comic ballad, which is attributed to Swift.

SWIFT'S LOVES.

The first of these ladies, whom Swift romantically christened Varina, was a Miss Jane Waryng, to whom he wrote passionate letters, and whom, when he had succeeded in gaining her affections, he deserted, after a sort of seven years' courtship. The next flame of the Dean's was the well-known Miss Esther Johnson, whom he fancifully called Stella. Somehow, he had the address to gain her decided attachment to him, though considerably younger, beautiful in person, accomplished, and estimable. He dangled upon her, fed her hopes of an union, and at length persuaded her to leave London and reside near him in Ireland. His conduct then was of a piece with the rest of his life: he never saw her alone, never slept under the same roof with her, but allowed her character and reputation to be suspected, in consequence of their intimacy; nor did he attempt to remove such by marriage until a late period of his life, when, to save her from dissolution, he consented to the ceremony, upon condition that it should never be divulged; that she should live as before; retain her own name, &c.; and this wedding, upon the above being assented to, was performed in a garden! But Swift never acknowledged her till the day of his death. During all this treatment of his Stella, Swift had ingratiated himself with a young lady of fortune and fashion in London, whose name was Vanhomrig, and whom he called Vanessa. It is much to be regretted that the heartless tormentor should have been so ardently and passionately beloved, as was the case with the latter lady. Selfish, hard-hearted as was Swift, he seemed but to live in disappointing others. Such was his coldness and brutality to Vanessa, that he may be said to have caused her death.

IRELAND'S SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES.

Mr. Samuel Ireland, originally a silk merchant in Spitalfields, was led by his taste for literary antiquities to abandon trade for those pursuits, and published several tours. One of them consisted of an excursion upon the river Avon, during which he explored, with ardent curiosity, every locality associated with Shakspeare. He was accompanied by his son, a youth of sixteen, who imbibed a portion of his father's Shakspearean mania. The youth, perceiving the great importance which his parent attached to every relic of the poet, and the eagerness with which he sought for any of his MS. remains, conceived that it would not be difficult to gratify his father by some productions of his own, in the language and manner of Shakspeare's time. The idea possessed his mind for a certain period; and in 1793, being then in his eighteenth year, he produced some MSS. said to be in the handwriting of Shakspeare, which he said had been given him by a gentleman possessed of many other old papers. The young man, being articled to a solicitor in Chancery, easily fabricated, in

the first instance, the deed of mortgage from Shakspeare to Michael Frazer. The ecstasy expressed by his father urged him to the fabrication of other documents, described to come from the same quarter. Emboldened by success, he ventured upon higher compositions in prose and verse; and at length announced the discovery of an original drama, under the title of "Vortigern," which he exhibited, act by act, written in the period of two months. Having provided himself with the paper of the period, (being the fly-leaves of old books,) and with ink prepared by a bookbinder, no suspicion was entertained of the deception. The father, who was a maniac upon such subjects, gave such *éclat* to the supposed discovery, that the attention of the literary world and all England was drawn to it; insomuch that the son, who had announced other papers, found it impossible to retreat, and was goaded into the production of the series which he had promised.

The house of Mr. Ireland, in Norfolk-street, Strand, was daily crowded to excess by persons of the highest rank, as well as by the most celebrated men of letters. The MSS. being mostly decreed genuine, were considered to be of inestimable worth; and at one time it was expected that Parliament would give any required sum for them. Some conceited amateurs in literature at length sounded an alarm, which was echoed by certain of the newspapers and public journals; notwithstanding which, Mr. Sheridan agreed to give £600 for permission to play "Vortigern" at Drury-lane Theatre. So crowded a house scarcely was ever seen as on the night of the performance, and a vast number of persons could not obtain admission. The predetermined malcontents began an opposition from the outset: some ill-cast characters converted grave scenes into ridicule, and there ensued between the believers and sceptics a contest which endangered the property. The piece was accordingly withdrawn.

The juvenile author was now so beset for information, that he found it necessary to abscond from his father's house; and then, to put an end to the wonderful ferment which his ingenuity had created, he published a pamphlet, wherein he confessed the entire fabrication. Besides "Vortigern," young Ireland also produced a play of "Henry II.;" and, although there were in both such incongruities as were not consistent with Shakspeare's age, both dramas contain passages of considerable beauty and originality.

The admissions of the son did not, however, screen the father from obloquy, and the reaction of public opinion affected his fortunes and his health. Mr. Ireland was the dupe of his zeal upon such subjects; and the son never contemplated at the outset the unfortunate effect. Such was the enthusiasm of certain admirers of Shakspeare, (among them Drs. Parr and Warton,) that they fell upon their knees before the MSS.; and, by

their idolatry, inspired hundreds of others with similar enthusiasm. The young author was filled with astonishment and alarm, which at that stage it was not in his power to check. Sir Richard Phillips, who knew the parties, has thus related the affair in the "Anecdote Library."

In the catalogue of Dr. Parr's Library at Hatton, (*Bibliotheca Parriana*), we find the following attempted explanation by the Doctor:—

"Ireland's (Samuel) Great and impudent forgery, called Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments, under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare, folio, 1796.

"I am almost ashamed to insert this worthless and infamously trickish book. It is said to include the tragedy of "King Lear," and a fragment of "Hamlet." Ireland told a lie when he imputed to me the words which *Joseph Warton* used, the very morning I called on Ireland, and was inclined to admit the possibility of genuineness in his papers. In my subsequent conversation, I told him my change of opinion. But I thought it not worth while to dispute in print with a detected impostor—S. P."

Mr. Ireland died about 1802. His son, William Henry, long survived him; but the forgeries blighted his literary reputation for ever, and he died in straitened circumstances, not many years since. The reputed Shakspearean MSS. we remember to have once seen for sale in a pawnbroker's window, in Wardour-street, Soho.

INTRODUCERS OF FOREIGN TREES INTO ENGLAND.

Among the foremost of these planters we find Henry VIII., whose taste seems to have lain chiefly towards cherry and other fruit trees; Bishop Grindal, of whom Queen Elizabeth complained, when she visited him at Fulham, that he had so surrounded his house with trees that she could not see the prospect from the windows; Gerard, with his choice garden behind his "house in Holborne, in the suburbs of London," as he dates the preface to his "Herbal;" Sir Walter Raleigh, with his park, at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, "beautified with orchardes, gardens, and groves of much varietie and great delight;" James I. issuing a Royal ordinance for the planting of mulberry-trees; and the Duchess of Beaufort, with her "famous garden at Badmington;" followed by a host of others of inferior note. A little later came Bishop Compton, who was the first to send out a collector to North America; John Duke of Argyle, who planted Whifton; Lord Petre, who grew, at Thornden, the first camellias seen in England, and killed them by keeping them in a hot-house; the Earl of Essex, at Cashibury, who "nursed up many a fine tree from seeds sown with his own hands," as his gardener, Cook, informs us; the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, which, from its fine cedars, was called the English Mount Lebanon; the Duke of Northumberland, at Syon,

and the Earl of Coventry, at Croome. In this enumeration we must not forget honest Peter Collinson, the Quaker and linendraper, whose fondness for animated nature was so great, that in one of his letters, published in the "Linnæan Correspondence," he declared every living thing called forth his affections; and in another, that in the decline of life his plants at Millhill furnished his greatest earthly happiness. This worthy man not only exerted himself to introduce foreign trees and shrubs, but he patronised all who wrote about them; and it was entirely through his pecuniary assistance that poor Catesby was enabled to complete his laborious and magnificent work on the "Natural History of the Carolinas."

THE VETERAN KOLOMBESKI.

Jean Kolombeski, born at Astrona (Poland) on the 1st of January, 1730, entered the service of France as a volunteer in the Bourbon Regiment of Infantry, in 1774, at the age of forty-four. He was made corporal in 1790, at the age of sixty. He made all the campaigns of the Revolution and of the Empire in different regiments of infantry, and was incorporated, in 1808, in the 3rd Regiment of the Vistula. He was wounded in 1814, and entered the hospital at Poitiers, which he soon afterwards left to be placed *en subsistence* in the 2nd Regiment of Light Infantry. On the 11th of October of the same year, he was admitted into the 1st company of *sous-officiers sédentaires*; and, in 1846, into the 5th company of Veteran Sub-officers. The last three of these companies having been suppressed by the Minister of War, Kolombeski was placed *en subsistence* in the 61st Regiment of the Line, received a retiring pension by decree of May 17, 1850, and the Minister authorised his admission into the Invalides. Kolombeski is, therefore, more than 120 years of age: he reckons 75½ years of service, and 29 campaigns! He enjoys good health, is strong and well made, and does not appear to be more than seventy or eighty. He performed every duty with his comrades of the 5th Company of Veterans. When King Louis Philippe visited Dreux, Kolombeski was presented to the King, who, taking the decoration from his breast, presented it to the veteran soldier. This is the most astonishing instance of longevity that has, perhaps, been ever known in the army. The Marshal Governor of the Invalides ordered that Kolombeski should be brought to him on his arrival; but, as the old soldier was fatigued, he was taken to the infirmary, and the Governor, informed of it, went to his bedside with General Petit, the commandant of the hotel, and addressed the veteran in the kindest manner. The Governor issued an order that, for the future, all centenarian soldiers admitted into the Hospital should mess with the officers, in order to show his respect for their age, and for the long services they have rendered to the state.

CHARLES I.

Sir Robert Halford was one of the most staunch Royalists in Leicestershire, and frequently assisted the King with money in his difficulties. It is a remarkable circumstance that the descendant of the family, the late Sir Henry Halford, should be the only person, besides George IV., who viewed the body of the decapitated King, upon its discovery, some years since, at Windsor. Sir Henry cut off a lock of the King's hair, and made Sir Walter Scott a present of a part, which he had set in virgin gold; the word "Remember" surrounding it in highly-relieved black letters.

STORY OF THE POET LOVELACE.

In the year 1618, in the parish of Woolwich, and at the seat of his father, Sir William Lovelace—some antique mansion embosomed, may be, amongst elm-tree groves, of which, at the present day, no trace can be discovered—was born the poet, Richard Lovelace, accounted, in his own day, the most handsome and accomplished, the bravest and most noble-minded, among those gallant spirits which the civil troubles called forth, to be at once the admiration and support of their particular party.

His youth an abstract of the world's best parts,
Inured to arms, and exercised in arts;
Good as the best in both; and great; but yet
No dangerous courage nor offensive wit.

So wrote his "noble friend," and the friend of Izaak Walton—hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton, as Charles Lamb calls him—in an elegy on the death of this gallant cavalier.

The brief and romantic career of Lovelace may be summed up almost in a single sentence. He came of age just as the civil war broke out; espoused the cause of the King, and beggared himself in his service; agitated the famous Kentish petition, which he himself presented to the Parliament, and was met, in return, with an immediate commitment to prison. On his discharge, he fought for the French at Dunkirk; and, being wounded, returned to England, when he found the idol of his love, the beautiful Lucy Sacheverel—she to whom the most tender and most enduring of his poems had been addressed—married to another; when, as if to add to his grief, he was again imprisoned, and it was not till after the death of the King that he, for the second time, regained his liberty. Towards the close of his career, which, had he fallen on other and more fortunate times, might have been as brilliant as it was, in this case, mournful, "he grew very melancholy, which at length brought him into a consumption; became very poor in body and purse; was the object of charity; went in ragged clothes; whereas, when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver; and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants. George Petty, haberdasher in Fleet-street, carried twenty shillings to him every Monday morning, from Sir — Many and Charles Cot-

ton, Esq., for months," until his death, in a miserable lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe-lane, Fleet-street.

Anthony Wood speaks of Lovelace, as "the most amiable person that eye ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him much admired and adored by the female sex." This romantic admiration survives even at the present day, as will be seen from the following eloquent sketch, by Mrs. Jameson, in her "Romances of Biography." Speaking of Lovelace, she says:—

"His fate and history would form the groundwork of a romance; and in his person and character he was formed to be the hero of one. He was as fearlessly brave as a knight-errant; so handsome in person, that he could not appear without inspiring admiration; a polished courtier; an elegant scholar; and, to crown all, a lover and a poet. He wrote a volume of poems, dedicated to the praises of Lucy Sacheverel, with whom he had exchanged vows of everlasting love. Her poetical appellation, according to the affected taste of the day, was *Lucasta*. When the civil wars broke out, Lovelace devoted his life and fortunes to the service of the King; and, on joining the army, he wrote that beautiful song to his mistress, which has been so often quoted:—

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That, from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear! so much,
Loved I not honour more.

"The rest of his life was a series of the most cruel misfortunes. He was imprisoned on account of his enthusiastic and chivalrous loyalty; but no dungeon could subdue his buoyant spirit. His song to 'Althea, from Prison,' is full of grace and animation, and breathes the very soul of love and honour:—

When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty!

"Lovelace afterwards commanded a regiment at the siege of Dunkirk, where he was severely, and, as it was supposed, mortally

wounded. False tidings of his death were brought to England; and when he returned, he found his Lucy ('Oh, most wicked haste!') married to another; it was a blow he never recovered. He had spent nearly his whole patrimony in the King's service, and now became utterly reckless. After wandering about London in obscurity and penury, dissipating his scanty resources in riot with his brother cavaliers, and in drinking the health of the exiled King and confusion to Cromwell, this idol of women and envy of men—the beautiful, brave, high-born, and accomplished Lovelace—died miserably in a little lodging in Shoe-lane. He was only in his thirty-ninth year.

"The mother of Lucy Sacheverel was Lucy, daughter of Sir Henry Hastings, ancestor to the present Marquis of Hastings. How could she so belie her noble blood? I would excuse her, were it possible, for she must have been a fine creature to have inspired and appreciated such a sentiment as that contained in the song; but facts cry aloud against her. Her plighted hand was not transferred to another, when time had sanctified and mellowed regret, but with a cruel and unfeminine precipitancy. Since, then, her lover has bequeathed her name to immortality, he is sufficiently avenged. Let her stand forth condemned and scorned for ever, as faithless, heartless—light as air, false as water, and rash as fire. I abjure her."

STORY OF A MAGNOLIA.

The evergreen magnolia, so well known for the splendour and fragrance of its blossoms, was first brought to Europe, from the banks of the Mississippi, in 1732, by a French officer of marines, who planted it at his native place, Maillardière, about four miles from Nantes. Here the magnolia grew and flourished; but, its introducer having died, little notice was taken of it, and, when observed, it was supposed to be only some variety of the common laurel, which it resembles in its leaves. Thirty years afterwards it flowered, and was then discovered by M. Bonami, professor of botany at Nantes, to be the *Magnolia grandiflora* of Linnæus. At a meeting of the states of Bretagne, held at Nantes in September, 1760, M. Bonami presented a branch of this magnolia in flower to the Princess de Rohan Chabot, and it excited so much admiration that its fame shortly after reached the ears of Louis XV. The monarch was then ornamenting his garden at the Petit Trianon, and had there some small plants of the *Magnolia grandiflora*, which had in the meantime been introduced into Europe by one of the English collectors; and when Louis heard that he had in his own dominions a tree of this rare exotic, 40 feet high, which was covered with blossoms every year, he sent two of his gardeners to examine it, with orders to transport it to Versailles, if they could ensure its living. This if was a formidable obstacle; and, the gardeners reporting that they feared it would

not survive its removal, it was suffered to remain at Maillardière. Thirty years more brought the Revolution, and amidst the general destruction even the poor magnolia did not escape: it was mutilated in the war of La Vendée, and its branches were cut for firewood; the house near which it stood was afterwards burnt down, and the magnolia was scorched and withered by the flames. It partially recovered, and still survives, though now only the wreck of what it was.

THE TWO ROBINS.

Many years since, being at my country residence at Broomfield, in Somersetshire, I met with the following strange occurrence:—Attached to a house just opening into a pitched court-yard, is a room furnished with two windows, one of which is grated and open, and the other is glazed; through this open window robins and other small birds were in the habit of passing into the room, which, being kept generally undisturbed and the door locked, afforded them an occasional refuge from the inclemency of the weather. At times you might see two robins, one of them being within and the other without the room, pecking at each other, with the glazed window between them, and seemingly much amused with their play. One day I had occasion in the summer time to look for something in this room, and, accompanied by one of my sons, I unlocked the door with the intention of entering, when two robins, which were both within the apartment, being disturbed, fled out through the open-grated window, and then making a circuit through the air, pitched together on the ground of the court in which we were standing, and at about ten yards distance from us. They then, apparently, commenced a most furious fight with each other, and shortly one of them fell on his back, stretched out his legs, and seemed perfectly dead. The other instantly seized him by the back of the head, and dragged him several times round and round a circle of about seven or eight feet in diameter. My son, with a view to stop their savage amusement, was about to spring forward, when I gently arrested him, to see the issue. Much to my astonishment, after being dragged a few rounds, the fallen and apparently dead bird sprang up with a bound, and his antagonist fell in his turn upon his back, and stretched out both legs with consummate adroitness in all the mock rigidity of death, and his late seemingly dead opponent, in like manner, seized him by the head, and, after dragging him a few rounds in imitation of Achilles dragging Hector round the walls of Troy, they both sprang up and flew away. I have seen strange sights in my life, in which birds and beasts have been the actors, but none equal to this. How little do we know of their habitudes, and more especially of those who sport together during the night, when their tyrant masters are at rest.—By Andrew Crosse, Esq.

COLERIDGE'S "WATCHMAN."

Coleridge, among his many speculations, started a periodical, in prose and verse, entitled *The Watchman*, with the motto, "that all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free." He watched in vain! Coleridge's incurable want of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out and disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the ninth number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he relates an amusing illustration. Happening one morning to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant-girl putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate, in order to light the fire, and he mildly checked her for her wastefulness: "La! sir," replied Nanny; "why, it's only *Watchmen*."

PAINS AND TOILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

The craft of authorship is by no means so easy of practice as is generally imagined by the thousands who aspire to its practice. Almost all our works, whether of knowledge or of fancy, have been the product of much intellectual exertion and study; or, as is better expressed by the poet—

"The well-ripened fruits of wise decay."

Pope published nothing until it had been a year or two before him, and even then his printer's proofs were very full of alterations; and, on one occasion, Dodsley, his publisher, thought it better to have the whole recomposed than to make the necessary corrections. Goldsmith considered four lines a day good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the "*Deserted Village*." Hume wrote his "*History of England*" on a sofa, but he went quietly on correcting every edition till his death. Robertson used to write out his sentences on small slips of paper; and, after rounding them and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which, in its turn, underwent considerable revision. Burke had all his principal works printed two or three times at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Akenside and Gray were indefatigable correctors, labouring every line; and so was our prolix and more imaginative poet, Thomson. On comparing the first and latest editions of the "*Seasons*," there will be found scarcely a page which does not bear evidence of his taste and industry. Johnson thinks the poems lost much of their raciness under this severe regimen, but they were much improved in fancy and delicacy; the episode of *Musidora*, "the solemnly ridiculous bathing scene," as Campbell terms it, was almost entirely re-written. Johnson and Gibbon were the least laborious in arranging their copy for the press. Gibbon sent the first and only MS. of his stupendous work (the "*Decline and Fall*") to his printer; and Johnson's high-sounding sentences were written almost without an effort. Both, however, lived and moved, as it were, in the world of letters, thinking or caring of little else—one in the

heart of busy London, which he dearly loved, and the other in his silent retreat at Lausanne. Dryden wrote hurriedly, to provide for the day; but his "*Absalom and Achitophel*," and the beautiful imagery of the "*Hind and Panther*," must have been fostered with parental care. St. Pierre copied his "*Paul and Virginia*" nine times, that he might render it the more perfect. Rousseau was a very coxcomb in these matters: the amatory epistles, in his new "*Heloise*," he wrote on fine gilt-edged card-paper, and having folded, addressed, and sealed them, he opened and read them in the solitary woods of Clairens, with the mingled enthusiasm of an author and lover. Sheridan watched long and anxiously for bright thoughts, as the MS. of his "*School for Scandal*," in its various stages, proves. Burns composed in the open air, the sunnier the better; but he laboured hard, and with almost unerring taste and judgment, in correcting.

Lord Byron was a rapid composer, but made abundant use of the pruning-knife. On returning one of his proof-sheets from Italy, he expressed himself undecided about a single word, for which he wished to substitute another, and requested Mr. Murray to refer it to Mr. Gifford, then editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Sir Walter Scott evinced his love of literary labour by undertaking the revision of the whole of the "*Waverley Novels*," a goodly freightage of some fifty or sixty volumes. The works of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Moore, and the occasional variations in their different editions, mark their love of re-touching. Southey was, indeed, unwearied after his kind—a true author of the old school. The bright thoughts of Campbell, which sparkle like polished lances, were manufactured with almost equal care; he was the Pope of our contemporary authors. Allan Cunningham corrected but little, yet his imitations of the elder lyrics are perfect centos of Scottish feeling and poesy.—*Inverness Courier*.

NOTES AT AN INN.

"Pray, give me some lemonade."—Landlady: "Yes, sir. Do you—do you prefer it *with* lemon, or without?"—"How?" "Why—only we happen, just now, to be out of lemons."

Five minutes past five, finished dinner, and ordered some wine. Wine fiery as brandy, and warm; complained of it. Scorewell undertook to "try again." While he was away, fancied I heard a pump-handle at work. Returned; wine by no means so strong, and much cooler. The first decanter chipped at the lip; so was this: odd coincidence. I inquired how the decanter came to be so wet outside? Scorewell replied, that he had just given it a minute in ice. That's a reason, thought I.

At an inn, call your bill every morning. "In the hurry of business, people sometimes forget what you have not had, and down it goes in the bill."

COWPER'S POEMS.

Johnson, the publisher in St. Paul's Church-yard, obtained the copyright of Cowper's poems, which proved a great source of profit to him, in the following manner:—One evening, a relation of Cowper's called upon Johnson with a portion of the MS. poems, which he offered for publication, provided Johnson would publish them at his own risk, and allow the author to have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson read the poems, approved of them, and accordingly published them. Soon after they had appeared, there was scarcely a reviewer who did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter-shops; and the public taste being thus terrified or misled, these charming effusions stood in the corner of the publisher's shop as an unsaleable pile for a long time.

At length, Cowper's relation called upon Johnson with another bundle of the poet's MS., which was offered and accepted upon the same terms as before. In this fresh collection was the poem of the "Task." Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, but thoroughly assured of the great merit of the poems, they were published. The tone of the reviewers became changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of the age. The success of this second publication set the first in motion. Johnson immediately reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment; and Cowper's poems enriched the publisher, when the poet was in languishing circumstances. In October, 1812, the copyright of Cowper's poems was put up to sale among the London booksellers, in thirty-two shares. Twenty of the shares were sold at 212*l.* each. The work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to net 834*l.* per annum. It had only two years of copyright; yet this same copyright produced the sum of 6764*l.*

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

A farmer, who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm, and place it in the stable, which he accordingly did. Now it happened that very day that a man with a grinding organ and a dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for some time, the organ-man entered the farmer's house, and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging; the farmer replied, that he could give the man a lodging, but he was at a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and place the bear in the stable, which was done. Now the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it ere morning; and the farmer and his guest were in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the outbuilding. Both got up, and, taking a lantern, entered the stable, when the

farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher of whom he had bought the calf in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him most tremendously, for it could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer instantly understood the state of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstance to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft, called out to the bear, "Hug him, Tommy!" which the bear did in real earnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the whole while. After they thought he had suffered enough; they set him free, and the butcher slunk off, glad to escape with his life; while the farmer and his guest returned to their beds.

IRISH FRANKING.

In May, 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was sent from the Parliament of Ireland for the Royal approbation. It contained a clause, that any member, who, from illness or any other cause, should be unable to write, might authorise another person to frank for him; provided that, on the back of the letter so franked, the member should give a certificate, under his own hand, of his inability to write.

A CALIFORNIAN VENTURE.

A correspondent of the London *Times* says:—"Knowing a man about to proceed to California, and remembering the story of Whittington, and knowing just as much about business, I despatched seven pieces of brandy to that golden region. In the course of a year after I should have had a return, instead I have the following account:—Sales of three hogsheads and four casks of brandy, shipped per the *America* to San Francisco; sold for account and risk of —, London—

	Gallons.	
O C No.		
G 1-7	7 casks ...	275
Less evaporation on		
voyage	10
		dol. c.
	265 gals., at 2	530 0
Charges.	dol. c.	
Warehouseing, en-		
try, and bond ...	20 0	
Lighterage from		
America to store-		
ship	21 0	
Storage 5 months	80 0	
Duty 100 per cent.		
ad valorem on in-		
voice	329 50	
Duty entry	10 0	
Cartage	15 0	
Commission, 10 per		
cent.	53 0	
		528 50
Balance in your favour	...	1 50
Say 1 dol. 50 cents.		

Now, when I despatched my brandy in search of the golden fleece, I never had an idea of such a fleece as this."

COLERIDGE A SOLDIER.

After Coleridge left Cambridge, he came to London, where soon feeling himself forlorn and destitute, he enlisted as a soldier in the 15th (Elliott's) Light Dragoons. "On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment," says his friend and biographer, Mr. Gilman, "the general of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge, with a military air, inquired 'What's your name, sir?' 'Comberbach!' (the name he had assumed.) 'What do you come here for, sir?' as if doubting whether he had any business there. 'Sir,' said Coleridge, 'for what most other persons come—to be made a soldier.' 'Do you think,' said the general, 'you can run a Frenchman through the body?' 'I do not know,' replied Coleridge, 'as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away.' 'That will do,' said the general, and Coleridge was turned into the ranks."

The poet made a poor dragoon, and never advanced beyond the awkward squad. He wrote letters, however, for all his comrades, and they attended to his horse and accoutrements. After four months service (December 1793 to April 1794), the history and circumstances of Coleridge became known. He had written under his saddle, on the stable wall, a Latin sentence ("Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!") which led to an inquiry on the part of the captain of his troop, who had more regard for the classics than Ensign Northerton, in "Tom Jones." Coleridge was accordingly discharged, and restored to his family and friends.

THE CATO-STREET CONSPIRACY.

This conspiracy had for its object revolution and the assassination of Ministers. The framer of this wild and diabolical scheme was Thistlewood, who had been a subaltern first in militia, and afterwards in a regiment of the line in the West Indies. Having resigned his commission, he passed into France, where he arrived after the fall of Robespierre, and there imbibed all the opinions which prevailed in France at the eventful period of the Revolution, and entertained the wild project that the destruction of his country was an object worthy of accomplishing. Having been tried with Dr. Watson, and acquitted, he sent a challenge to Lord Sidmouth, for which he was tried, found guilty, and imprisoned. On being liberated, in August, 1819, he formed a connexion with some of the lowest class of beings. Ings, Brunt, Tidd, and Davidson were his companions and confidants: they held meetings in a room hired for the purpose in Gray's Inn-lane, when the destruction of the Ministers was declared to be of the greatest consequence, in order to complete their fiend-like purpose.

A meeting took place on the 19th of February, 1820, at which they came to the resolution of assassinating the Ministers separately, each in his own house, on the Wednesday following; meetings were again held on

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, when the plan was resolved on; but Thistlewood being informed by Edwards (a Government spy) that a cabinet dinner was to take place at Lord Harrowby's house, Grosvenor-square, Thistlewood procured a paper containing the announcement of such intention. This event gave fresh courage to the conspirators, and it was at length determined that one should go to the door with a letter, the remainder were to rush in, and having secured the servants, they were to press forward into the room where the Ministers were assembled, and finish the business by murdering the whole of them: and, as a particular trophy, the heads of Sidmouth and Castlereagh were to be deposited in a bag.

Wednesday was passed in manufacturing the various weapons to be employed, and they resorted to a stable situated in Cato-street, Edgeware-road. This building contained but two rooms, which could only be entered by a ladder. The conspirators having mustered to the number of twenty-four, they took the precaution of placing a sentinel below, whilst they prepared for their dreadful encounter. The Ministers having been made acquainted by Edwards with their murderous intentions, also by a man of the name of Hidon, who had been solicited to join them, and who had warned Lord Harrowby of it the previous day, a strong party of officers, headed by Mr. Birnie, proceeded to Cato-street, and were met and supported by a detachment of the Coldstream Guards, under the command of Captain Fitz-Clarence. The officers, on their arrival, mounted the ladder, and found the conspirators in the loft, unconscious of their danger, and of the different result of their speculations. Smithers being the first to enter the loft, in his attempt to seize Thistlewood, was pierced by him through the body, and immediately fell: the lights being quickly extinguished, some of the conspirators escaped through a window at the back of the premises; but, by the joint exertions of the military and officers, nine were taken that evening, and conveyed to Bow-street. Thistlewood escaped in the confusion, but was arrested the next morning in a house near Finsbury-square, and some on the next two days.

True bills were found against eleven of the prisoners, for high treason, on the 27th of March; and on the 17th of April Thistlewood was put on his trial. A man of the name of Adams was the principal witness, and one of the conspirators who escaped on the evening in Cato-street, but who had been taken, and had remained in custody to the time of his appearance in court. The trial lasted three days, when Thistlewood was found guilty of high treason. Ings, Brunt, Field, and Davidson were severally tried, and convicted. The remaining six pleaded guilty. One received a pardon, and five sentence of transportation for life. Thistlewood, Ings, Brunt, Field, and Davidson were executed on the 1st of May, 1820.

DR. HARRINGTON, OF BATH.

A rustic who went to consult Harrington was shown into a room filled by odd-looking preparations; and, stepping heavily opposite a closet door, touched a spring, which caused it to fly open, and a skeleton to wheel forward. Hodge ran roaring from the house; he held on by some rails, a few doors off; moments seemed ages while he remained in that vicinity. The Doctor, who had heard in what apartment his intended patient had been left, guessed something like the truth and, looking from his door, saw the poor fellow, spell-bound by fright. He called to him in the kindest tones to come back: the man turned, beheld the lean, ghastly physician, and, with a fresh yell, uttered, "Na, dang tha, I da *knaw* tha, though *thee'st got thy clauthes on!*" Then, with a desperate resolution, he fled, firmly believing that an animated skeleton did practise medicine there, and that Dr. Harrington, "when quite undressed, was most astonishingly ugly!"

HISTORY OF A JEWEL.

Her Majesty's steam-sloop *Medea*, arrived at Portsmouth, July, 1850, with freight more precious in nominal value than was ever carried from Peru to Cadiz. Major Mackesson, one of the passengers, brought with him that famous diamond of the East, called the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," which, after symbolising the revolutions of ten generations by its passage from one to another, comes now, in the third centenary of its discovery, as the forfeit of Oriental faithlessness and the prize of Saxon valour, to the distant shores of England. It was in the year 1550, before the Mogul dynasty had been established by the prowess of the great Akbar, that this marvellous stone was first brought to light in the celebrated mines of Golconda. The Koh-i-noor afterwards passed from Golconda to Delhi. While the kingdoms of the Deccan were successively absorbed in the culminating dominion of the Moguls, the Koh-i-noor rested among the treasures of Imperial Delhi, where, on the 2nd of November, 1665, it was seen by the French traveller, Tavernier, who, by the extraordinary indulgence of Aurungzebe, was permitted to handle, examine, and weigh it. The Great Mogul sate on his throne of State, while the chief keeper of the jewels produced his treasures for inspection on two golden dishes. The magnificence of the collection was indescribable, but conspicuous in lustre, esteem, and value was the Koh-i-noor. Sometimes worn on the person of the Moguls, sometimes adorning the famous peacock throne, this inestimable gem was safely preserved at Delhi, until, in 1739, the empire received its fatal blow from the invasion of Nadir Shah. Among the spoils of conquest which the Persian warrior carried back with him in triumph to Khorassan, and which have been variously estimated as worth from thirty to ninety millions sterling, the Koh-i-noor was the most precious trophy, but it was de-

stined to pass from Persia as quickly as that ephemeral supremacy in virtue of which it had been acquired. Nadir Shah had entertained in his service a body of Affghans of the Abdalle tribe, under the leadership of Ahmed Shah, who also served his master in the capacity of treasurer, and when the Persian conqueror was assassinated by his subjects, the Affghans, after vainly endeavouring to rescue or avenge him, fought their way to their own frontiers, though only four thousand strong, through the hosts of the Persian army. In conducting this intrepid retreat, Ahmed Shah carried off with him the treasures in his possession, and was probably aided by these means, as well as by his own valour, in consolidating the new state which, under the now familiar title of the Dooranee Empire, he speedily created in Cabul. It seemed as if the Koh-i-noor carried with it the sovereignty of Hindostan, for the conquests of Ahmed were as decisive as those of Nadir, and it was by his nomination and patronage that the last Emperor ascended the throne of the Moguls.

At the beginning of the present century, the treasures and power of Ahmed were vested in the person of Zemaun Shah; subject to the incessant assaults of his kinsmen. One of these at length proved successful, and, in the year 1800, Zemaun Shah, found himself a prisoner at the disposal of his brother Shah Shuja, the identical puppet, forty years later, of our famous Cabul expedition; so that we are now brought down to modern times and characters. Shah Shuja presently ascended the throne of his brother; but the treasury of Cabul was wanting in its most precious ornament, till at length, ingeniously secreted in the wall of Zemaun Shah's prison, was discovered the Koh-i-noor. It was eight years after this, while the Dooranee Monarchy was still formidable enough to inspire the powers of the East with uneasiness, that Mr. Elphinstone, accredited by Lord Minto to the Affghan Prince, betook himself to what was then the remote and unknown town of Peshawur, where, at his state reception, the Koh-i-noor again flashed, after an interval of so many years, upon the dazzled eyes of an European. Shah Shuja, afterwards the client and pensioner of the East India Company, was dressed on this occasion in a green velvet tunic, fitting closely to his body, and seamed with gold and precious stones. On his breast was a cuirass of diamonds shaped like two flattened *fleurs-de-lis*, and in a bracelet on his right arm blazed the priceless jewel of Golconda. The Prince gave a gracious audience to the Ambassador, and Mr. Elphinstone retired; but the Koh-i-noor was not fated long to continue in the divided and tottering family of the once powerful Abdalles.

The embassy had scarcely re-crossed the Indus when Shah Shuja was expelled from Cabul, though he contrived to make this famed diamond the companion of his flight. After many vicissitudes of exile and contest

he at length found an equivocal refuge under the protection of that powerful chieftain who had now consolidated the dominions of the Sikhs into a Royal inheritance for his own family. Runjeet Singh was fully competent either to the defence or the restoration of the fugitive, but he knew or suspected the treasure in his possession, and his mind was bent upon acquiring it. He put the Shah under strict surveillance, and made a formal demand for the jewel. The Dooranee Prince hesitated, prevaricated, temporized, and employed all the artifices of oriental diplomacy, but in vain. Runjeet redoubled the stringency of his measures, and at length the 1st of June, 1813, was fixed as the day when the great diamond of the Moguls should be surrendered by the Abdalle Chief to the ascendant dynasty of the Singhs. The two princes met in a room appointed for the purpose, and took their seats on the ground. A solemn silence then ensued, which continued unbroken for an hour. At length Runjeet's impatience overcame the suggestions of Asiatic decorum, and he whispered to an attendant to quicken the memory of the Shah. The exiled Prince spoke not a word in reply, but gave a signal with his eyes to a eunuch in attendance, who, retiring for a moment, returned with a small roll which he set down upon the carpet midway between the two chiefs. Again a pause followed, when, at a signal from Runjeet, the roll was unfolded, and there in its matchless and unspeakable brilliancy glittered the Koh-i-noor.

In this way did the "Mountain of Light" pass in the train of conquest and as the emblem of dominion from Golconda to Delhi, from Delhi to Mushed, from Mushed to Cabul, and from Cabul to Lahore. Excepting the somewhat doubtful claims of the Brazilian stone among the Crown jewels of Portugal, the Koh-i-noor is the largest known diamond in the world. When first given to Shah Jehaum it was still uncut, weighing, it is said, in that rough state, nearly 800 carats, which were reduced by the unskilfulness of the artist to 279, its present weight. It was cut by Hortensio Borgis, a Venetian, who, instead of receiving a remuneration for his labour, was fined 10,000 rupees for his wastefulness by the enraged Mogul. In form it is "rose-cut"—that is to say, it is cut to a point in a series of small faces, or "facets," without any tabular surface. A good general idea may be formed of its shape and size by conceiving it as the pointed half of a small hen's egg, though it is said not to have risen more than half-an-inch from the gold setting in which it was worn by Runjeet. Its value is scarcely computable, though two millions sterling has been mentioned as a justifiable price if calculated by the scale employed by the trade. The Pitt diamond, brought over from Madras by the grandfather of Lord Chatham, and sold to the Regent Orleans in 1717 for £125,000, weighs scarcely 130 carats; nor does the great diamond which supports the eagle on the sum-

mit of the Russian sceptre weigh as much as 200. Such is the extraordinary jewel which in virtue of conquest and sovereignty has passed into the possession of England. It was prudently secured among the few remaining valuables of the Lahore treasury at the commencement of the last insurrection, and, although even its nominal value would be an inadequate compensation for the cost of the Sikh war, we may look upon its acquisition as a fitting symbol of that supremacy which we have so fairly won.

BOYHOOD OF CAPTAIN COOK.

There is not the slightest doubt as to the authenticity of the following incident, which shows the effects of little causes producing great consequences. The discoveries of the English circumnavigator were owing to a particularly marked shilling. Young Cook was a native of Yorkshire, and served as apprentice to a merchant and shopkeeper in a large fishing-town in that county. Some money had been missed from the till, and, to detect the delinquent, a very curiously marked shilling was mixed with the silver, which was accurately counted. On examining the till shortly after, this peculiar shilling was missing, and Cook was taxed with having taken it out; this he instantly acknowledged, stating that its peculiarity had caught his eye, but affirmed, at the same time, that he had put another of his own in its place. The money was accordingly counted over again, and found to agree exactly with his statement. Although the family was highly respectable, and therefore capable of advancing him in his future prospects, and also much attached to him, and very kind, yet the high spirit of the boy could not brook remaining in a situation where he had been suspected; he therefore ran away, and, having no other resource, entered as a cabin-boy in a collier.

HIPPOTAMUS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S MENAGERIE, REGENT'S PARK.

Professor Owen has published a report on this valuable acquisition to the Zoological Society, from which it appears that the hippopotamus, now housed in its comfortable quarters in the Regent's Park, was captured in August, 1849, about 1350 miles above Cairo. The hunters, having previously wounded its mother, had their attention attracted to the thick bushes on the river's bank, in which the young animal was concealed. When discovered, the calf made a rush to the river, and nearly escaped, owing to the slipperiness of its skin, and was only secured by one of the men striking the boat-hook into its flank. The hippopotamus is now (July 1850), 10 months old, and measures 7 feet long, and six and a half in girth at the middle of the barrel-shaped trunk, which is supported clear of the ground on very short and thick legs. The naked hide covering the broad back and sides is of a dark India-rubber colour, impressed by numerous fine wrinkles crossing each other, but disposed

almost transversely. When Professor Owen first saw the beast it had just left its bath, and he observed a minute drop of a glistening secretion exuding from the pores, which are dispersed over the whole integument, and which the animal is provided with for the purpose of lubricating its thick hide, and thus preventing it from breaking. After lying quietly about an hour, the hippopotamus rose, and walked slowly about its room, and then uttered a loud and short harsh snort four or five times in quick succession, reminding one of the snort of a horse, and ending with an explosive sound like a bark. The keeper stated that the sounds were indicative of its desire to return to the bath. The Arab opened the door, and walked to the new wing containing the bath, the hippopotamus following, like a dog, close to his heels. On arriving at the bath-room, the animal descended with some deliberation the flight of low steps leading into the water, stooped and drank a little, dipped his head under, and then plunged forwards. It was no sooner in its favourite element than its whole aspect changed, and it seemed inspired with new life and activity; sinking down to the bottom, and moving about submerged for a while, it would suddenly rise with a bound, almost bodily, out of the water, and splashing back, commenced swimming and plunging about with a porpoise-like motion, rolling from side to side, taking in mouthfuls of water and spurning it out again, raising every now and then its grotesque head, and biting the wood-work at the margin of the bath. The broad rounded back of the animal being now chiefly in view, it looked very much larger than when out of the water. After half an hour spent in this amusement, it quitted the water at the call of its keeper, and followed him back to the sleeping-room, which is well bedded with straw, and where a stuffed sack is provided for its pillow, of which the animal, having a very short neck, thicker than the head, duly avails itself when it sleeps. When awake, it is very impatient of any absence of its favourite attendant, rises on its hind legs, and threatens to break down the wooden fence by butting and pushing against it in a way strongly significative of its great muscular force. Its food is now a kind of porridge of milk and maize meal. Its appetite has been in no respect diminished by the confinement and inconveniences of the sea voyage, or by change of climate.

CONTEST WITH MONKEYS.

Mr. M'Bride, manager of the Bridge-of-Weir Gas-Works, keeps a pair of monkeys for his amusement. The animals are usually kept in a large iron cage, but, in the absence of Mr. M'Bride, one day, for a few minutes, they succeeded in effecting their liberation, and seemed to feel a pleasure at the time in working all the mischief that was possible. The desk of the office was overturned, and the papers it contained torn and scattered about. They also opened the crane of a gas-

tar cistern, and flooded the floor with its nauseous contents. On the manager, on his return, finding matters in this plight, he unceremoniously commenced to inflict corporal punishment on the first of the monkeys he came in sight of, when the other, which had been hiding, immediately made a rush to the assistance of his companion. The brutes cut the leg of Mr. M'Bride through his trousers, and one of them, leaping on his back, cut him pretty severely on the face also. By this time, one stick had been broken over the backs of the animals; and Mr. M'Bride having placed his back to the wall for protection, and armed himself with another bludgeon, he ultimately recaptured his assailants, but not till the leg of one of them had been broken in the contest.

A VETERAN.—THE WAR MEDAL, 1848.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria having been graciously pleased to command that a medal should be struck to record the services of her fleets and armies during the late wars, the Board and General Officers, assembled by order and under the direction of Field-Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Commander-in-chief, accordingly awarded a medal and twelve clasps or bars to Captain Humbley, of Waterloo Cottage, Eynesbury, St. Neots, who served in the 95th Rifles (now the Rifle Brigade), throughout the whole of the late war, and was actually present in twenty-three battles, several sieges, and numerous skirmishes and minor affairs of out-posts; fought in five different kingdoms, and was six times very severely wounded in distinct actions, namely, at Flushing, in 1809, in the head; at Victoria, in 1813, in the left arm; at Nivelles, in 1813 in the left eye; at Orthès, in 1814, in the right thigh, and at Waterloo, in 1815, very seriously wounded in both shoulders. Captain Humbley now numbers, with the Waterloo medal previously received, fourteen decorations; and he has also a rifle ball which lodged in his forehead at the siege and capitulation of Flushing, in 1809; the ball was extracted and the head trephined. Two musket-balls were lodged, one in each shoulder, at the battle of Waterloo: one of the balls is at the present moment near, or under, the scapular bone of his left shoulder; the other ball was extracted from his right shoulder the second day after the battle of Waterloo, and is now in his possession; forming, altogether, seventeen trophies—honours of war, in the keeping and for the services of one individual, rarely to be met with. The average number of the principal battles selected for medals, and admitted by the Board of General Officers, is four to each claimant; but, in some few instances, as in this case, a greater number has been substituted. Captain Humbley commenced his military career in 1803—1806, in the Cambridgeshire Militia, then commanded by his noble and gallant friend, the late Right Hon. Charles Yorke.

SHIPPING THE INDIAN MAIL AT SOUTH-AMPTON.

Emerging from the dock-gate are seen three immense railway vans, drawn by powerful horses, escorted by a mail-guard dressed in the scarlet livery of the Postmaster-General, and preceded by policemen, who force back the crowd from the side of the vessel. These railway vans contain the Indian and Mediterranean mail. The mail consists of about 200 boxes, and sacks of letters and newspapers. The sacks are for places in the Mediterranean, and the boxes are for parts beyond Egypt. Boxes are used because of the convenience and safety with which they can be transported on the backs of camels across the desert of Suez, previous to their being embarked again on board ship in the Red Sea. Letter-bags cannot be so conveniently packed on camels' backs as boxes, and they would be liable to be cut open, and their contents extracted, by the Copt and Arab camel guides across the desert. The boxes and sacks weigh between four and five tons, and they contain about 100,000 letters and 200,000 newspapers. The wood of the boxes is about three-quarters of an inch in thickness: each box is about two feet long, and a foot and a-half in height and breadth. The covers of them are securely nailed down, and sealed in such a manner that they cannot be broken open without the seal being destroyed. About fifty of the boxes are for Bombay, forty for Calcutta, twenty for Madras, thirty for Ceylon, and twenty for Hong-Kong. Those for Bombay are painted white; for Calcutta, blue; Madras, yellow; Ceylon, black; and Hong-Kong, red. The object of painting them different colours is for the convenience of selecting them for any particular part from the mail-room on board, where they are all stored away together. As soon as the mail arrives alongside the packet, about twenty men are busily employed putting it on board, and the Admiralty and Post-office authorities are checking off printed lists of its contents. While this is going on, time appears to be on the wing by the passengers and their friends on board, who are now taking leave of each other.

THE KILKENNY CATS.

The story generally told is, that two of those animals fought in a sawpit with such ferocious determination, that, when the battle was over, nothing could be found remaining of either combatant except his tail—the marvellous inference to be drawn therefrom being, of course, that they had devoured each other. This ludicrous anecdote has, no doubt, been generally looked upon as an absurdity of the Joe Miller class; but this (says a writer in *Notes and Queries*) I conceive to be a mistake. I have not the least doubt that the story of the mutual destruction of the contending cats was an allegory designed to typify the utter ruin to which centuries of litigation and embroilment on the subject of

conflicting rights and privileges tended to reduce the respective exchequers of the rival municipal bodies of Kilkenny and Irishtown—separate corporations existing within the liberties of one city, and the boundaries of whose respective jurisdiction had never been marked out or defined by an authority to which either was willing to bow. Their struggles for precedency, and for the maintenance of alleged rights invaded, commenced A.D. 1377, and were carried on with truly feline fierceness and implacability till the end of the seventeenth century, when it may fairly be considered that they had mutually devoured each other to the very tail, as we find their property all mortgaged, and see them each passing by-laws that their respective officers should be content with the dignity of their station, and forego all hope of salary till the suit at law with the other “pretended corporation” should be terminated, and the incumbrances thereby caused removed with the vanquishment of the enemy. Those who have taken the story of the Kilkenny cats in its literal sense have done grievous injustice to the character of the grimalkins of the “fair cittie,” who are really quite as demure and quietly disposed a race of tabbies as it is in the nature of any such animals to be.

THE NAMES OF PROVISIONS.

The names of provisions throw some light upon the mode of living among the higher and lower classes of our population. Bread, with the common productions of the garden, such as peas, beans, eggs, and some other articles which might be produced in the cottage garden or yard, retain their Saxon names, and evidently formed the chief nourishment of the Saxon portion of the population. Of meat, though the word is Saxon, they ate probably little; for it is one of the most curious circumstances connected with the English language, that while the living animals are called by Anglo-Saxon names, as oxen, calves, sheep, pigs, deer, the flesh of those animals when prepared for the table is called by names which are all Anglo-Norman—beef, veal, mutton, pork, venison. The butcher who killed them is himself known by an Anglo-Norman name. Even fowls when killed receive the Norman name of poultry. This can only be explained by the circumstance that the Saxon population in general was only acquainted with the living animals, while their flesh was carried off to the castle and table of the Norman possessors of the land, who gave it names taken from their own language. Fresh meat, salted, was hoarded up in immense quantities in the Norman castles, and was distributed lavishly to the household and idle followers of the feudal possessors. Almost the only meat obtained by the peasantry, unless, if we believe old popular songs, by stealth, was *bacon*, and that also is still called by an Anglo-Norman name.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A LUCKY FELLOW.

The *Echo de l'Oise* recounts the following bit of good fortune which has fallen to the lot of a young sailor, named Laurendeau. It appears that when only fourteen years of age, at Rouen, he saw a young English lady fall into the river when landing at the Quay. Laurendeau jumped in, and was fortunate enough to lay hold of her, but being caught by the clothes by some of the iron-work of the vessel, they both would have lost their lives had not persons present released him with a boathook. The mother of the young lady thanked him warmly, and made him a present, and also paid the expense he incurred in curing the wound he had received in the leg from the boat-hook. Laurendeau had neither seen nor heard of the persons for fifteen years, when an English gentleman came to him, and alluding to his act of courage, and in order to be certain of his identity, had his leg examined by a medical man, who clearly recognised the mark made by the hook. When thus certain of his man, the Englishman told Laurendeau that the young lady whose life he had saved wished to thank him in person, and to present him with an annuity for life of 10,000*l.*, and at the same time he presented him with 500*l.* to pay the expense of his journey to London. The fortunate young man immediately made his preparations and started.

THE HAMMERSMITH GHOST.

The particulars of this tragical affair are as follows:—The inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Hammersmith had been for some days in a state of alarm, arising from the report that a ghost had been seen, which report so intimidated the residents of the place, that few would venture out of their houses after dusk, unless upon urgent business. A young man, however, who possessed more courage than the rest of his neighbours, determined to watch the proceedings of this visitant of the other world; he accordingly placed himself in a secluded spot, armed with a gun, and as near the spot as possible to where the ghost had been seen. He had not remained long in his hiding-place, when he heard the sound of footsteps advancing, and immediately challenged the supposed spirit; but not receiving any answer, he fired at the object. A deep groan was heard, and upon a light being procured, it was discovered that a poor bricklayer, who passed that way from his work on that evening rather later than usual, and who had on a new flannel jacket, was the innocent cause of this unfortunate occurrence. The young man was tried for murder, and acquitted.

WHAT WAS A POUND IN A.D. 1000?

In Alsace, at the end of the tenth century, the common money for current purposes was the pfennig. It was of copper, and sixty of them weighed exactly one marc, or half a pound avoirdupois, or 120 of them were a

pound weight. The price of a sheffel or bushel of wheat, weighing sixty pounds, or the same nearly as our English bushel, was seven of these pfennigs. Copper, probably, bore a higher value in proportion to silver than it does in the present day; or the bushel of wheat was sold for less than a penny farthing. About two hundred and fifty years later, in the same country, the same measure of wheat was sold at twenty-four pfennigs, or about threepence farthing. It appears by the accounts preserved in the cathedral of Strasbourg that the wages paid to the masons employed in the erection of that edifice were from one and a half to two of these pfennigs. At the building of the great bridge of Dresden, in the thirteenth century, the labourers were paid two pfennigs daily; and, according to some fragments of mining accounts of Tillot and Château Lambert, the operative miners received no more than two pfennigs.—*Jacob on the Precious Metals.*

AN AMERICAN CUSTOMER.

Many years since, there did dwell in a certain town, not a hundred miles from that far-famed place where Orthodox divines are fitted up for their profession and calling, a certain D.D., notorious for his parsimoniousness, which would run to the wildest extremes.

One day this doctor of divinity chanced into a hat store in this city, and, after rummaging over the wares, selected an ordinary-looking hat, put it on his reverend head, ogled himself in the glass, then asked the very lowest price of it, telling the vendor, that, if he could give it cheap enough, he thought he might buy it. "But," said the hatter, "that hat is not good enough for you to wear—here is what you want," showing one of his best beavers. "'Tis the best I can afford tho'," returned the theologian. "Well, there, doctor, I'll make you a present of that best beaver, if you'll wear it, and tell your friends whose store it came from; I'll warrant you'll send me customers enough to get my money back with interest: you are pretty extensively acquainted." "Thank you—thank you!" said the doctor, his eyes gleaming with pleasure at raising a castor so cheaply: "how much may this beaver be worth?" "We sell that kind of hat for eight dollars," replied the man of *nap*. "And the other?" continued the reverend gentleman. "Three." The man of sermons put on the beaver, looked in the glass, then at the three-dollar hat. "I think, sir," said he, taking off the beaver, and holding it in one hand, as he donned the cheap "tile," "I think, sir, that this hat will answer my purpose full as well as the best." "But you'd better take the best one, sir, it costs you no more." "B-u-t—b-u-t," replied the parson hesitatingly, "I didn't know—but—perhaps—you would as lief I would take the cheap one, and leave the other—and perhaps you would not mind giving me the difference in a five-dollar bill!"—*New York Evening Monitor.*

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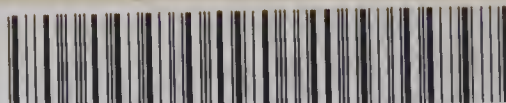
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LACONICS, BY THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

(See Portrait in Title-page.)

DANGEROUS FOOLS.—If men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great; dulness turned up with temerity is a livery all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is the magnanimity of a dunce.

SOCIAL CHANGES.—There is not one single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions. Turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, hops, tobacco, the Reformation, the Revolution. There are always a set of worthy and moderately-gifted men, who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. It would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced, which are now admitted to be marked improvements in our condition. Such an history might make folly a little more modest, and suspicious of its own decisions.

LUDICROUS COMPARISON.—The Rev. Sydney Smith, comparing Mr. Canning in office to a fly in amber, says:—"Nobody cares about the fly: the only question is, How the devil did it get there! Nor do I attack him from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgo-master hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province. When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious he is like Sampson in a wig. Call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest lustre, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for this last half-century."